

March 18, 1939

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Collier's

NATIONAL WEEKLY

The One and Only Waldo

A LIVELY
SHORT STORY OF
THE AMERICAN WAY

By Frederick
Hazlitt Brennan



© THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS
OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S
HOME COMPANION—THE COUNTRY HOME MAGAZINE

March, 18, 1939

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If you are this type you'll like this Bourbon that's

"Double-Rich!"

**HAVE YOU
THESE FEATURES?**

A The large narrow
Eyes of a type adept
at weighing true merit.

B The ample *Mouth* of
a type with excep-
tional relish for good food
and drink.

If you are this type...taste the record-breaking
straight Bourbon of Kentucky that's *"double-rich!"*
A good "catch" phrase to use is *"Make mine Cream!"*

SCHENLEY'S

***Cream of
Kentucky***

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY



A 90 PROOF whiskey with the *Mark of Merit*. Made in Kentucky by Kentuckians the good old Kentucky way. COPR. 1939. SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORP. New York City





*Listerine cured
my daughter's dandruff
in ten days*

Writes MRS. ELEANOR HUNTER—Little Neck, N.Y.

Posed by professional models



"My teen age daughter had dandruff so badly that it was extremely disagreeable.



"I spent weeks trying to get rid of it; came to the conclusion nothing would do it.



"Then in a magazine I saw an ad telling how Listerine Antiseptic cures dandruff.



"I read about the amazing scientific tests that proved Listerine kills the dandruff germ.



"I tried Listerine Antiseptic, applying it daily to her scalp with little bits of cotton.



"In ten days the condition was entirely cleared up. And she hasn't had a sign of dandruff since."

Here's why the Listerine Treatment works: Dandruff is a germ disease...Listerine kills the germ

Do conflicting claims of dandruff remedies bewilder you? Then you will be glad to know there is one logical, scientifically sound treatment, proved again and again in laboratory and clinic . . . Listerine Antiseptic and massage.

Recently, in the most intensive research of its kind ever undertaken, Scientists proved that *dandruff is a germ disease*. And, in test after test, Listerine Antiseptic, famous for more than 25 years as a germicidal mouth wash and gargle, mastered dandruff by killing the queer, bottle-shaped dandruff germ—*Pityrosporum ovale*.

At one famous skin clinic patients were instructed

to use the Listerine Antiseptic treatment once a day. Within *two weeks*, on the average, a substantial number had obtained marked relief! At another clinic, patients were told to use this same Listerine Antiseptic treatment twice a day. By the end of a month 76% showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms.

Try the delightful, stimulating Listerine Antiseptic treatment today. See for yourself how wonderfully soothing it is . . . how quickly it rids hair and scalp of ugly scales . . . how much cleaner and healthier both scalp and hair appear.

And remember, even after you have rid yourself of dandruff, it is wise to massage your scalp occasionally with Listerine Antiseptic to guard against reinfection.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp *at least once a day*. **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. But don't expect overnight results, because germ conditions cannot be cleared up that fast.

Genuine Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to bleach the hair or affect texture.



LISTERINE

the **PROVED** treatment for dandruff

THIS 20-FREE-SHAVE OFFER WINS EVEN THE WISE GUYS



Why don't you get on the painless shave bandwagon? Clip coupon to the right . . . 20 SHAVES FREE



CLIP THIS COUPON NOW

Lambert Pharmacal Co., Dept. 200, St. Louis, Mo. Please send me free and post-paid your large sample tube of ☐ Listerine Shaving Cream; ☐ Listerine Brushless Cream. (Check whichever is desired.)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

**20
SHAVES
FREE**

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 Editorial Director

Collier's

March 18, 1939

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art

DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editor

Next Week

BOBBY had youth, looks, good health, a small income and a broken heart. He was pretty sure about the latter; hence his resolve that no woman would ever again get a chance to be attractive to him. This seemed like flying in the face of nature, and subsequent events proved it to be exactly that. Gouverneur Morris brings you the entertaining story of a "Woman Hater," whose trouble was that he met the wrong girl too many times.

AVIATION is launched on its greatest year. The nations keep a daily tally of one another's air fleets. And while they prepare for possible bombs from the sky, an actual air warfare is going on, a commercial warfare that is just as bitter and probably more important. It is being fought over invisible coast lines that expand and recede with the flood and ebb of national vitality, and in this warfare there are no allies. In a brilliant article, W. B. Courtney sums up our position and prospects. "The Sky's Our Limit."

AT THE feast of the Epiphany the archbishop comes down to Spring Bayou and throws a gold cross into the water for the sponge divers to go after. The one who gets it will be blessed, so the divers believe; he will catch lots of sponge fish and have fine sons. That wasn't what Otis Fletcher wanted: he wanted the gold cross. And he got it. In "To the Bottom and Back," James H. Street shows you his subsequent adventure with Mr. Eight Feet, the octopus.

THERE'S a standard way of dismissing the jitters, especially other people's jitters. You say, "It's Just Nerves." By that you mean there's something not quite real about nervous disorders—and you're wrong. They're just as real as housemaid's knee or a tennis elbow, and you will get farther if you will give them the same consideration. Janet Lane shows you how to do it.

THE reason the Dunraven didn't sink was that her owners were too eager to have her do just that. They moved heaven and earth to sink her under Captain Mathews' feet. "Over the Reef," by Albert Richard Wetjen, is the story of this stubborn and incorruptible man.

HUGH WILEY writes the Short Short Story. Frank Condon, Thomas Walsh, Nanette Kutner, George F. Worts, Laurence G. Blochman, Freling Foster and others complete the issue.

This Week

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COVER ARTHUR CROUCH

Any Week

A FRIEND of ours, a clergyman, has received a bid to subscribe to a news magazine. Because he is a preacher and "realizing the many demands made on clerical incomes" they offer him a year of "interesting, concentrated reports free from oversophistication and cynicism." But what took our friend's mind off next Sunday's sermon was the postscript. "In consideration of the wishes of some of our readers," it reads, "we extend the privilege of securing copies without liquor advertisements. If you wish these dry copies simply check it on the order card." We had quite a time restraining him from making the all-too-obvious answer.

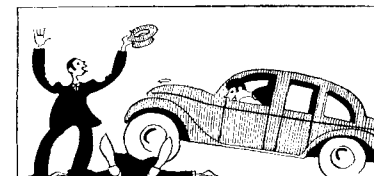


BESIDES, we were on our way to see a large crowd of easily incensed people picket a radio station that refuses to broadcast Father Coughlin. We're glad we went. We got there just in time to see the leaders remonstrate with a lady who carried the flag of Eire and who screamed "Up De Valera" every three seconds. We timed her. The leaders really didn't object to a plug for Mr. De Valera but didn't like their own shouts against censorship to be drowned out like that. But she wasn't the only one with an incidental cause. A group of Negroes were bellowing for the repeal of Jim Crow laws. Another was demanding—somewhat belatedly, we thought—arms for Loyalist Spain. Others demanded boycotts of Germany, Italy and Japan. And a hatless gentleman with flowing beard and a nice hair-do was shouting for single tax. We got so interested that we bought literature advocating birth control, the abolishment of the United States Senate, peace, government ownership of Hollywood and the Townsend Plan. Of course this deprived us of the pleasure of hearing Father Coughlin. But a guy can't be everywhere.

LOOKING over our purchases later, we discover nothing about the Williams Ex-Slave Bonus Plan. Mrs. Laura MacMooren of Detroit, Michigan, assures us, however, that it has been creating quite a stir. Mr. Williams held a mass meeting recently and a large number of elderly Negroes were present. They all thought it was just dandy. The idea is that the government should pay \$5,000 to each living ex-slave.

Mr. Williams' argument is pretty neat. He says that the veterans of 1917-1918 got bonuses in lieu of the wages they did not get while fighting for democracy. So why shouldn't ex-slaves be compensated for what they didn't get while working for nothing? Naturally Mr. Williams had a few questions to answer. For example, there was the enthusiast who demanded: "Whut about us children?" Mr. Williams was equal to the occasion: "Unto the third and fourth generation," replied he. And joy became general.

MR. EWING (TAKE-IT-EASY) RAFFERTY of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, has been looking around too. He tells us that the work of rescuing his home state from the effects of its temporary liberalism entails a great deal of suffering. For example, there is the son of a distinguished Philadelphia family who, aspiring to unselfish public service, is seeking the important post of tax inspector at filling stations. To discharge these exacting duties one must visit a lot of filling stations and find out if possible whether the state is getting all the tax money rightfully coming to it. After six weeks of waiting the applicant became impatient. "Listen," said his sponsor, "the guy who has the job is a Democrat and he knows so much that we got to frame him out. That takes time."



BUT we're pretty absorbed at the moment in a motorcar invented by Mr. Joseph Thickett of Cleveland, Ohio. To all immediate appearances, Mr. Thickett's automobile is no different from any other car you see bowling along the road. But if you'd get under it, says he, you'd see a "cunningly devised system of springs which are arranged in compensating series based on the fundamental laws of physics." You can be run over, Mr. Thickett says, by his automobile "until you are tired of it" and emerge without a bruise or other physical discomfort. "To prove this," says Mr. Thickett, "I equipped a ten-ton truck with my gear and ran over my brother three times. He is today alive and well." Mr. Thickett wishes us to submit to being run over "for the benefit of a large body of automotive engineers and movie promotion."

SOMETHING tells us— W. D.

Just Think! SO MUCH THAT'S NEW AND BETTER!



YOU'RE SAFER IN A HUDSON



HUDSON'S PATENTED DOUBLE-SAFE HYDRAULICS
No need to reach for a hand brake in emergencies with these patented safety brakes, found *only* in Hudsons! There's *extra* safety, too, with **AUTO-POISE CONTROL**, a revolutionary new mechanical invention (patent applied for) which helps to keep wheels on their course automatically, *even when a tire blows*. No other car has anything like it.

Beautiful Beyond Belief

Cars shown are (left) new Hudson Country Club Six Touring Sedan, \$995*; (right) new Hudson 112 DeLuxe Touring Brougham, \$775*

A man and his wife who "went shopping" at one of the leading automobile shows last November summed it up: "Why," they exclaimed, "these new Hudsons have everything that appeals to us in any of the other cars, and a lot more we can't get anywhere else!"

Since then, thousands of other car buyers

have reached the same conclusion, and Hudson sales are steadily mounting. So, when *you* pick *your* 1939 car, we invite you to see and drive a Hudson . . . for *beauty* that wins admiration everywhere, for *comfort* that's the sensation of the new car year and for *safety* beyond that of any other car.

Hudson's Weather-Master Fresh Air and Heat Control Available in All Models

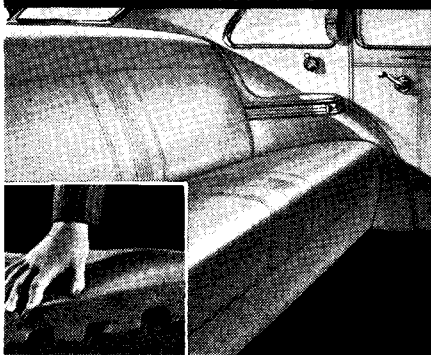
HUDSON

PRICES START AS LOW AS

*delivered in Detroit, equipped to drive; including Federal taxes, not including state and local taxes, if any. Low time payment terms, with new Hudson-C. I. T. Plan. Prices subject to change without notice.

\$695

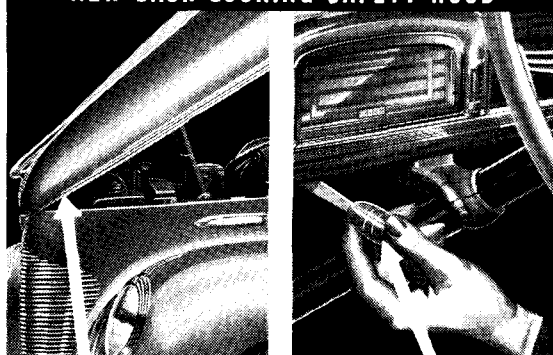
NEW AIRFOAM CUSHIONS



Comfort Sensation of 1939!

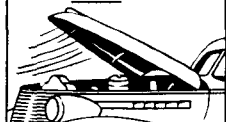
You ride on cushions of amazing softness—made of a wonderful new material called **Airfoam**. Nothing can match it for comfort. Hundreds of miles leave you untired! **Airfoam** is standard in new Hudson Country Club and Convertible models, optional at all cost in all other 1939 Hudsons.

NEW DASH-LOCKING SAFETY HOOD



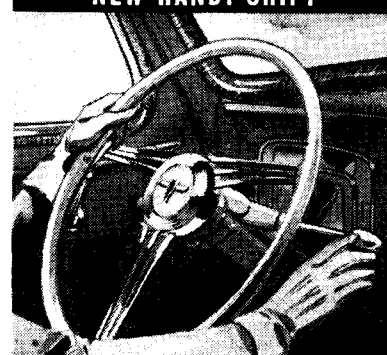
HOOD HINGED
AT FRONT . . .
WIND CAN'T
LIFT IT . . .

THIS CAN'T HAPPEN



LOCKED BY LEVER
INSIDE CAR:
BATTERY AND
ENGINE PARTS
THEFT-PROOF

NEW HANDY SHIFT



Easier Shifting at the Wheel

with Hudson's new Handy Shift—fully mechanical—standard on all models. You shift through the same familiar gear positions—nothing new to learn. A *clear* front floor, combined with 55 inches of front seat room, makes front seat riding really comfortable for three.

NEW CARRY-ALL LUGGAGE COMPARTMENT



Another Hudson "First"

A "concealed trunk" with more room than most other trunk or touring models . . . but with no sacrifice of passenger room inside the car. Spare tire and tools can be easily removed or replaced without disturbing an ordinary load of luggage. *Nobody ever thought of this before!*

THE GREATEST FLORSHEIM VALUES IN 47 YEARS



FLORSHEIMS
now are made still finer

"Build the finest shoes that can be built and make each year's products better than the last." This, the Florsheim creed for almost half a century, has built the largest fine shoe business in the world. Ever better, year after year, today's Florsheims are the finest ever fashioned. In them you will find surplus stamina and surpassing style, faultless fit and finish, crowning craftsmanship and comfort—more for your money in every way. Never before have we been privileged to present such values. *Styles illustrated above, The SARANAC, S-867, \$8.75; The RAMBLER, S-825, \$8.75, The MAJOR, S-869, \$8.75.*

\$8.75
SOME HIGHER

THE
Florsheim
SHOE

The Florsheim Shoe Company • Manufacturers • Chicago



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

When American women began traveling alone on railroad trains in the 1870's, many carried a closely bundled "artificial baby," or large crying doll, so they would appear to be mothers and have no trouble in securing seats and discouraging the attentions of lonely gentlemen.—By A. Eugene Deaderick, Los Angeles, California.

A "moonless month," meaning a February without a full moon, occurs about five times in a hundred years. It happened in 1866, 1885, 1915, 1934 and will take place again in 1961.—By William Morie, New York City.

A duck cannot float in a tank of water containing a small quantity of dioctyl ester of sodium sulfosuccinic acid. As little as one part of this chemical in 2,000 parts of water quickly loosens the protective oil in the bird's feathers and they become so waterlogged and heavy, within a few minutes, that the duck sinks.—By D. F. Jurgensen, Chicago, Illinois.

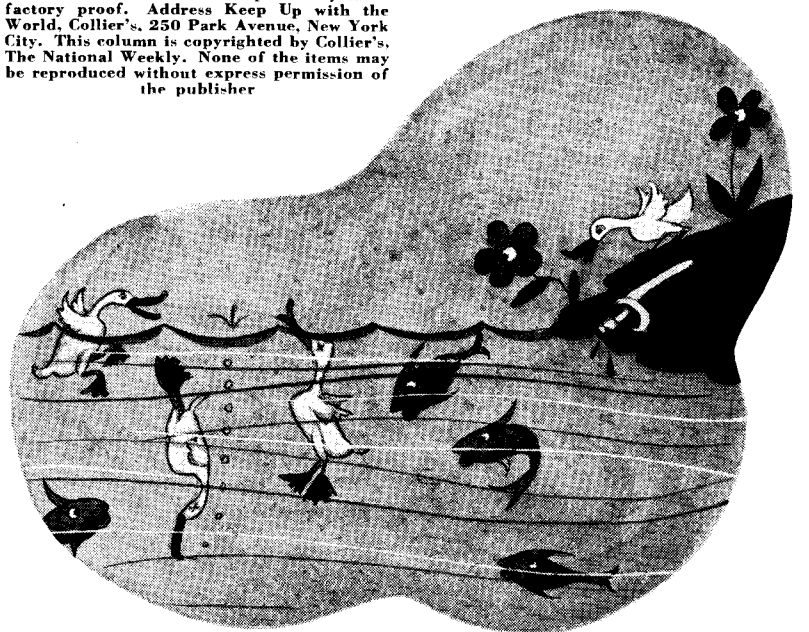
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The stick insect, *Dixippus morosus*, which prowls about at night and spends the day in a deep hypnosis, falls at once into a rigid catalepsy if suddenly exposed to light.

Half of all the land in the world is so barren, wild, hot, cold, wet, dry or high that it contains less than 10,000,000 inhabitants, or fewer than those living in the metropolitan area of New York City.

Since 1883, or two years after he died, Benjamin Disraeli, British statesman and a leading Conservative, has been honored by the members of the Primrose League and all other Conservatives throughout England by the wearing of a primrose, his favorite flower, on April 19th, the anniversary of his death, which is known as Primrose Day.

The Mount Malleray Monastery in County Waterford, Eire, is one of the few religious institutions of its kind in the world that makes a specialty of curing cases of chronic alcoholism.



EYES WITHOUT BIRTHDAYS

Sparkling, happy,
carefree eyes
aren't a matter of birthdays

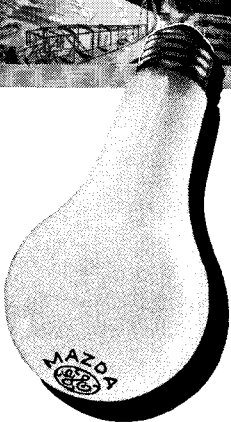
Many a youngster, starting the battle of life, is already handicapped by defective vision. Many an oldster, with the aid of a competent eyesight specialist and plenty of glareless light for easy, comfortable seeing, is free of eyestrain.

You, too, may have *eyes without birthdays* ... if you have your eyes examined regularly, and begin to Light Condition your home with the new and brighter G-E bulbs. Sight is priceless ... light is cheap. And now General Electric MAZDA lamps are lower in price and greater in light-giving value than ever. Begin to enjoy Better Light-Better Sight tonight.



Keep that smile in his young eyes. Light Condition his study table. That means make sure that he has enough of the right kind of light to make seeing easy. Here's a simple way to do it. Provide an I.E.S. table lamp, a complete Light Conditioning unit, and be sure that it is equipped with a **15¢**

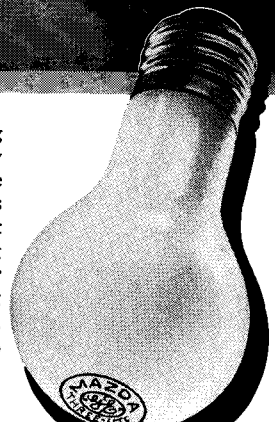
75, 60, 40, 25, 15-watt also **15¢**



Birthdays lightly pass by eyes that are safeguarded by Light Conditioning. When you read in bed, you will find it even more fun if you have abundant, glareless lighting on your book or magazine. In the lamp beside your bed, use either two 60-watt or one 100-watt bulb ... each **15¢**



The winning trick in keeping old eyes young ... plenty of good light. For the pupil of the eye shrinks with age and more light is needed to make seeing easy. Excellent light for card playing or reading is provided by an I. E. S. bridge lamp. For the lamp shown, a 50-100-150-watt bulb is recommended **45¢**



GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

Buy MAZDA lamps where
you see this emblem.



PHILCO

THE QUALITY NAME IN OVER 11 MILLION
AMERICAN HOMES PRESENTS THE

New CONSERVADOR ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR



... Amazing New Shelf-Lined Inner Door

*gives you 26% more
quickly usable space!*

PHILCO, the leader in its field for eight consecutive years, now brings you the *New Conservador Refrigerator*, with the greatest convenience feature of the year! An amazing invention—the *Conservador*—a shelf-lined Inner Door that gives you 26 per cent more *quickly usable* space than any other refrigerator of the same size. Because you get **DOUBLE** the easy-to-use *front space*. Now, the food you use most often . . . two-fifths of all the food you normally keep in a refrigerator . . . **RIGHT AT YOUR FINGER-TIPS**, without even opening the main compartment! Easy to find, easy to reach, easy to put away . . . no hunting, no groping, no shifting. Saves your time, your nerves, your energy.

And saves space, too! Because the big, roomy main compartment back of the Inner Door is now easy to reach. No cramming and crowding in front, no empty, wasted areas in back. That's why the *Conservador* holds more food. It's the first refrigerator ever made where you *really use*, easily and naturally, *all* the space you buy!

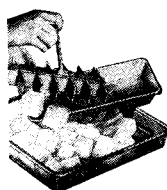
And new *Economy*! The Inner Door acts as a "storm door" . . . keeps cold air in and warm air out of the main compartment. Reduces motor running time, cuts down electric bills, *saves you money every day!*

NOW ON DISPLAY . . . SEE IT!

There's a dealer near you who has a complete selection of 1939 *Conservador* models on display. Visit him. See the Inner Door and the many other quality features that make *Conservador* the most convenient, the most efficient, the most beautiful refrigerator of 1939. Yours at no greater cost than an ordinary refrigerator and on the easiest of monthly payment terms.

CONSERVADOR HAS EVERY QUALITY FEATURE THAT MAKES FOR CONVENIENCE, ECONOMY AND LONG LIFE

QUICK ICE CUBE RELEASE



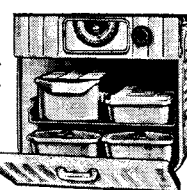
Just lift a lever and snap out as many as you want, one or all. No muss, no bother, no waste.



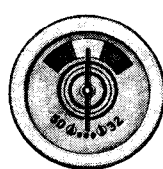
MEAT STORAGE

Extra cold for longer storage of large cuts of meats. Retains natural juices and flavor. No drying out.

OVERSIZE FREEZING UNIT

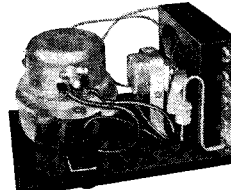


Extra power to maintain proper cold, freeze ice and desserts quickly. Porcelain, easy to clean.



FULL-VIEW THERMOMETER

Accurate. Tells cold temperatures within refrigerator at a glance. Protects against food spoilage.



HERMETICALLY SEALED POWER UNIT

Uses less current, freezes faster, runs quieter, requires absolutely no attention for life!



"He made my nose bleed," he says, "but the experience was cheap at the price. I've learned I've got to stand alone"

The One and Only Waldo

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

The future of the American workingman is assured. Mr. Waldo Himmer got out from under the weight of his own personality long enough to attend to it

THIS little guy, Waldo Himmer, was the only one who had any squawk to make when we unionized Consolidated's West Coast assembly plant. All the other boys listened to the Chief's speech and gave him a hand and that was that. But up jumps this little guy, Waldo, saying: "May I ask a question, sir?"

"Yeah. What is it?" the Chief says.

"Will the importance of the individual human soul and personality be preserved by this union?" asks Waldo Himmer.

"Hunh? . . . oh . . . yeah . . . sure," the Chief says.

"Then I withdraw my opposition!" says Waldo.

By this time everybody in the hall has a laugh at Waldo. He is standing in a row of assembly-line boys and he isn't much taller than they are sitting down. He has a pair of hen-coop shoulders on him, slanting from a kid-size neck, and a bulge to his forehead that makes his head look top-heavy. But the best laugh is a big fountain pen stuck behind Waldo's left ear and clipped to a curl of yellow hair.

"We're all mighty relieved you withdraw your opposition, Mr . . . uh . . . Himmer," says the Chief, which gets another laugh.

Does that stop this little guy? Not Waldo. He comes right back with: "I'm much gratified that I can make your support unanimous, sir!"

Well, the union isn't paying me to laugh at smart-aleck squirts like Waldo. I'm hired to be a trouble-shooter, see? It's my job to keep everything running smooth and no friction or lost motion in the membership. And it struck me that Waldo might be more than a wisehead or a screwball. I figured maybe he was a Manufacturers' Association fink putting on an act or maybe a reporter. I mean his comedy was too pat; it didn't sound reasonable, see?

SO AS soon as the meeting broke up I edged around to where a lot of the new Consolidated members were putting the rib on Waldo. "It sure was a big load off my mind when you spoke up, Waldo," they said, and: "If you'd stood out in opposition much longer it'd have wrecked the whole setup, Waldo." Just kidding the little guy, see? But Waldo had lighted a screwy-looking brier pipe carved in the shape of a roaring lion's head and he was taking it big.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," says Waldo. "We've given Mr. Maguire a lot of power and we've got to watch him every minute."

"Attaboy, Waldo!"

"I guess we'll have to leave that to you."

"Yeah, we'll leave you handle Maguire."

"Thanks, fellows," says Waldo, "I appreciate your confidence in me. I won't let you down!"

With that, Waldo goes strutting off like he was John L. Lewis himself. He is wearing a high-school suit with a snazzy belt behind and taking heavy drags at the pipe.

I followed him outside.

"I'm McDermott," I said, "the Chief's assistant in the Local."

"Glad to know you, McDermott," says Waldo, trying to give me a man-sized handshake, "I intended to call at headquarters and meet all the fellows."

"I just couldn't wait," I said, "I guess you're a pretty important guy over at Consolidated."

"Chief clerk of the stockroom," Waldo said. "A position of no small responsibility, as you perhaps realize."

"I thought maybe you were general manager," I said.

"Oh no—not yet. Mr. Halvorsen is

general manager and a very good man," Waldo said.

"Well, we hope you'll like the union," I said.

Waldo said he hoped so too. He said he thought unionization was thoroughly sound in principle. It was just a question whether the Chief would try to abuse his power, Waldo said. He hoped I would tell Mr. Maguire in a nice way that Waldo meant to maintain an attitude of eternal vigilance and see if the union handled things democratic.

"But if Mr. Maguire tries to be a dictator he will find me in his path," Waldo said.

"If I tell him that he'll worry," I said.

"Give him fair warning, Mac," Waldo said. "All the fellows are depending on me, and I shall act without fear or favor!"

I guess I should have stepped on Waldo right then and there. But talk like that from a little guy kind of amuses you at first, see? You don't think it means anything.

So what? So I'm talking to the Chief

in his office the next Saturday morning and all of a sudden there is a big argument outside. I push into it, and it's nobody but Waldo Himmer.

"He says we've got to show him the books," Miss Polk tells me.

Waldo nods.

"As a member of this union in good standing I have a right to inspect its books at any time," says Waldo. "I refer you to Bylaw 27, Section 8."

"Look, Himmer," I said, "Miss Polk and the others are busy. It's Saturday morning and we close at noon—"

"Sorry, Mac," says Waldo, "but this is the only time I have free to make an inspection. I've heard an ugly rumor that there has been a diversion of funds to subversive Communist activities and I've got to report my findings to the fellows at Consolidated."

THIS didn't sound so funny, now, and I got tough with Waldo. I told him to go chase himself. So what happens? The Chief comes out to see what all the gab is about, and Waldo spreads his

legs apart and folds his arms and gives the Chief a man-to-man stare out of his pale blue eyes.

"Is this the United States of America or isn't it?" says Waldo. "Am I Waldo Himmer or merely a cog in the machine? That's all I want to know!"

The Chief still thinks it's funny.

"Let him look at the books," he says.

Waldo takes it big.

"This gives me more confidence in you, Mr. Maguire," he says.

"Now, that's the best news I've heard in months!" says the Chief, and goes back into his office.

Waldo turns to me.

"You have the wrong mental attitude, Mac," he says. "To you I'm just an anonymous member of this union. I don't seem to have impressed my personality on you at all."

"Or on me either," says Miss Polk.

So Waldo pulls out a pair of eyeglasses from his shirt pocket. One glass is full-sized but the other is cut down to half-moon shape. He puts on the eyeglasses and says: "You never saw

specs exactly like these, did you? I had them made this way partly because I have good distance vision out of my right eye, but mostly because they look distinctive. When people see me at my work in the stockroom they *remember* me. Get the point, Mac?"

I said: "I'll remember you as a pain in the neck."

IT DIDN'T take the Chief long to find out that Waldo wasn't funny. Every time we held any kind of meeting, Waldo was there. He was the only member in the Local who paid any attention to the cut-and-dried stuff we rattled off—send five bucks' worth of flowers to Johnny So-and-so, motion made, seconded and all in favor say aye. Everybody would vote aye except Waldo Himmer.

He'd jump up and say: "What's the matter with Johnny So-and-so, Mr. Maguire?"

"He's sick," the Chief would say. "Objection overruled. You sit down."

(Continued on page 47)



"You are being arrested for stealing company property, Himmer," he says. "But, even now, I'll give you a chance to reconsider"



He could remember the way she had looked that first moment, the way she laughed when she saw his expression

Seeing is Believing

By Francis M. Cockrell

JOHN LOGAN left Magee & Company with a contract in his pocket that was better than he had even dared to hope for, and by the time he reached the street he had forgotten it. He entered a cab that was at the curb and said, "The St. Stephen," and settled back into a corner as the cab moved off up Fifth Avenue. He lit a cigarette and then just held it in his hand while its ash grew long and finally fell into his lap unnoticed.

This morning it had all been clear and real; what was the matter now? When he first came awake it was all there in his mind and he shut his eyes again and lay very still, thinking about it and feeling excited and different.

He had been to an opening night with Jim and Sally Walsh, and they had taken him along to this party afterward. Sally sent him to get her a drink and when he came back to where he had left her standing he put the cold surface of the glass against the smooth white of her back and she turned around and wasn't Sally.

He could remember it all this morning and, more important, feel it. The way she had looked that first moment, standing there against a background of rust-colored velvet curtain, the deep blue of her dress and of her eyes, the soft curve of pale hair across her brow; the way she laughed when she saw his expression as he realized she wasn't Sally.

Then they were talking, casually at first, and gradually more eagerly until he began to feel an odd excitement building up inside of him. Something special, something new, had happened to him, was happening.

She had come to the party as acci-

dentally as he had, with another couple, and a little later when he said, "Can you think of any reason we should stay here?" she had looked at him a second thoughtfully and said, "Not even a flimsy one."

Central Park was white with snow, but it seemed the right place for them to be. Sometimes they talked, sometimes they were silent, but never was there any constraint, any uneasiness.

They came onto a little arched bridge and stopped; then, saying nothing, they turned toward each other and she moved into his arms and he kissed her, unhurriedly, possessively, finally.

They had walked some more, a long time. She had engagements, the next two nights; but when she found he would be going back to Missouri after that, she said that she would break them. She said, "I want to."

HE TOLD her about his home and said she would like it there and then changed that to, "I mean, you will," and she had nodded and said, "Yes, I think I will." And a little later when he said, "I suppose you know that this is—love at first sight." What do you think of that?" she had said, "I think it gives a very nice effect."

That was light, of course—but he had not been jesting in his heart, nor felt that she was.

But now . . . It was when he had left the solitude of his room and had come

out into the city that the change began. Small doubts came into his mind unbidden and grew there and wouldn't go away. In daylight, against a background of life as it had always been, the whole thing became confused in his emotions, became elusive and intangible.

Now, instead of making him excited, thinking about it began to make him feel self-conscious, a little silly. Love at first sight! It was—well, so fantastic. Schoolboy, sophomore stuff. And it didn't matter that they had laughed when they said it; he had meant it, and it was either that or nothing.

But how could it be that? What did he know about her, really? What could she know of him? The whole thing was illogical, unreasonable.

He was to meet her in the lobby of the St. Stephen at five. And now as the time and place drew near, his imagination defied control, asking questions he was afraid to answer. What had she really thought? Had she been laughing at him? Was she now? And telling someone else about it, maybe. Maybe another man?

What if she didn't come? What if she came only to the door to look in and see if he was there and laugh? To point him out perhaps to someone else—to another man. The country boy, the Valentino from the sticks, full of dashing dreams and fancy thoughts.

He couldn't do it. He couldn't sit there with thoughts like this flooding

through his mind. But he had to know, he had to see and be sure.

So he dismissed his cab a block from the hotel and found a side entrance and from it a spot in a corridor where he could stand and watch the lobby without being seen himself. If she came, if it was true, then one look would tell him. He was sure of that. And if she didn't, this was better. He wouldn't feel such a moon-struck sap.

And as five-thirty passed, and six o'clock, as six-thirty came and she did not he was glad that he had not waited in the lobby. He felt like hell as it was and that would have made it worse.

SO HE went away, out the side entrance again and along the street, a little sad but in no way astonished. It couldn't have been true, of course; it would have been too good, too grand to be true. You can't make a thing true simply by wanting or believing it to be.

Or was there something wrong with that? Was being in love ever more than simply believing that you were; could it be more than that? Maybe if he—

A taxi honked at him jarringly and he stopped short and jumped back from its path. Oh, what did it matter, what did it matter? She hadn't come.

It was about the time that the light changed and John Logan went on across the street that a girl with deep blue eyes and soft, pale hair rose from a seat on the balcony that circled and looked down upon the lobby of the Hotel St. Stephen.

Once more, slowly, but now without hope, her eyes searched the floor below and then she turned and went away.

She had been sitting there since five.

NO ONE is going to see you or your wife in the bathtub.

We might as well get this straight right away because so much has been said about television that people are afraid they will see too much. Actually the danger is that they won't see enough to hold their attention. This is the problem that has kept broadcasting companies awake at night and very, very busy making plans. They know about England, where television has been an unspectacular flop, and they have decided that that mustn't happen here. Let's look at the sort of program they're planning to give you—if you're within reach of a transmitting station.

You'll find yourself, let's say, looking at King George inspecting the World's Fair. As he makes his way around the exhibits, you may discover you are holding your breath for fear something will upset the dignity of the royal progress. If it does, you will see it happen. Television can't be edited.

Other celebrities will bob up from time to time in front of this long-range window, but now the show goes on. You are mildly surprised to realize that the pretty girl who has just appeared is your announcer. Her manner is casual and friendly; since most of what you see requires no explanation, she doesn't have to work as hard as the announcers you are used to. This time she is here to give you the names of a dance team. They appear at once, performing to the music of the latest song hit. The camera shifts and you see the orchestra in action. Then you're on your way again. It's a sculptor's studio, for a change, and the sculptor is explaining his art. As you listen you see a clay figure take shape before your eyes.

Perhaps at this point there is a news flash from abroad, and an expert steps into sight with maps and diagrams to show you what it means. This may be followed by a puppet show, a bit of opera or a dancing lesson.

After that comes the play. We'll say it is *The Story of the Three Garridebs*, a Sherlock Holmes item that was adapted to television and broadcast by the National Broadcasting Company during their experimental work. It's an exciting play to watch. The development is brisk and continuous. You are whisked from scene to scene. There are sequences out of doors and these, since we are here to tell you, you will know are from movie film prepared in advance. When the story is not hurrying you around, the television cameras are. You find yourself constantly close to the actors. In place of stage business, thought up to keep the actors moving, you go to them. It is like the movies, only more so. You get the feeling that perhaps the close-up—here where it isn't over life-size—has found its right place at last. You get the feeling, too, that you are watching a brand-new form of entertainment being born, one that will take its place among the lively arts.

A Little Matter of Money

That is a fair sample of what they have in mind. As a matter of fact, it contains more than could reasonably be expected of any one program. Even so, it touches only a few of the possible subjects. Television can take you into the laboratory and let you look through microscopes or up in the air for a bird's-eye view. In a sense the advance notices were right: the possibilities of television are almost unlimited.

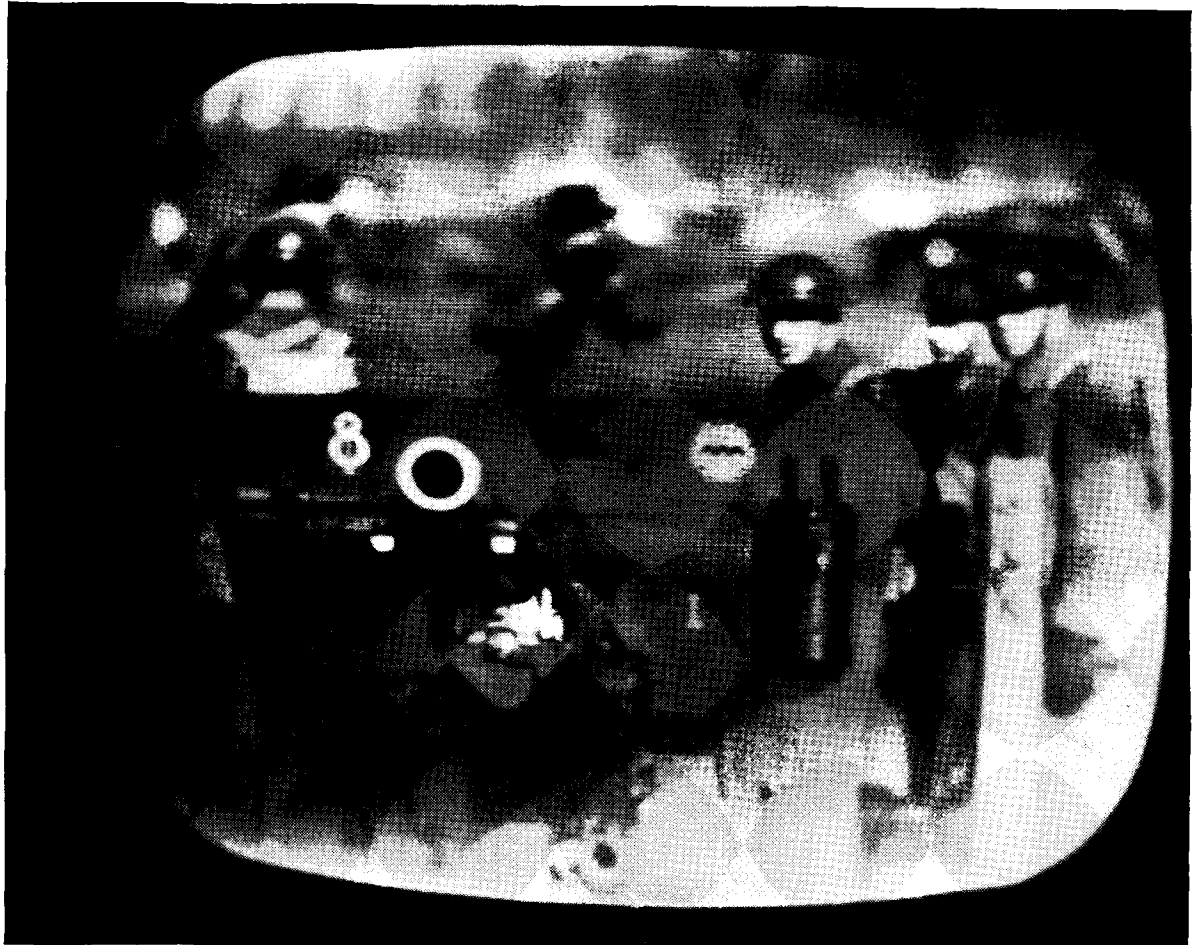
But they're not going to be realized all at once. In England, where they have television broadcasts for one hour a day, the costs run to a million dollars a year. The government pays them, raising the money by a tax on all radio sets. Here television will have to pay its own way—that is, the broadcasting companies will have to shoulder the costs until it gets far enough along to interest advertisers.

The high cost of television comes partly from the newness of the business. New techniques have to be found for almost everything—for acting, script writing, selecting subject matter. The television producer has to feel his way gradually toward the standards of a new art, at which so far he can only guess. Besides, there are inherent conditions that make television programming expensive. The actors have to be letter-perfect in their parts from start to finish. They can't read their lines as they do in sound broadcasting and there's no chance for retakes as there is in the

What you will see in the receiver of your television set. The scene below—a U. S. Army detachment in Washington, D. C.—is being caught by the television camera—and comes out on your home screen as in the upper picture

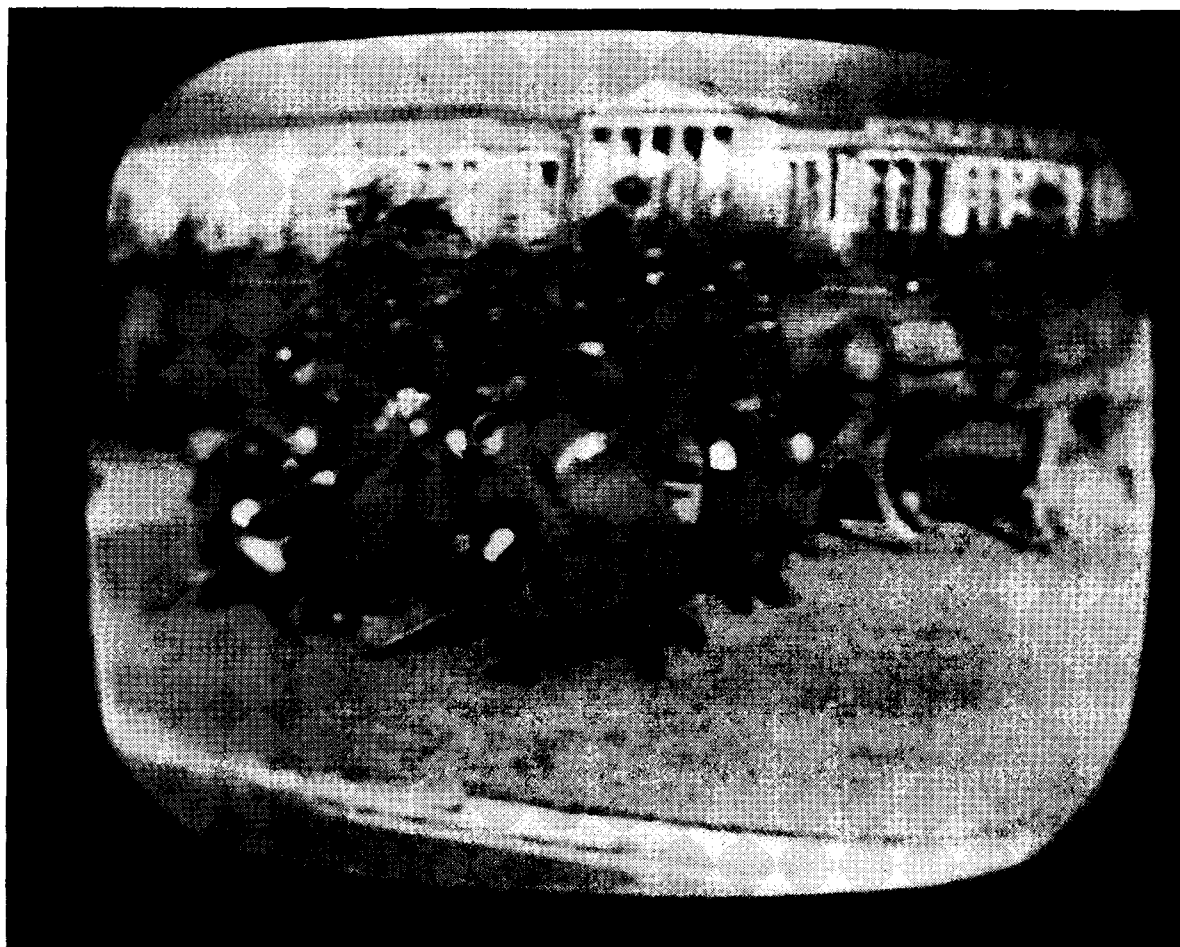
Before Your Very Eyes

By Denver Lindley



IFOR THOMAS

Television is all set for its leap out of the laboratory and into the home. The date has been set—April 30. Here's what to expect when you snap the switch



IFOR THOMAS

movies. The studio crew have to be drilled in the exact placing and shifting of the cameras, for the best way of compensating for the limited size of the television stage is by frequent changes in the point of view. This is accomplished by keeping two cameras trained on the subject while a third is being moved into position. A switch is made from one camera to another on an average of once every twenty seconds. All this requires careful direction and painstaking rehearsal. For the Sherlock Holmes play, which ran for forty minutes, six days were used in preparation.

Thomas H. Hutchinson, who as director of NBC's experimental broadcasts during the last two years has had more practical experience with television programming than anyone else in this country, estimates that seventy-five per cent of the time needed for preparation is spent outside the studio. He foresees the possibility of television road shows, repertory companies complete with producer and engineering crew that would travel about the country, stopping for a few days wherever there was a transmitting station and working up new material as they go along so that they can begin the circuit over again.

Don't Count on the Movies

In the early days of sound broadcasting a similar crying need for material was felt. And it was met in part by the use of phonograph records. Of course there is a television equivalent of phonograph records. It is the movies. Movie film can be transmitted very successfully. But at best it solves a very small part of the problem. All the professional film produced in this country plus all the film imported from Europe would furnish just three hours of entertainment a day. If we jump ahead to the time when there is a nationwide television network, you see that it could swallow the entire present output of the movie industry and hardly notice it. But it would cost too much. Class A movies cost about \$3,000 a minute to produce, Class B cost about \$2,000. How is television going to pay for that?

The answer is that television can't and won't. But, especially in its early days, it will eke out its programs with whatever suitable films it can get. Older pictures may be used, or complete television programs may be filmed and sent around the country for the use of stations that can't afford live shows.

As yet no one knows how the moving-picture companies are going to treat this upstart in the entertainment field. They may see it only as a potential competitor; they may regard it as a future customer, relatively poor now but with bright prospects; or they may take the view that the more visual entertainment the public gets the more it will want. They may remember that when football games were first broadcast interest in football increased and attendance at the games rose sharply. Three movie companies have taken this point of view and have bought their way into television companies.

If the movies supply only a small part of television's needs, sound broadcasting does no better. The best sound programs can't, from the nature of the thing, be the best television entertainment. A few, probably only a very few, will serve for both. Amateur hours, quizzes, interviews with celebrities are examples. But what about the time—roughly sixty per cent of the total—that sound broadcasting devotes to music? Each successive note is new to a listener, but there's not much variety in a singer's face. An open mouth is an open mouth, and no one wants to look at it for long. Television requires the viewer's whole attention and any program that fails to hold it will be a flop. It's safe to bet that only the greatest singers and musicians and orchestras will fulfill this requirement for any length of time.

The methods of sound broadcasting will have to be changed too. Announcers who have learned to put all their expression into their voices will give way to a more casual school. Sports commentators will learn that they no longer have to tell all. In England, the experiment was tried of putting on the regular broadcast announcer while a game of tennis was being shown. The result was unexpected. The audience found out how far behind the play he was. In television all that is called for is an occasional quick comment, and it may turn out (*Continued on page 69*)

In the 7-by-10-inch television picture above, horses are moving briskly behind a machine-gun crew and the subject is being reproduced in excellent detail. Below, photograph made while the television camera was picking up its picture from the left

The Green Angel

By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

The Story Thus Far:

WILLIAM BOONE, a young artist who is playing a dangerous game, goes out of his way to meet Nancy Barnett, stepdaughter of Rodney Barnett, a wealthy American. He promises to paint her portrait. Whereupon, she invites him to become Mr. Barnett's house guest at his beautiful country home near New York City.

A few weeks later, Boone is ensconced in Barnett's elaborate establishment. There, taking advantage of every opportunity, he makes a secret search for a small box that he knows to be hidden in a compartment in the floor of the attic—a room that had been transformed into a theater. He finds the box; but he does not remove it.

Meanwhile, it has become obvious that no love is lost between Boone and his host. And the police, informed by Barnett that "William Boone" may be a dangerous impostor, have sent a capable detective, Inspector Teeple, to keep an eye on the young artist.

Among the guests are Barnett's fiancée, Suzette Aberdeen, and her mother. Suzette (who has consented to marry Barnett simply to solve her mother's financial problems) is strongly attracted to Boone. But she, too, regards him with distrust.

Boone has a valet: Wallace Harmon. Harmon is a crook. He follows Boone to the attic, learns of the existence of the box. And, putting two and two together, he assumes that it contains something of great value. As a matter of fact (as Harmon presently learns) the box is

filled with nothing but some old, worthless toys! Acting on the advice of one of the maids—Yvonne, who is not overburdened with scruples—Harmon tells Barnett that he will turn the box over to him for fifty thousand dollars. But Barnett only laughs at him.

A short time later, Boone goes up to the theater. He finds Harmon lying on the floor. Harmon is dead—someone has shot him with a .32-caliber revolver! . . . Inspector Teeple arrives on the scene, interrogates Boone. He does not arrest Boone, but he makes it clear that he regards him as decidedly suspect.

Nancy is present during the interview. "Bill," she says to Boone, "do you suspect anybody?" Bill lights a cigarette. "Yes," he says calmly. "Either your stepfather did it or he knows who did."

V

SUZETTE, watching him, had the hopeless feeling that Bill Boone was defeated before he could start fighting. Rodney, as an adversary, was too powerful, too clever and ruthless. Instinctively she knew that Bill had not murdered Harmon. But she knew that he would not be able to prove his innocence if Rodney had decided to victimize him.

Inspector Teeple said, "Look here,

Mr. Boone. We aren't going to make any progress if you two go on exchanging insults."

"How do you know we aren't?" Nancy said.

"It wasn't an insult," Bill said. "I mean it."

"But you haven't any proof."

"I can prove that for the past twelve years he has hired all sorts of people to spy on me, and I'm certain that he had hired my valet to spy on me."

"You can't prove that," the inspector argued.

"He won't have to," Rodney said. "It's true. I have been paying Harmon for the past year to report this man's doings to me. I can prove that with canceled checks. What happened is obvious enough. This man discovered that Harmon was spying on him—and he killed him."

His voice was clear and decisive. Watching him, Suzette saw him as she had never seen him before. She had been indignant when Nancy had told her some things about Rodney this after-

noon, but she had not been able to visualize him in action, doing them. He had been ruthless with her, but this was different. She saw him in action now using all his cleverness on a man he wanted out of his way. When he glanced at her and smiled faintly, she had a feeling of sudden panic.

"IS THAT how it works?" Nancy said.

"It isn't as simple as it looked. None of your schemes are, are they, Rodney?"

"Nancy, I asked you to keep out of this."

"But I'm in it, Rodney. So is Suzette. You see, Bill, I'm familiar with the way he works. But it's all a mystery. Tell me what it's all about, and maybe I can help."

Inspector Teeple said, "Let me explain it to her, Mr. Barnett, do you mind? Do you, Mr. Boone? It has a definite bearing on the murder, and I want more information from both of you."

He was addressing Nancy, for it was (Continued on page 33)



Rodney said: "Boone, you're an awfully clever fellow. There've been times when I've admired your brazenness and your resourcefulness"

Home to Mother

By Meyer Levin

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

Meet Pa Carruthers, who knew enough to shut the door on his only child. You'll love him

WHEN the phone rang they both knew it was Lucy again, but Mamma Carruthers lay quite still, as if she had no idea who might be phoning after bedtime. So Papa Carruthers had to get out of bed to answer. The phone was downstairs on the landing halfway to the store. This fact represented a victory for Mamma Carruthers, who maintained that store calls were too few to warrant a separate phone upstairs in their living quarters. People didn't telephone their orders to a hardware store anyway; why, half the time they didn't know the name of the thing they wanted and had to come in and point. And home calls upstairs were not frequent enough to merit fifty cents a month for an extension.

So Papa had to crawl out of bed and stumble down the stairs and sure enough it was Lucy, agitated. "Papa? Oh, let me talk to Mother!"

"Where are you?" was all he asked. "Where are you calling from?"

"Oh, in a drugstore near the house," she said impatiently, so he knew the worst. He might as well get his pants on.

Mamma Carruthers was already pounding down the stairs, for, having made him get out of bed, she was too impatient to keep on pretending that she didn't know it was Lucy calling. He handed her the receiver, and picked at his pajama strings as he went up.

When he came down again, buttoning his shirt, she was still listening, with her mouth pursed in an expression of proper indignation, like when the old girls at her bridge club were juicing it out about maybe a butcher using his hands to add a few ounces to a steak.

"He did!" she interjected. And, "He did, did he!"

"Is she in the same store?" Mr. Carruthers inquired, fishing for his car keys. He wondered practically whether Lucy would fly the coop so often if, say, it was a three- or four-block walk to that all-night drugstore, instead of just around the corner.

"Hurry up, don't stand there!" Mamma Carruthers turned on him. "Do you want her to catch cold? She probably hasn't a thing on."

Remembering the time he had rescued Lucy in nightgown and bare feet, the gown halfway covered by what they called a swagger coat, and the feet falling out of a pair of mules, Papa Carruthers poked his shirttails in, and hustled. When he arrived on the south side, Lucy would probably still be standing in the booth, gabbing to her ma.

What was Homer's crime this time? He wasn't even curious. He drove with fitful attention, drowsily wondering if he should open the store half an hour late in the morning, to give himself a chance to catch up some of this sleep. Never any trade until after nine anyway, though for nearly half a century he'd gone on pulling the door open at

seven-thirty A. M., maybe to sell a nickel's worth of tacks.

And how long would he have Lucy on his hands now? A few days, a week, you never noticed the expense of another person in the house; but over a week it began to matter. A hell of a father he was, to be grudging his daughter food to eat. But no, fact was, stock wasn't moving, the store was just gradually fading out; good enough for him and ma to finish their days, that was all—but they were living much more simply than when Lucy had been home.

It would be nice having her hanging around the store like when she was a girl—brighten the place.

And there she was just inside the drugstore entrance, with her hands nervously raised against the pane, just as if she were going to beat on the door—a little threatening way Lucy had had since she was a child, Papa Carruthers recalled. He noticed that she had no suitcase, and wondered if this was going to be one of those affairs of sneaking back while Homer was at work to pack her a bag of necessities.

"POP!" She threw her warm arms around him and clung to him, close. He could feel her young body trembling, through her coat. "Pay the man fifteen cents, I came out without a penny and he loaned me for the call, it was over-time," she gushed out, in a low trembly voice, as if Homer had done all this to her, too. "I wouldn't take a cent of his money, I wouldn't take anything of his, I'd have come out naked without even this coat if I could, the cheez skate. I'll send it back to him tomorrow. Pop, you have to take it back tomorrow. I don't want anything of his. It burns me to feel it on me. It's like a brand of shame that I ever knew him. Give me your coat when we get in the car."

He fished out a dollar and waited for change; the drugstore clerk accepted the money, watching them expressionlessly; in fact Pop felt a little ashamed of the situation, and thankful toward this fellow for not showing—well, a laugh. "You on all night?" he said, as always when he called for Lucy here.

"Yep. Till six."

"Not very busy these hours. Wonder if it pays them to keep open."

"Not what they take in," the fellow said, "but they figure it keeps the neighborhood trade; it's a convenience to the neighborhood."

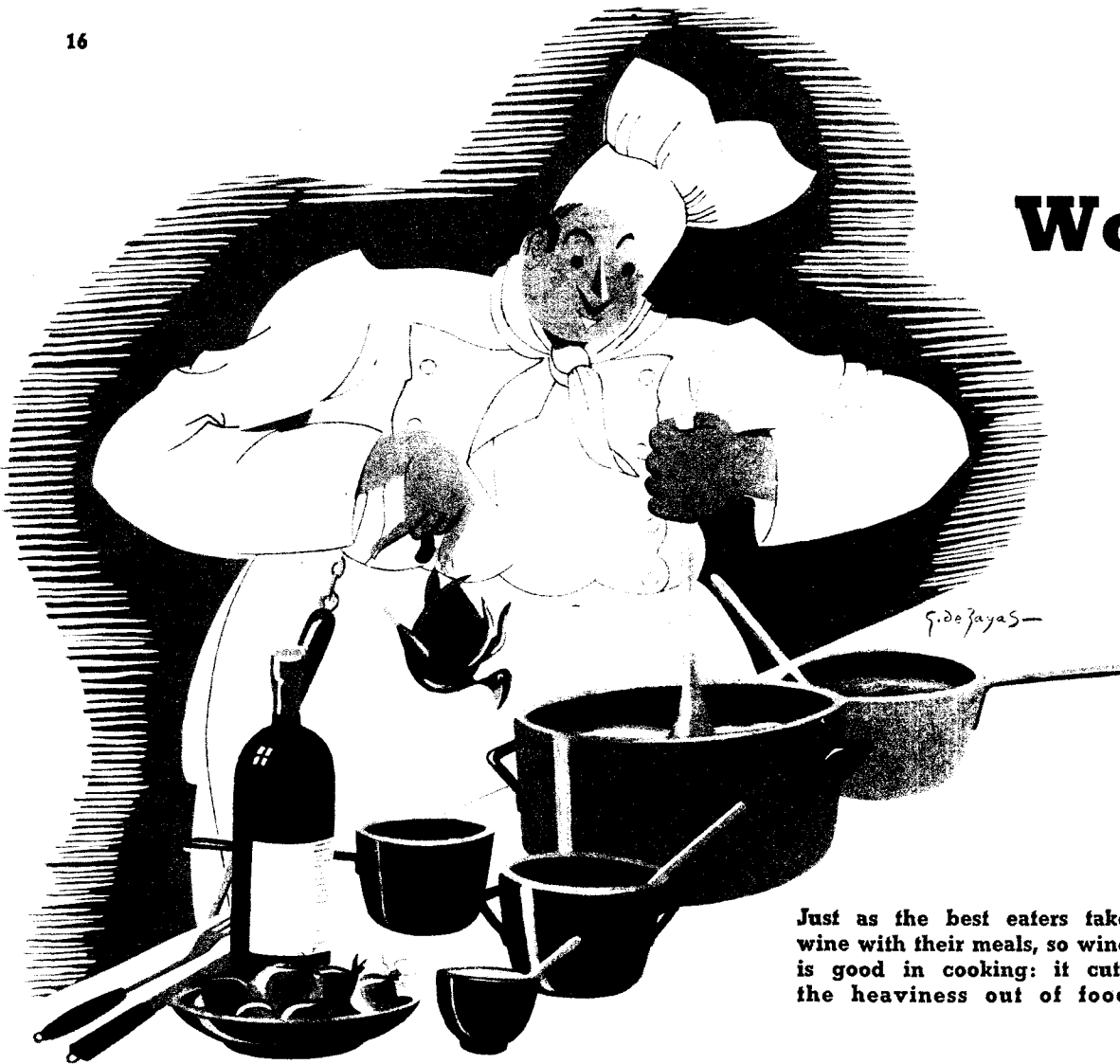
He didn't bat an eye. "Yah, you got to give them service," Pop Carruthers agreed.

"Dad!" Lucy called accusingly from
(Continued on page 61)

There she was, with her hands nervously raised against the pane, as if she were going to beat on the door



CARL MUELLER



Women Can't Cook

By Ted Shane

Meet the little woman, happily juggling calories, cookbooks and can-openers in her mechanized kitchen in the innocent belief that she's getting a meal. Well, she isn't. More in sorrow than in anger, Mr. Shane tells you what she's really doing. You'll be surprised

Just as the best eaters fake wine with their meals, so wine is good in cooking: it cuts the heaviness out of food



We eat our decorated roasts, never asking why

THE other night we had apple dumplings for dinner. I loathe apple dumplings anyway, but I do think that when apple dumplings are made they should be made correctly.

And why were these dumplings not made correctly?

Because they were made by a little woman. When I suggested to this dear little woman that the best use that could be made of these dumplings would be to ship them to China for use as bombs, the suggestion met with little sympathy.

All of which caused the thought to flash across what I call my mind that, having subjected my stomach to all manner of feminine cooking for all of my life, I wonder that I am alive today. It occurred to me that my poor insides, the gift of nature, have taken an awful beating. Not, of course, without complaining. No wonder the bicarbonate mines run twenty-four hours a day. Were it not for woman's cooking they'd close up in a moment.

Then it occurred to me to wonder why men stand for it. There seemed to be no reasonable answer.

Back in the Stone Age when a man went out with his ax and slaughtered his enemies he naturally had to let the inferior woman creature stay at home and stir the dinosaur stew. Being a hairy fellow with few



But what woman will cook over a coal stove?

brains and less taste he was content with the mess she threw him after his day's tussling—large hunks of half-cooked meat seasoned with bugs, smoke and whatever child happened to fall in. Then he slept, a sleep of indigestion and galloping nightmares.

Prehistoric man survived. We have come out of the Stone Age—some people think into the age of science. I shall be obliged to doubt that until women definitely come out of the kitchen.

Tradition has installed woman behind a stove. Here she loves to concoct beautiful-looking arrangements made out of baled hay and topped with little red cherries. She refuses to learn that men like food—simple food looking like food, and not like one of Queen Mary's hats. At placing paper ruffles on cold half-cooked lamb chops, let us admit at once that she is a darb. The point is, a man wants the lamb chops cooked properly, not dressed up for Easter. Few if any women can ever understand this simple masculine craving.

It has long been established that the stomach is the seat of the emotions. Give it crude handling, overload it with unsucculent food, and it clogs the mind, makes for confusion, bad temper, poor energy and all the things patent-medicine makers grow rich

not curing you of. What is needed is a kitchen purge—one that would remove woman definitely and for all time from the modern scientific food laboratory.

Query: Do I think men could do any better?

The answer is an unqualified yes.

You would think that now that we are civilized we'd realize the importance of what we shoveled down our epiglottises. But we (I speak of men, of course) don't. Blindly we eat our decorated roasts, our perfectly beautiful-looking salads, and our utterly cute desserts—never asking why—suffering our attacks of acute indigestion because we love our wives and their choices of feminine cooks.

Many of my male friends have decided that their marriages fall or rise on their stomachs. Some of them have actually wrested the pots and pans away from their cooks and turned out the most delectable dishes in the world. Of course they don't do this constantly—for, after all, man is a foraging mind and must earn a living—but when they do do it, they prove the old adage that a man can do anything better than a woman can. Yes, they cook rings around their wives. Dinners are served piping hot, accompanied by piquant sauces, tasty green salads.

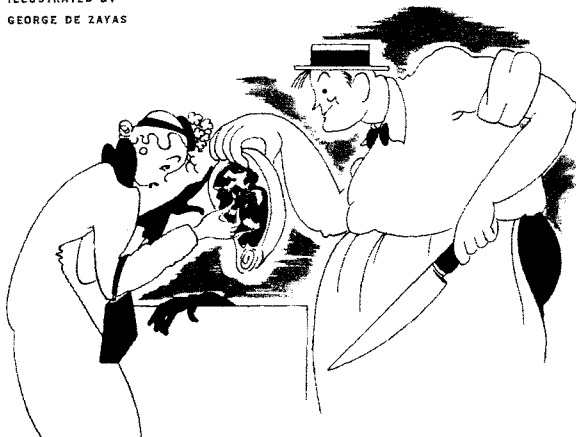
Here are the reasons why I am convinced that men can cook better than women:

First of all, men instinctively dislike the streamlined stainless-steel atmosphere that has recently invaded the kitchen. With its mechanized gadgets and scrupulous cleanliness the modern kitchen has become a hospital room. One expects the food to be laid out and operated on rather than cooked into a delectable meal. Vitamins are hypodermically injected and calories measured. The creative has gone out of cooking as a result. Meals are cooked by chart, not by taste. No woman tastes anything any more because the chart says it's to be done so—and it is done so. Besides, if she took a few sips of the soup she'd be off her balanced diet and her hips would begin to get that middle-aged spread she's always reading about.

Obviously all this sterilization does not add to the creative sense in cookery. And good cooking is sheerly creative and experimental. Richelieu, one of the greatest cooks of all time, invented mayonnaise by just fooling around with an egg in ordinary French dressing. In this age of science such a delicious mistake could never occur.

But will a woman cook over a coal stove? The heat would ruin her pretty skin, the ashes would get under her fascinating (Continued on page 42)

ILLUSTRATED BY
GEORGE DE ZAYAS



She refuses meat unless it is dripping with blood

Men Can't Cook

By Mary Dunham

Meet the lord and master, blandly making an ass of himself as he concocts one of those culinary atrocities that make normal women shudder. He's going to expect you to eat it, too. And praise him for it. We give you a few choice words from the little woman on man's favorite delusion



Prettifying in cookery originated with men cooks

A FEW years back, about the time Mr. Shipwreck Kelly was hanging up his admirable record for flagpole sitting and the Japanese beetle was still in the little stranger class along the Atlantic seaboard, hordes of stalwart American males suddenly discovered they possessed a genius for cookery that needed talking about morning, noon, night, and in-between times. There was scarcely a home that wasn't affected and you couldn't pick up a magazine without seeing some actor, prize fighter or sandhog with his favorite pot, giving you his original little recipe for frying eggs or ham, or both. Women, stupidly innocent, encouraged these first halting barbarisms and now we've got a condition on our hands that has passed the fad stage. From the looks of things, man's delusion that he's a natural-born cook while woman, at best, is to be pitied, is here to stay. If permitted to go any farther we're going to have a fine case of race suicide on our hands.

The truth of the matter is that your average male is a bankrupt when it comes to cookery. In the first place very few men are qualified even to order a decent meal in a restaurant, much less to cook one. And to qualify as a cook presupposes the ability to prepare a meal.

In all probability there is not one man in ten thousand, despite his eloquence to the contrary, who can go into a kitchen and produce a dinner for two people that has balance and flavor and attractiveness. Most of them, by dint of wrecking a kitchen and poisoning the air of a city block, can emerge with something that is remotely akin to food—for the most part having to do with eggs. But can he make you a decent soup, an entree, a dessert? Does he know anything about fish? Can he cook pork and beef? Would he treat a guinea fowl as he would a chicken? It is extremely unlikely if his knowledge, which generally begins to run a little thin once he's exhausted the potentialities of the hamburger, would be equal to fair dealing with any of these commonplaces of the kitchen. Despite his scorn for the cookery of women it's a safe bet your dilettante doesn't know the essential difference between a white and a brown sauce. He can talk you a swell feed but he has exhausted his resources after he's vilified an honest food with his medicine-man methods and presented it with all the charm of something crushed underfoot.

"Look at history," he will argue. "All the great cooks have been men." To their shame most women subside guiltily when confronted with such specious logic. But they shouldn't; they should look at history.

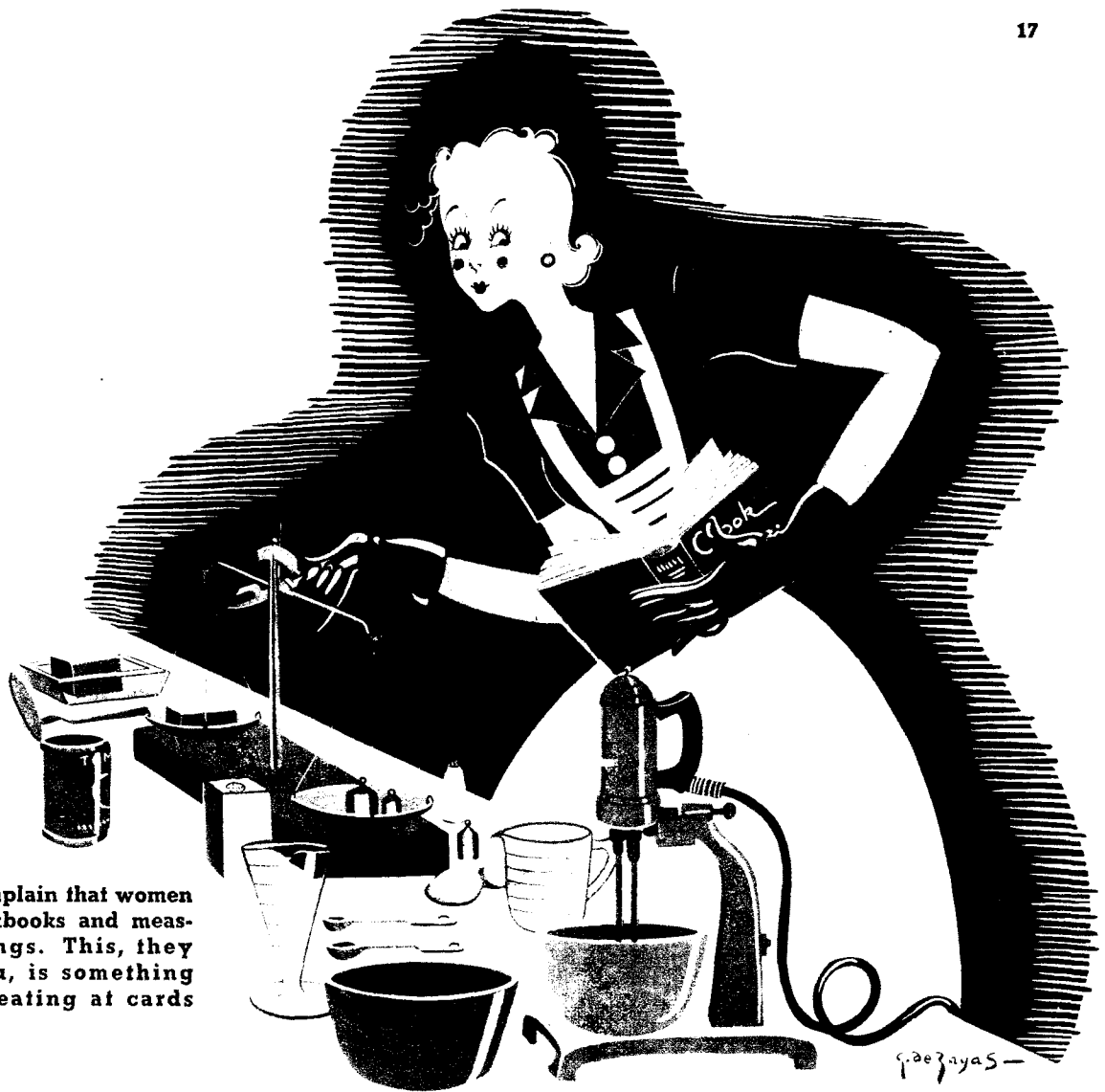
Men complain that women use cookbooks and measure things. This, they tell you, is something like cheating at cards



Men's cooking has to do principally with eggs

I don't think anybody will deny the fact that France's contributions to the art of cooking food stand first. And, further, no one will deny the great French cooks of song and story and fact have been men. But does this mean that Providence endowed the male with especial properties denied the female, which enable him to cook better? Of course not! Any man with brains enough to open a can of beans should know that cookery in France is and has been for centuries one of the more important professions; and, until comparatively recently, women in that otherwise enlightened country were not admitted to professions, however humble. That is the sole reason why Henri's name is on the menu while Henriette is never mentioned.

But none of this is so important as the fact that all cookery, be it Danish, German, French or American, began in some woman's kitchen. At a time when man's cultural development had reached the fastidious stage—when he quit eating his own dogs—his woman was fooling around between meals trying to figure out something new for supper. It wasn't any great chef who compounded the first *homard à la Américaine*, or Maryland fried chicken, or crayfish bisque, or *boeuf à la Bourguignonne*. It was some



French or American woman making the best of what she had to work with. Cookery, like all the other arts, is a continuous thing into the past. It is soundly based on fundamentals—which practically no man ever bothers to learn—which long ago were established by women; because in the allotment of this world's work, from the beginning of time, the kitchen has been the domain of woman.

A complaint frequently heard in the better bars is to the effect that women have no imagination in cooking. Ask the complainant what he means and a couple of drinks later you may gather that he means women use cookbooks and measure things. They follow rules. This, according to the unfettered male, is something like cheating at cards, only worse. To illustrate his point he will invariably tell you about the time he confounded a large party of folks by tossing together a few bottle caps and some confetti and made them the best damn' stuff they ever ate. "Can any of these women cooks come up in the clutch that way?" he will demand belligerently.

The answer is no. A woman would have suggested that the large party of folks go out somewhere and eat; she would not have expected much of the bottle caps and confetti. She would know enough about cookery to realize it is a (Continued on page 73)

ILLUSTRATED BY
GEORGE DE ZAYAS



Louis XV paid the woman cook her finest tribute

Fourth Son

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

...quiet heroism from
the story of the American West

SAM HILLIS, who had been driving cattle up the Chisholm more years than he liked to remember, rode down the sharp-pitched trail and stopped before a scene that was pretty familiar to him. Here squatted the low 'dobe Harpenning ranch house between the red walls of the canyon. A creek clattered shallowly across its graveled bed, shadowed and made cool by the grove of live oaks. Beyond the mouth of the canyon was a vista of flatlands undulating onward into the blue horizons of West Texas, and spring was in the small wind as bland and fragrant as a man might ever breathe. Lissie Harpenning, so silent a woman, was at the 'dobe's doorway. Adna Harpenning had paused behind his boy Bill, studying out the things that were necessary to say; and here was Bill, the fourth and last of the Harpenning boys, ready to go up the trail as the others had before him.

Adna Harpenning said: "Where you drivin' this year, Sam?"

"I sent the herd away this mornin'," answered Hillis. "It will camp tonight at the White Tanks, which is where I propose to overtake it tomorrow. I'll be by before the rooster crows and pick Bill up. That gives him another day with you folks. We should be at Fort Benton, Montana Territory, by the first of September. You can expect Bill back here by October, with money in his pants, Adna."

That last phrase was a deliberate addition: it was a concession to a feeling he could not help as he watched the bright fever of excitement burn in the eyes of this disturbed and string-tall Bill who was not yet a man. Well, it was a familiar scene. This was the way the three other Harpenning boys had looked as, each in turn, they had stood before him with that hard unrest of youth so plainly showing on them. He had taken them up the trail, and now here was the last one straining to be on the go.

Sam Hillis bent in the saddle to scratch his high mare between the ears, which was an excuse not to look at the Harpennings for a moment. None of the other boys had realized how this thing went with the old people, nor did Bill know now. But Sam Hillis knew.

He said: "Kind of anxious to be on the road, Bill?"

"Why, yes," said Bill Harpenning. "Yes, sir, I reckon I am."

"Seventeen," said Sam Hillis, "is a tough age. Nothin' moves fast enough and everything is too blamed far away. But"—he had raised his eyes and was mostly talking to Adna Harpenning, and to Lissie in the background—"you can figure Bill back here by October, money in his pants."

THIRTY years of West Texas had put a mark on Adna Harpenning. His shoulders came down at the points and his arms were very long and his hands blackened and sprung at the joints. He had gray-blue eyes above a clipped white mustache and his voice was softer than the wind, with a thorough courtesy in it. "The money," he said, "will help, but it ain't the money so much. It is time Bill took the next step."

Adna Harpenning's words had a meaning for Sam Hillis alone. Adna was sending his boy out to be a man, if the trail would let him. The trail was the world. It led anywhere young Bill wanted to go; it might lead back to this box canyon, or it might not, but wherever it led, its hardness and its risks would season him or break him. There was no other way. This was why Adna Harpenning's voice was so slow and so even.

Sam Hillis nodded, watching Lissie Harpenning's hand leave her forehead in a slow, loose fall. Sam Hillis cleared his throat. "Heard from your other boys lately?"

"No," said Harpenning, in the same summer-milk tone. "I guess they been too busy."

Hillis thought: Bowie went up the trail six

years ago, Ray's been gone four, and Crockett left three seasons back. He remembered each one distinctly. They had stood where Bill stood now, just as impatient, just as thin and unformed, with Adna Harpenning in the background watching and with Lissie Harpenning at the door listening. Sam Hillis pulled up the reins. "Be here before the rooster crows," he repeated, and cantered down the canyon.

Bill Harpenning went around on his heels to face his father. Excitement moved inside him like high wind, and his Adam's apple crawled up and down his throat. He said, "If there ain't nothing to do, I think I'll ride down the creek."

Adna Harpenning said, "Ride along," and watched his son go about the house in loose, long strides. The boy's shoulders were heavy-boned and would be pretty solid when they fleshed out. His flanks were mighty small from growth and from riding, but they, too, would fill. This was what Adna Harpenning studied on as he watched young Bill swing to saddle and head down the creek; this was what he thought, critically, and with an affection he would never be able to show. Lissie had gone into the house. He found her at the kitchen window, following young Bill with her eyes. She said over her shoulder, "Gone to see Helen?"

"I'd expect so."

"Should have waited for his meal. It ain't like he didn't need to eat. None of the others were that thin, Harpenning."

WEST TEXAS had put gray in her hair, it had thinned her lips and turned her mostly sober, but it wasn't much of a trick for him to watch her, as she stood against the window's light, and see her as of old. She had been a redheaded woman from Caddo Parish, Louisiana, with a cream-white skin and a smile that could run up a man's heart. It was a good memory and it showed on him, for her lips parted faintly and she spoke to him, half in sharpness, half in affection: "Harpenning, what you doing in the house this hour of the day?"

The onrunning silence was like speech, which was the way it got to be with a man and a woman after thirty years of pretty close living. She was thinking of Bill, and then she was thinking of the other boys who had gone up the trail, neither to return nor to write. Well, none of them were the writing sort, but—

He said: "Kind of odd to recall how they were. Bowie, now, was a thrifty one—like you. A natural-born trader. Ray had no weakness except his temper. I always wondered how he came out. As for Crockett"—he paused and watched his wife and qualified his words—"I never knew much about Crockett's head. I wish I did. Bill's the best of the lot. I have no fear for him."

She listened, and yet he saw that she was not altogether listening. That farness was on her face as though she were seeing those other boys. She murmured: "They didn't come back, Harpenning. Neither will Bill."

He was an illiterate man, whose wisdom came out of his own slow, thoughtful, earthy life. Before her, he had always an unvarying gentleness; his voice was kind and easy and a little different: "Man must take his own way, Lissie. That's about all we could ever tell those boys."

"I wish," she said, in the same remote tone, "I could have seen grandchildren. Bowie would be having children by now. I wish I could see them."

"I wonder," murmured Adna Harpenning, "what Bowie's doing."

HIGH above the house the summits of the Bighorns were still snowed in. Tensleep Creek rushed by the porch, water-gorged to its brim. Snowflakes, damp and dollar-round, still fell but the wind had hauled about earlier in the morning and the breath of the Chinook had the warmth and smell of spring. Westward the flats lay clear and cattle were browsing the winter-gray grass. This was what Bowie Harpenning saw and felt when he came out of the house—this sudden onset of another year. His (Continued on page 59)

Helen King sat on her horse and she was signaling across the canyon to where Bill Harpenning rode



First-nighters' first big moment arrives as the taxi pulls up under the theater marquee and its occupants step nonchalantly out in full view of the gaping crowd



On a holiday from Hollywood, Stuart Erwin and his wife (left), with Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Brien, attend the opening night of *Leave It to Me*

Big-Shot Parade

By Henry F. Pringle

If you have plenty of money and plenty of time and lots of ability you can become a first-nighter. Here's the technique and what it gets you

ONE way to look like a big shot in New York is to spend \$137, more or less, every time there is a first night on Broadway. This will run to a matter of \$13,000 or so during the season in which, on an average, there are now about 100 openings. It will mean a lot of maneuvering and no small expense to get seats. It will mean seeing some of the most awful productions in the history of the theater.

But it will work, in the long run. Generally speaking, a first night is the worst possible time to see a play. Even if the show turns out to be a hit—and the chance of that is about 1 to 15—the actors are nervous and their performances

are below par. The play usually needs cutting. The audience is bad-mannered and noisy. Movie queens scream greetings at one another while the curtain is up. After the first act some latecomer nearly always stumbles down the aisle with the remnants of a highball in his hand. Yet being seen at an opening is essential to a certain number of the strange people who make up the population of New York.

Once it was the play. Today the audience is the thing. Outside the theater toward curtain time a mob of from 1,000 to 2,000 spectators gathers. Traffic policemen make paths for elaborate

(Continued on page 28)



It is a wealthy dress-circle crowd that occupies the front orchestra seats at any promising opening. Here are a few of the audience at *Leave It to Me*



Insistent autograph hounds will press forward and must be restrained by policemen whenever a celebrity or a near-celebrity arrives at the theater on a play's first night

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT W. LEAVITT

Mrs. Ira Katzenberg is the first name on every producer's opening-night invitation list and there is much superstitious chagrin at a theater from which she is absent



The Chinchilla Coat

By Louise Kennedy Mabie

The lady who wore it changed both
her name and coat—for better ones

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

SHE wore a chinchilla coat and cap, she carried an immense chinchilla muff, a shirred muff, and her pencil-slim pale gray wool skirt reached just below her knees. Her hair was rustily dark and cut across her forehead in a bang, and this gave her face an amazing youth and distinction. Her eyes were wide apart, dark gray, and, Miss Harris ascertained in her first sharp look up at her, haunted. Her mouth was so brilliant, so colored, so set, that it made her face look like a mask, but she wasn't an actress, at least no actress Miss Harris had ever seen and she had seen them all.

"I'm Mrs. Thorp," she said briefly.

"Mr. Ryan can see no one without an appointment," said Miss Harris, and she waved her hand to indicate all the other people who were waiting.

"Just tell him—Mrs. Thorp," she said, and she walked away from the desk to the windows. It was a shivering day of sleet. From this height, on this day, the city looked muffled, the buildings huddled together. All the actresses who were waiting looked at her as did the actors. After a while Miss Harris came back.

"Mr. Ryan will see you at once, Mrs. Thorp," said Miss Harris.

"Thanks," she said briefly, as if she didn't mean it.

When she came in, Mr. Ryan stood up. The lights on his desk shone down but her first impression of him was power and her next was opposition. "Hello," she said.

Mr. Ryan said nothing, for he was looking at her eyes and at the straight line of her bang above them.

"I want a job," she said.

"What sort of job?"

"Whatever you can give me. I come cheap."

Mr. Ryan glanced at her chinchilla coat.

"It's not mine," she said. "I borrowed it to impress your secretary."

"That's cheap, if you like," said Mr. Ryan.

"I had to get in. I need money. I'm divorced and I have a little girl," she said. "I can sing. Would you like to hear me?"

"No," said Mr. Ryan.

SHE bit her lip at that and looked at him as if you had to knock her down, he thought, before she'd notice you.

"So you're Mrs. Dan Thorp," he said. "I've heard of you. You've made some headlines."

"Those were not—" she started, then stopped, and he couldn't tell whether she had meant to say "my fault" or "true."

"I don't hire scandals," he said.

"Oh, really now—scandals or no scandals," she said, "depend so much upon the people you run with."

"As I remember," said Mr. Ryan bluntly, "your husband divorced you because of another man."

"He tried that and couldn't. I divorced him. I have the child," she said.

"I can't advertise that," said Mr. Ryan.

"I thought you could do anything," she said levelly.

Mr. Ryan reached for a cigarette box on his desk. "Sit down," he said, and he held the box out to her but she shook her head. She stood. So Ryan found himself a cigar in another box and lit it.

"I don't expect to go on the stage, you know," she said, as if she were explaining something simple to someone stupid. "I haven't time for the training. I've got to get something at once. I'd like to sing with an orchestra somewhere for the supper crowd."

"Then why come to me?" he said. "That's out of my line. I don't run night clubs. I put on plays—"

"You did a musical last year. I saw it. It had a moment or so."

"What was the rest of it?"

"Tosh," she said.

HE TURNED away from her and looked down on the city and she looked at his back. He was an astute businessman, one of the most successful, which was the reason she had come to him. Probably he was sick of women but none of the men she knew looked at the city when she was around.

"What's your voice?" he asked.

"Contralto. Torch."

"Torch," said Mr. Ryan, "is nothing without a special, a sex quality. And people are tired of that."

"I sing," she said, "in my own way."

"What way?"

"You'd have to hear me."

"Sing, probably. People are getting tired—"

She held up one hand to stop him. "Not sing," she said. "And don't argue. Let me go if you must but don't argue."

When Ryan looked down at the telephone she dug her nails into her palms but the muff hid that. Then Mr. Ryan reached for the telephone.

"Sit down," he said. "I'll try to locate Harry."

Harry needed no music and he played in any key. As he played, a cigarette clung to one corner of his lip and the smoke from it kept getting into his eyes. The theater was cold and dark. All she could see of Mr. Ryan was an outline, a blur down there in front.

First she sang a coster song, very badly for her, but Harry seemed to enjoy elaborating on the piano the jingling of the donkey's harness, which made an accompaniment. Then she sang a ballad of longing and love. First she sang it straight, trying to put into it all the heart she had, then she broke it to pieces, smashed it, stepped on it, ground it under her feet. Then she picked it up again and restored it. . . . No sound from the darkness but he was still down there. Through some tears in her eyes she could see a tiny glow. That was his cigar. Suddenly she hated him. She hated being here. She hated Dan Thorp and what he had put her through. But she didn't hate Lucy.

"Now I'll sing you a lullaby, Ryan," she said.

"Don't put me to sleep," he said.

Afterward he told her her lullaby was languid—not for children.

"I didn't mean it to be," she said.

He looked sleepy when she saw him in the light. This was on the street,

when he was putting her into a taxi. She gave her address to the driver but Mr. Ryan said, "Forty-five," and got in beside her.

"Well?" she said after a block or so, for she couldn't wait. After all, she was young. He sat away from her in the cab. He looked out of the window.

"We'll talk it over at lunch," he said.

"A great many people I know lunch at Forty-five," she said.

"Ashamed of me?"

"No. My coat. Everybody knows I haven't a chinchilla coat."

"All right," he said. "Jump first. Tell 'em."

"Tell 'em what?" she asked.

"That you're signing with me."

"Oh—that," she said as if it were nothing.

Heads turned as she walked in through the smoke with Ryan behind her.

"Hello," she said negligently here and there. Lilly Staines—Mary Wilder—She stopped beside that table.

"This isn't my coat," she said. "It's Rosie's."

"I knew that," said Mary Wilder. "What's it doing on you?"

"I borrowed it," she said, "to impress Mr. Ryan. This is Mr. Ryan."

Mary Wilder looked up at Ryan and patted the leather seat beside her. "Here," she said.

"Thanks," he said. "Some time when we can be alone."

"Tomorrow?" suggested Mary Wilder.

"I may be going to Philadelphia tomorrow. How about a cocktail here on Thursday—at four?"

"Fine," said Mary Wilder and, looking up at Mrs. Thorp, she smiled.

"Why didn't you tell her?" he asked when they were seated at their table.

"Why didn't you?" she asked. "I'm cold," she said. "All I want is any kind of soup. Quick soup and hot soup."

"What to drink first?"

"Nothing."

SHE looked down at her hands and saw they were shaking. She was trembling all over with relief, with excitement. What was she excited about? she wondered. This Ryan had merely said he would sign her, which might amount to little or nothing. She hadn't been excited in years. She had been pretty much everything else. She dreaded looking at his hands, for they might be fat and stubby. Then she looked at his hands and they were all right. In fact, they were good. She looked at him sideways. Under forty but his hair was grayish. His eyes were bluish. He was built on a larger scale than Dan Thorp. He'd be heavy walking around a house. Or he might not be. You couldn't tell. Some of these big men are light on their feet.

"Want it on or off?" asked Ryan.

"Want what?"

"The coat."

"Oh—" Turned toward her, sitting beside her on the seat that ran along the wall, he was leaning to look at her mouth.

"What's the matter with it?" she asked.

"You have a trick," he said, "of drooping your mouth—your upper lip. It's

like a child's mouth, a child that's been hurt."

"You don't like it."

"I don't mind it," he said. "It rather gives you away."

"Are you going to Philadelphia tomorrow?" she asked.

"No. Why?" he said.

AFTER her lunch she said she'd go home. He said he'd go with her. Another taxi. Long streets. Cold. Crowds. The early dark drawing down. She was nervous at his going with her. He hadn't talked much or really looked at her after he spoke of her mouth. He had said several very definite things, however—that he thought he'd start her at the Gerry, in the Plaisance, on the tenth, and that she was to begin with the coster song and wear clear red with an emerald necklace set in gold and three heavy gold bracelets set with emeralds. She stared at him when he said that. She was very pale.

"I haven't any emeralds," she said.

"Borrow," he said.

"Who from?" she asked.

"You borrowed your coat, didn't you?"

"Yes. But that was from Rosie—a friend."

"Borrow the emeralds from me. I'm a friend. Or am I?"

"I—hope so."

"I have always found," said Ryan, sitting away from her in his corner of the cab, looking ahead of them at the driver's back, at the lights, at the traffic, "that hope comes ahead of everything else. Maybe you won't get as far as you're hoping to get, maybe you won't get the actual thing you're hoping to get, but you will get something and you will get somewhere—if you hope."

The apartment was lighted but cold and she touched a match to the birchwood logs in the living room before she took off the chinchilla coat. Ryan stood just inside the doorway, looking around the living room.

"Whose piano? Whose furniture?" he asked.

"Mine. I came here when I divorced Dan. That was over two years ago. I—I didn't get any money from Dan. I have an income of my own but not enough. Dan's a plunger. At that time he hadn't any money."

"How about since?"

"Not too much. He sent me a check for five hundred at Christmas but I sent it back. I don't know why. I'm a fool about taking money from Dan."

"Why?"

"I don't know. It's a tie—money. I'd rather earn. So I came to you. How about a drink?"

"No. . . . You've got a great voice, you know—too good a voice for what you're going to do with it, almost good enough to go anywhere with if you're willing to work."

(Continued on page 65)

She was photographed going in. She was stopped here and there by people she knew. Everybody stared. There was music somewhere in the distance



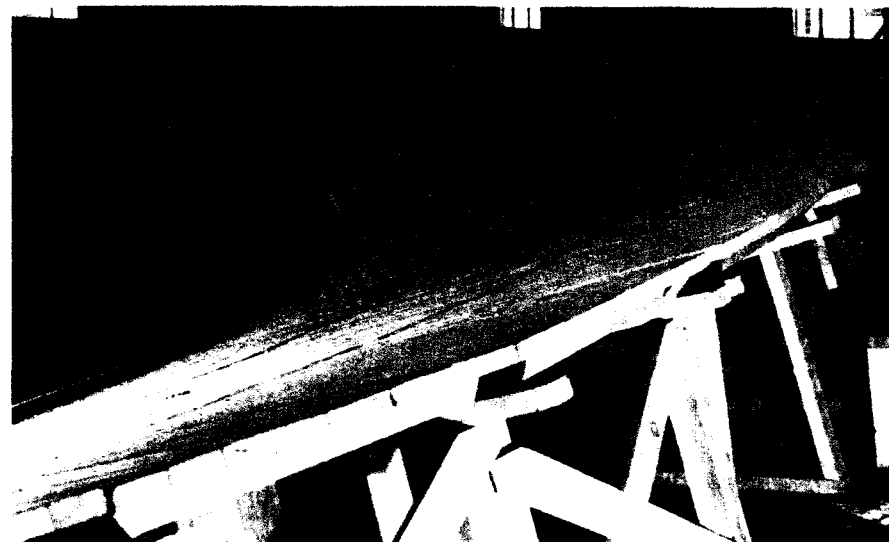


Glenn Cunningham finishing the world's fastest mile on the Dartmouth track last March. His time of 4:04.4 lowered the record by two seconds

Track Fast

By Bill Cunningham

Below is Dartmouth's track coach, Harry Hillman, whose problem is to train his speedsters on a track faster than those they use in out-of-town competition



The three-foot pitch at the turns is one reason for the track's speed

UNCORKING his terrific machine-gun finish, the greatest miler on this or any affiliated planet roared down those boards, his feet booming a faster rhythm than a kettledrum approaching a crescendo. With a spasmodic upward jerk of his arms, he hurled his barrel chest into the flimsy twine, blazed on a yard or two before he turned off the heat and was still traveling pretty fast when the big side tunnel swallowed him.

Even as he whizzed up to the tape, leaving Dartmouth students strung out behind him panting like so many collies chasing a magnified whippet, the ovation had begun, and now, an acoustical phenomenon unique with that particular building, the thunder of the cheering and the applause seemed to rocket upward to the distant rafters and then literally to spill over into the great chilled well which had just been the scene of an athletic feat of the ages.

Still the thin man in the gray suit down on the floor of that cistern didn't seem to know whether to laugh or to cry. Harry Hillman, the Dartmouth College track coach, he was. The palm of his left hand cupped as fine a stop watch as money can buy, and that stop watch, carefully synchronized with those of the three official timers and the specified alternate, told one of the most amazing stories in all the history of foot racing.

It said, and those of the officials unanimously agreed, that Glenn Cunningham had just stepped the fastest mile ever run by mortal man, had smashed by exactly two seconds the accepted world's record held by Wooderson, the Englishman, and had done it on an indoor track!

Just the sight of that alone was a memory for a track coach's lifetime, even for the lifetime of a track coach who thirty years ago smashed world's and Olympic records with gay abandon himself. But the unprecedented 4:04.4 that those carefully synchronized watches (they had been checked for almost two weeks in the physics lab) had just unanimously clicked as the Kansas Flyer struck that tape, told another story far more personal and just a mite lugubrious to Mr. Harry Hillman.

He now knew what was wrong with his competitive calculations. He now understood why his indoor speedsters turned in such crack times in practice and yet in actual indoor competition in Boston or New York invariably ran several seconds slower, although they seemed to strive just as gallantly.

The now-proved trouble, if trouble it can be dubbed, was that he was coaching upon what is quite probably the fastest track, indoors or out, in both the twin hemispheres. Cunningham had apparently just proved that it was. If you can prove it isn't, bring on your statistics. And even as you're perusing this, bend an ear in the direction of this little New Hampshire village, for on March 15th of this year of grace, barring injury, illness or some other happenstance, Don Lash, the great two-miler and now a handsome Indiana State Trooper, and John Woodruff, the phenomenal colored half-miler and 800-meter champion, will strive to emulate Cunningham and write new all-time lows on that same set of timber in their particular specialties.

The Speed Stayed Home

Certainly, it means trouble for Mr. Hillman. It makes his coaching a problem in equations. It's like training his boys on bicycles for a race on roller skates. But never mind him, except as incidentally, for the nonce. Let's look at that track, which may loom large in history before many more years; at the historic race Glenn Cunningham ran, and especially at the work necessary to stage a record test such as this, the tremendous detail and the almost microscopic precision.

Mr. Hillman began to suspect the worst or best of his track some four or five years ago. He knew a lot about tracks. The third oldest track coach in point of service in the American colleges (Cornell's Jack Moakley, with forty years far above Cayuga's waters, is Number One), Mr. Hillman's been looking at them, running on them and coaching around them for approximately forty years. He began to have his

(Continued on page 63)

Firestone CHAMPION

The Tire with the NEW Safety-Lock Cord Body and NEW Gear-Grip Tread

**Stronger Cord Body
More Non-Skid Mileage**



FLOYD ROBERTS.

1938 National Race Champion
Champion race drivers, whose very lives and chances of victory depend on tire safety, know tire construction and that is why they select and buy Firestone Tires for their racing cars.

JUST as you would expect, it's Firestone that again sets the tire safety standard this year. Always the leader in building safer tires, Firestone now provides a combination of safety features never before built into a tire. The new Firestone Champion Tire is a completely new achievement in safety engineering.

After years of research on the speedways of the world and in the science laboratories, Firestone engineers have developed a new type of cord body, called *Safety-Lock*, which provides amazingly greater strength. This revolutionary achievement makes possible the use of a thicker, tougher, deeper tread which gives you much greater non-skid mileage. Because of this new *Safety-Lock* Cord body and *Gear-Grip* tread, the modern streamlined

Firestone Champion Tire establishes completely new standards of blowout protection, non-skid safety, silent operation and long mileage.

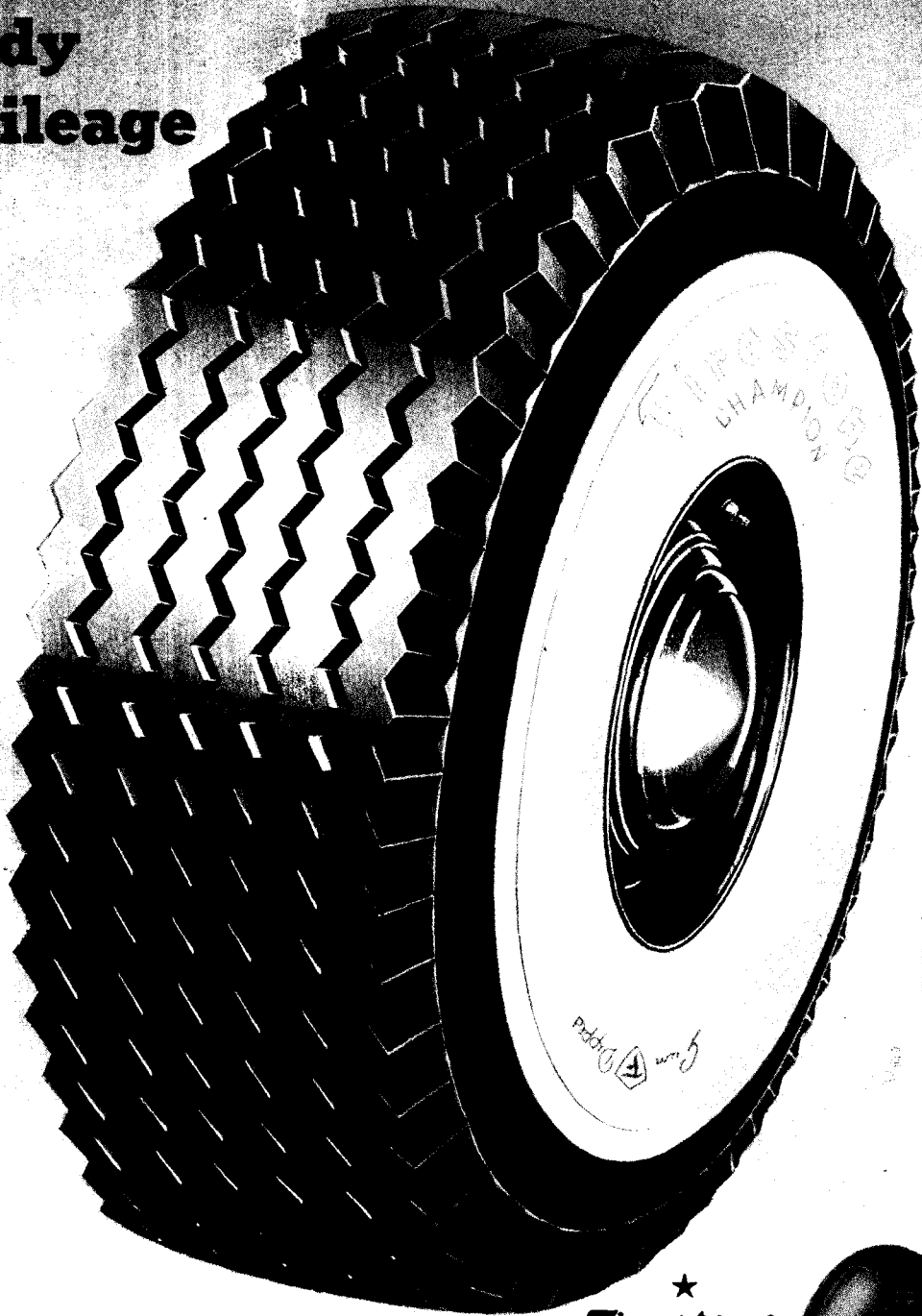
The new Firestone Champion Tire embodies the famous Firestone Triple-Safe construction — only in Firestone Tires do you get the exclusive and patented construction features of Gum-Dipping, two extra layers of *Safety-Lock* cords under the tread and *Gear-Grip* tread design. Never in all the history of tire building, has there been such a safety combination to protect you against the dangers of blowouts, punctures and skidding.

The new Firestone Champion Tire has captured the attention of car owners everywhere. Call on your nearby Firestone Dealer or Firestone Auto Supply and Service Store today and equip your car with a set of new Firestone Champion Tires — the only tires made which are safety proved on the speedway for your protection on the highway.

Listen to The Voice of Firestone with Richard Crooks, Margaret Speaks and Alfred Wallenstein, Monday evenings over Nationwide N. B. C. Red Network.

Listen to The Firestone Voice of The Farm — Everett Mitchell interviews a Champion Farmer each week during noon hour. See local paper for station and time.

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★
Firestone
LIFE PROTECTOR
the Tire within
a Tire
Makes a blowout
as harmless as a
slow leak.



Should a blowout occur, the exclusive Firestone Safety Valve holds sufficient air in the inner compartment to support the car until it is brought to a safe stop.



THE ONLY TIRES MADE WHICH ARE SAFETY-PROVED ON
THE SPEEDWAY FOR YOUR PROTECTION ON THE HIGHWAY

America Puts a Mig

North, South,
East, West—
People are Calling
this Big
1939 Plymouth

CLAR ACROSS THE U.S.A.—in city, fa
and suburb—motorists have stamp
an enthusiastic approval on this big, be
tiful 1939 Plymouth!

And for many sound reasons...any ur
ased comparison of today's lowest-pri
cars puts Plymouth out in front as
most car for the money!

Size is a big factor...and of the lead
low-priced cars, Plymouth is 5 inches lo
er than one—6 inches longer than the o
er. And there's extra leg, head and she
der room *inside* the car!

You'll find the new Plymouth ride a thi
ing experience...with bumps, jolts, vib
tion and road noises engineered *out!*

Plymouth has new coil springs of spe

NOW—MORE CAR FOR LESS MONEY

1. New Perfected Remote Control Ge
Shifting...marvelous new ease.
2. All-Silent Auto-Mesh Transmission
3. Longer Wheelbase...now 114 inch
4. New Amola Steel Coil Springs.
5. New "Safety Signal" Speedomet
6. New Streamlined Safety Headlam
7. New True-Steady Steering.
8. Time-Proven, Double-Action F
draulic Brakes—safest type mad
9. Floating Power Engine Mountings

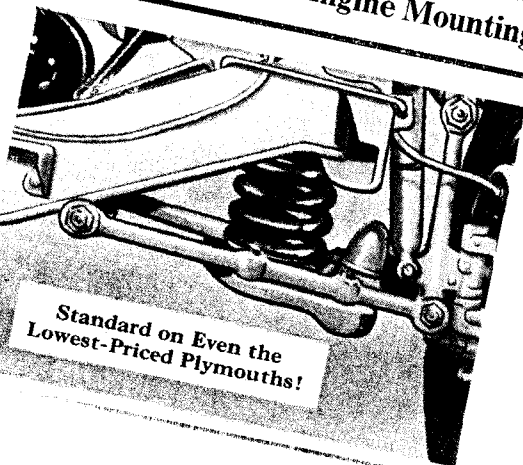
FUNCTIONAL DESIGN—the new trend in streamline styling—gives Plymouth glamorous new beauty. Go see it, today!

GREAT NEW
ENGINEERING
Makes this Plymouth
the Year's "Best Buy"



STANDARD EQUIPMENT
on "De Luxe" models at
no extra cost—Perfected
Remote Control Shifting
(left) with All-Silent Au
to-Mesh Transmission.

NEW AMOLA STEEL Coil
Springs (right), finest
springing design in the in
dustry, give Plymouth its
wonderful new ride. Am
ola Steel is the new mar
vel of metallurgy.



Standard on Even the
Lowest-Priced Plymouths!

ity O.K. on Plymouth

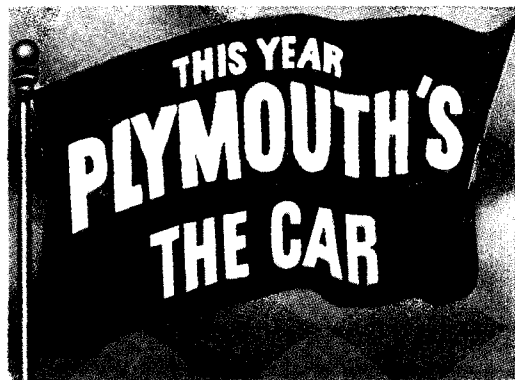
THE MOST FOR LOW PRICE

mola Steel...at each wheel is a huge, air-ane-type shock absorber...and the motor cradled on the famed Floating Power engine mountings.

What's more, *all* Plymouth models have the same 82-horsepower "L-head" engine giving live, full-powered performance *at* big savings on gas and oil. Owners everywhere are saying, "It's the car that stands up best!"

In safety, too, Plymouth leads the field with time-proven hydraulic brakes, Safety-Styled interiors and new "Safety Signal" Speedometer!

But to know the *full* story of this new Plymouth, you've got to get behind the wheel and drive it. Why not do it today?



EASY TO OWN ... your present car will probably represent a large proportion of Plymouth's low delivered price...with the balance in surprisingly low monthly instalments. See your nearby Plymouth dealer today. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.



ALL PLYMOUTH MODELS—both the "Roadking" and the "De Luxe"—have completely rust-proofed Safety-Steel bodies.

PRICES INCLUDE:

"Detroit delivered prices" include front and rear bumpers, bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on instrument panel, ash-tray in front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (19.6 cu. ft.). Plymouth "Roadking" models start at \$645; "De Luxe" models slightly higher. Prices include all federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included. See your Plymouth dealer for local delivered prices.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

NEW "ROADKING"
NEW "DE LUXE"

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR, COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURS., 9-10 P.M., EASTERN STANDARD TIME



"Whose shoes do you think made those prints?" the comandante said

The Resounding Skies

By Laurence G. Blochman

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

IN THE area south of the Caribbean, radio broadcasts from North America are being scrambled by powerful interference waves. Bill Bossert, a secret agent, is sent down from Washington to look into the matter; he dies—of arsenic poisoning.

Walter Lane takes up the investigation where Bossert left off. In Puerto Musa, he gets a job with the Caribbean Fruit Company. And, aware that the country is being flooded with propaganda from Europe, he keeps an eye on a German: Adolf von Graulitz, who is ostensibly growing coffee not far away. . . .

A hundred thousand dollars (to be utilized by the company for bribing certain government officials) disappears—and Gerald Stilton, a company official, is murdered. A few hours later, there is another killing in the little town: Bill Roland, the U. S. vice-consul, is shot to death.

Due to a chain of curious circumstances, the evidence is strong against Lane. Those surrounding him—Dave Perry, the company's district manager; Cecil Holliday, the district superintendent; "Pinky" Hind, an overseer; Henry Alcott, an accountant; and Ed Bannister—regard him with mistrust. He is arrested, put in jail.

Closely associated with a charming girl, Muriel Monroe, Perry's clever secretary, Lane has fallen in love with her. Misled by some of her actions, there have been times when he has felt sure that she was a spy, employed by Perry to watch him. Now, at last, he trusts her. And Muriel admits that she loves him.

Released from jail by the comandante (Colonel Blanco, who is convinced that Lane is not a killer), Lane resumes his search for clues. In the course of an interview with Doctor Janvier, the physician who had attended Bossert in his final illness, he learns that shortly before his death Bossert had drunk coffee at Adolf von Graulitz's farmhouse. The doctor, it appears, had diagnosed the cause of Bossert's death as blackwater fever!

It soon develops that Nita Fenwick, one of Muriel's co-workers, had been in love with Henry Alcott, and Alcott (a married man) had refused to secure a divorce and marry her. At Mrs. Alcott's insistence, Perry discharges Nita and she prepares to return to the States.

"Pinky" Hind, the overseer in the Rio Sangre area, resigns. He announces that he has won a small fortune in a lottery, that he will work no longer. With the comandante (who is shadowing various suspects) and Muriel, Lane sets forth for Rio Sangre. At "Kilometer 20," they stop for a rest. Lane seems to be excited. "That," he says, pointing, "looks like Holliday. I'd like to talk to him."

IX

HOLLIDAY was standing on the loading platform, which was already stacked with tall green stems of fruit, leaning against the leaf-padded railing. A train of mules, each carrying a load of two bunches of bananas in padded slings, was coming out of the plantation behind him. Farther along Lane could see a cutter at work jamming his pole-mounted crescent knife high into a banana tree, steadying the fruit as the half-severed tree bent under its own weight to lower the bunch to the waiting shoulders of a backer. Two quick strokes of a machete detached the bunch and the blossom end, and a third cut down the tree which had just fulfilled its natural quota of one bunch of bananas.

Holliday was watching a junior overseer fitting a bag of strong brown paper over one of the larger bunches.

Holliday greeted Muriel, then Lane and the comandante.

"I thought this was an emergency, Holliday," Lane said. "I didn't know we were taking the time to pack any special shipments."

"I've got one section here that grows practically nothing but nines," Holliday replied. "We may just as well try to salvage the prime fruit, too."

The comandante coughed uneasily. "We'd like to speak to you in private, Holliday," he said.

Holliday nodded. He walked down the track beyond the car, stopped and looked at the ground. He seemed intent on a cloud of golden butterflies that whirled and danced above a blackened bunch of rejected fruit, as though drunk with the sweet, fermenting fragrance of overripe bananas.

"Holliday, you were an officer in the British army in 1918, weren't you?" the comandante began.

HOLLIDAY looked up suddenly, his accusing eyes seeking Muriel Monroe.

"I haven't told them, Cecil. Honestly," the girl said.

"I've been making inquiries by wireless," the comandante explained. "You were attached to the American Expeditionary Forces in France as an instructor. Is that right?"

"Yes, that's correct." Holliday was watching the butterflies again.

"You knew an American captain by the name of Gerald Stilton?"

"Why waste time, Colonel? You know the whole story, evidently."

"I'd like for you to give me your version of it. Tell me about your—the accident in which Captain Stilton was involved."

Holliday removed his white sun helmet and carefully wiped the perspiration from the inside of the headband.

"There isn't much to tell, really," he said after a pause. "We were giving intensive instruction to an American detachment that had landed at Saint Nazaire only a few weeks previously. They were green troops and we were to teach them all we could before they moved up. We were having grenade instruction and Captain Stilton dropped a live grenade after he had pulled out the firing pin. That's all."

"And what happened?"

"The grenade rolled a few yards away from Captain Stilton. He started to pick it up, then decided he hadn't time. Instructions for grenade defense, of course, were to drop to the ground and present as little surface for fragments as possible. Captain Stilton followed instructions."

"And what did you do?"

"There was only one thing to do. There was a whole platoon of men watching the demonstration from rather close range. I decided to recover the grenade and throw it as far as possible before it exploded. I'm afraid I didn't quite get it away."

"And naturally you blamed Captain Stilton for what happened?"

"It was purely an accident," Holliday said.

"But you did blame Stilton for
(Continued on page 54)

It looks like "Five Years from Now" is Already Here!



IT seemed a bold move to make when we first considered the styling of this lissom and lovely Buick for 1939.

We didn't know what other fellows were doing—we only knew we had something so excitingly new and different, there were bound to be those who would call it *too* dashing.

But the more we looked at its clean planes and fluent modeling the more it seemed to *fit* the taut, staunch, faultless mechanism underneath it.

It *made sense*, with its radiator grilles

down where the air pressure's greatest, its weight low-swung and its windows expanded so you could *see*.

So we told you what the fellows in the factory were saying of it—"It looks like five years from now."

Today, of course, five years from now seems already here.

You've only to look over the passing parade to spot this Buick as the one car with style that's fresh and new-fashioned and *clean enough* to give promise of real permanence.

You've only to watch it in vivid and vital action to sense that it lives up to its looks—fleet, steady, yet matter-of-fact as a sky-liner's nose.

You've only to ride in it to know that here you'll be content as you've not been content before—for many a long and satisfying season to come.

We'd *like* to have you ride in it, so that you may know out of your own trying what a fine, solid, dependable piece of craftsmanship you've got under this beauty's smooth exterior.

For it's knowledge of that skilful job of car building that puts the big news in this fact: *Buick prices today are lower than a year ago—lower than you'd expect—lower even than some sixes!*

Easy on the eye—easy to buy—on General Motors terms!

EYE OPENER!

With all its extra value, this Buick sedan lists at \$51 less than a year ago!

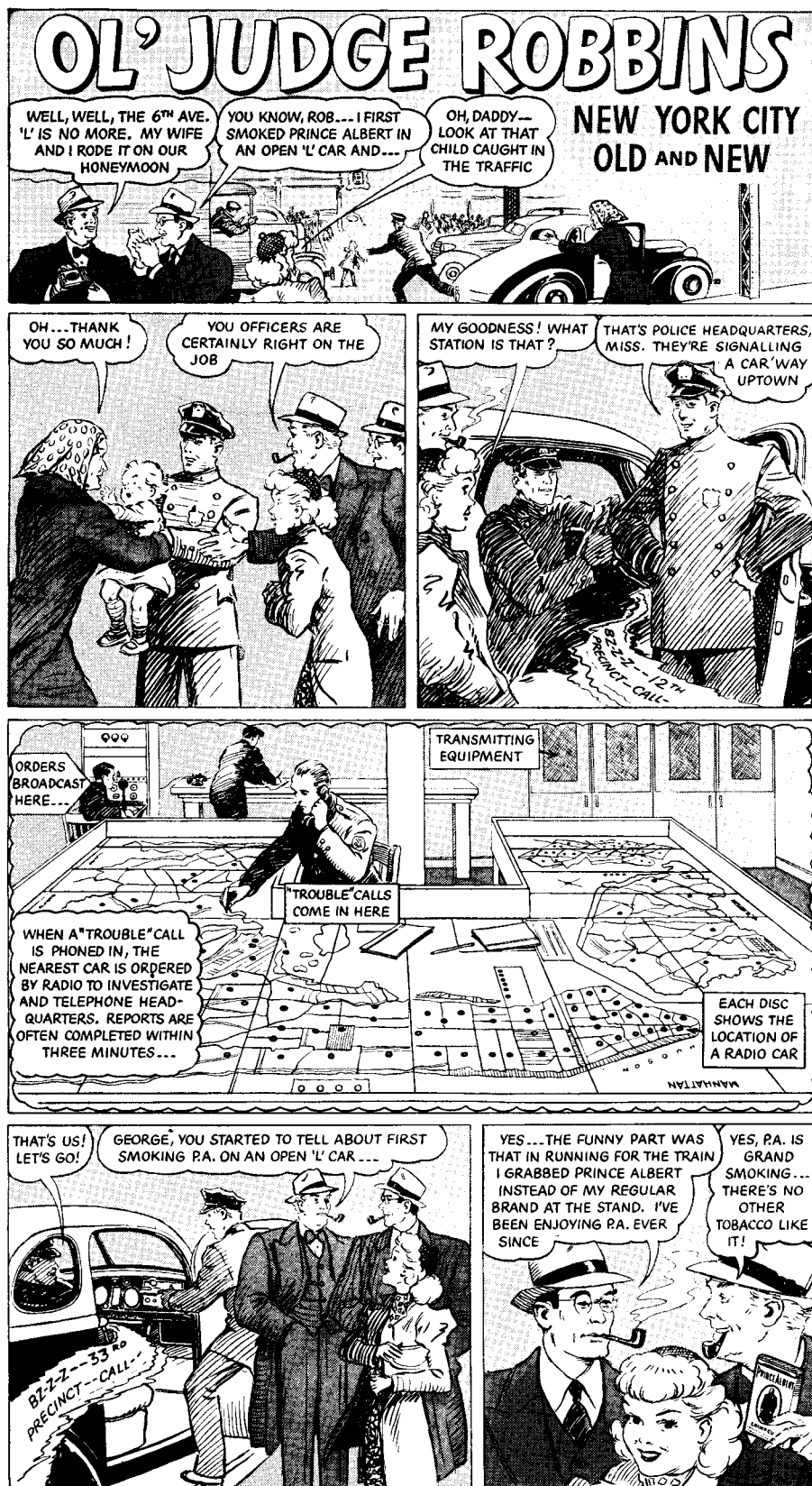
- NO OTHER CAR IN THE WORLD HAS ALL THESE FEATURES**
- ★ DYNAFLASH VALVE-IN-HEAD STRAIGHT-EIGHT ENGINE
 - ★ BUICOIL TORQUE-FREE SPRINGING ★ GREATER VISIBILITY ★ HANDSHIFT TRANSMISSION ★ ROOMIER UNISTEEL BODY BY FISHER ★ TORQUE-TUBE DRIVE
 - ★ TIPTOE HYDRAULIC BRAKES ★ CROWN SPRING CLUTCH
 - ★ "CATWALK-COOLING" ★ OPTIONAL REAR AXLE GEAR RATIOS ★ FLASH-WAY DIRECTION SIGNAL ★ SELF-BANKING KNEE-ACTION FRONT SPRINGING



"Better buy Buick!"

EXEMPLAR OF GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

When better automobiles are built Buick will build them



Big-Shot Parade

Continued from page 19

limousines—many of them rented for the occasion. Other policemen hold back autograph hounds who press forward whenever a celebrity or near-celebrity arrives. Flashlights explode and the crowd gapes. The celebrities, in sables and ermines and white ties, look haughty and pretend that the whole thing is a most frightful bore. And the man who is spending \$137 to feel like a big shot gets swept into the theater with them. He may even be mistaken for a celebrity himself, and have his picture taken. In due course, perhaps, he will have the sweet joy of seeing his name in one of the gossip columns.

Anything can happen at an opening—and something usually does. There was, for instance, the unfortunate critic last season who suffered from indigestion. He had made the fatal mistake of eating a heavy dinner that night and his discomfort was aggravated by the fact that the play was bad. Toward the end of the second act a very audible burp escaped from his distressed interior regions. In the seat in front of him was an extremely pretty girl, who promptly turned around and fixed the critic with her lovely blue eyes.

"Would you mind waiting until you get back to your office before you write your review?" she asked, in a voice that was also quite audible.

Anything can happen. Two years ago a young ingénue had to make a costume change so quickly that it was quite impossible for her to reach her dressing room and get back for her cue. It was arranged that a maid should wait in the wings with the dress. The extreme right of the stage was totally dark at this moment, so she was to slip off one dress and jump into the new one. But on the first night an electrician got his instructions wrong. A spot flared and the girl was revealed, for just an instant, in girdle, bra and stockings.

Or there was that fantastic incident, so vastly enjoyed by the audience but by nobody else, during the première of one of those drawing-room comedies when everybody is being excessively brilliant, making epigrams and being too elegant for words. A young actor was supposed to gaze at the leading lady and murmur: "Your beauty is so great it takes my breath away." Not too original, it's true, but the meaning was clear.

Instead, the young actor murmured soulfully: "Your breath is so great it takes your beauty away."

Such incidents could be recounted almost endlessly. But you get the idea.

Sophisticate's Dilemma

First nights have, for men, their sartorial complications. There is the agonizing problem of whether to wear tails or a dinner coat—the smartest first-nighters wear tails, of course. Sometimes the situation is even more involved. Consider the première of Eugene O'Neill's *Strange Interlude* ten years ago. This began, so great was its length, in the late afternoon.

Among the most meticulous of first-nighters that season were George Jean Nathan, the critic, and the late Otto H. Kahn, the banker. Both were noted for doing precisely the right thing at the right time. At the afternoon opening of *Strange Interlude*, according to Broadway legend, Mr. Nathan appeared in a dinner coat and Mr. Kahn in a business suit. Each caught a glimpse of the other during the dinner intermission. Each thereupon hurried home, and when the evening session began Mr. Nathan was in mufti and Mr. Kahn resplendent in

tails. Both, thereupon, were unhappy for the rest of the evening.

Claques—still common to grand opera—are rare in the theater now. It is considered just a shade dangerous to hire people to applaud at first nights. For another thing, it is too costly. Some years ago, however, a once-celebrated but fading dramatic actress bought seats for a score of friends and gave them orders to give her an ovation at the end of the show. It might have worked except that her performance and the play were equally bad. The audience started for the exits in record time. The claque did its duty, though. Their hand-clapping was tremendous, and the rest of the congregation could not understand it. Neither could a recently elected member of the United States Senate, who happened to be on hand. After a minute or two it occurred to him that he was the subject of the ovation. So he arose and bowed.

Doing It Up Brown

The potential big shot who thinks that the cost of seats is the whole cost of attending first nights will soon be disillusioned. If he is going to do things right—and if he doesn't he is wasting his time as well as his money—he will find the major costs to be feminine ones. That is, he must take with him the most attractive girl he can find. If he goes alone to an opening he will be utterly ignored. Let us begin with the expenses of the lady. In preparation for the big night she will have to have her hair done and get a manicure. That will be \$8.50. Then there will be a facial at \$5. I am speaking, naturally, merely of the operating costs. The investment expenditures—for a new dress, opera cloak, furs, jewels, stockings, shoes and underthings—are close to astronomical.

The operating cost total is now \$57.50, if a modest \$44 is allowed for the seats and that is by no means too little. Our ambitious man will probably have dinner at the Colony restaurant, which is one of the most expensive and snootiest in New York. He will hurriedly eat a dinner that will cost him, say, \$30. The first stop after the theater will be "Twenty One," the celebrated ex-speakeasy on West 52d Street, or the Stork Club, for a bottle of champagne and maybe a bite to eat. That will be \$18 more. Then he will take his girl to the Persian Room at the Plaza, the Sert Room at the Waldorf-Astoria or to the St. Regis Hotel. An additional \$22, on an average, will vanish from his billfold thereby. By now the evening has cost \$127.50. The balance will be about \$6 for a snack at some late joint and \$3.50 for taxis—a grand total of \$137. I have not taken into account such gratuities as he may want to distribute to headwaiters, waiters and hat-check girls. And maybe the lady hates flowers. If she likes orchids the extra cost, per first night, will be \$10 or so.

It's a good deal of money. The intangible costs, which should be added, include being pushed around by waiters and being given the worst tables at the restaurants which are getting the first-night crowds. Yet the man who is willing to take a beating, financial and otherwise, can really find out what is going on by making the rounds. He can talk learnedly about it the next day and impress his friends and enemies. The atmosphere at all of these night spots reflects accurately the success or failure of the opening that night. If the show is a smash the air is electric. It is a peculiarity then that the guests drink quite a little and eat lightly. If it is a

flop they order something heavy and eat doggedly.

The first job is the major one of getting seats for an important opening. Being a conscientious chronicler, I personally investigated the ticket situation on the afternoon before one of the more rowdy musical shows opened. I had been advised that certain speculators, lurking in their lairs in the Forties, might be persuaded to let me have a pair of seats.

"I'm in town from Kansas City," I said. "I've just got to see Razzle Dazzle."

"Nothing doing, Buddy," said the first man.

"I'm from St. Louis," I told the second. "I don't mind paying a premium for a pair for Razzle Dazzle." He merely looked at me coldly.

The third speculator was the man from whom the frequently married Tommy Manville, an inveterate first-nighter, gets his tickets. I said, this time, that I was in New York from Los Angeles and that the price didn't matter at all. The broker went to a telephone and whispered mysteriously.

"Come back here at 5 o'clock," he then said, "and we'll have them. They'll be \$23 each."

You also can probably get seats if you ask the headwaiter at Twenty-one, at the Stork Club or El Morocco. Nobody will tell you very much about where they came from, though, or the people who get their share of the difference between the price printed on the ticket—which varies from \$3.30 to \$5.50—and the twenty bucks or more that you will have to pay. Quite a few people share in the gravy. But the chances are at least even that the restaurant or night club get little of it. And the producer whose play is opening that night got none, in all probability.

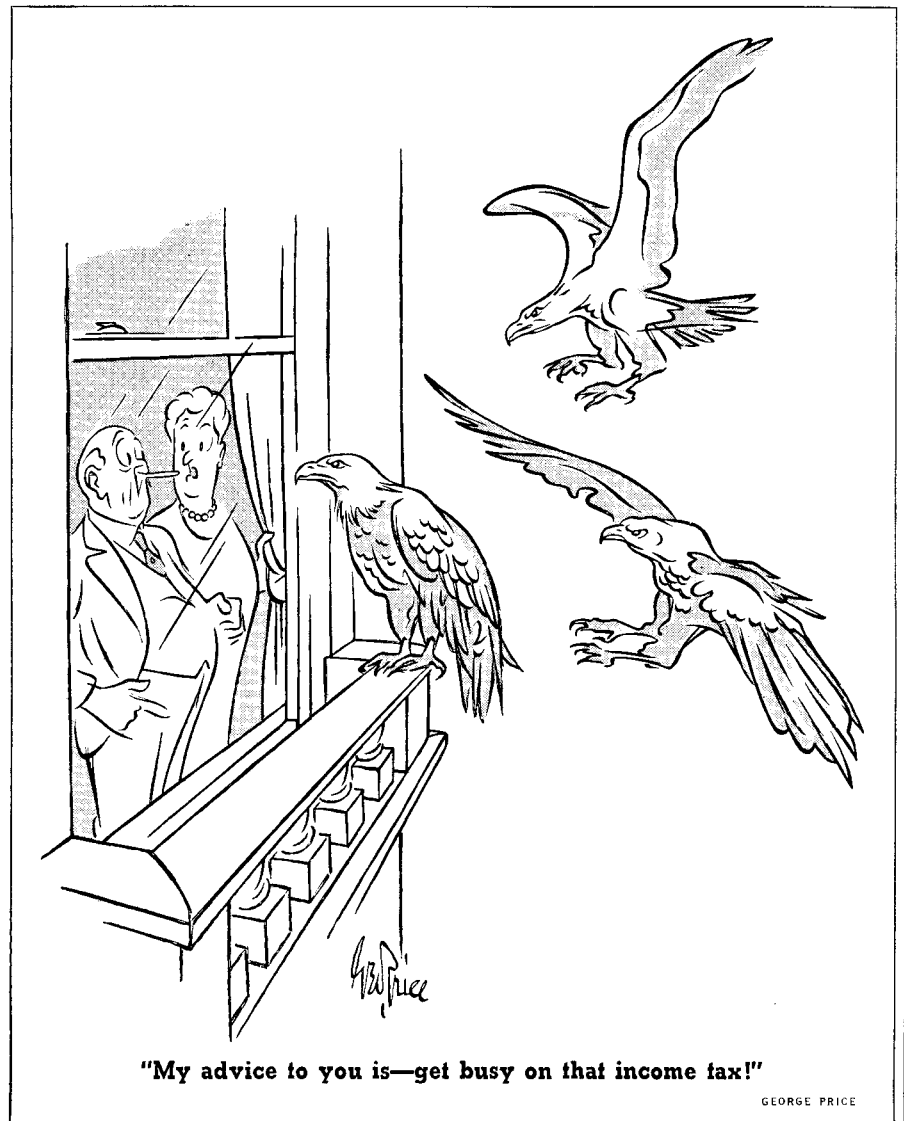
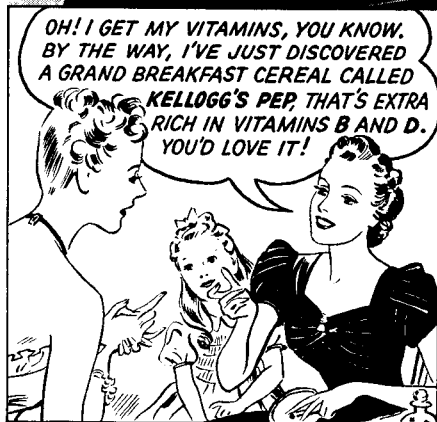
Distribution of seats for an opening is merely one of the things that gives producers their maniacal appearance

and also stomach ulcers. Everybody wants two on the middle aisle in the fourth or fifth row, which would mean that approximately fifty-six people would have to sit, one on top of the other, in each of those choice locations. First, of course, come the critics. Mostly, the producers have small love for these caustic gentlemen. They wait that the critics are chiefly responsible for Broadway's slump. Sometimes they go so far as to marvel that the critics, by damning so many shows, continue to write themselves out of their jobs by killing the theater. But it's been a long time since a critic was barred from an opening.

Three Hundred Who Come First

The critics and their associates get approximately fifty to seventy-five pairs of first-night seats for the more regular openings. This seems like a good many in view of the fact that there are but ten daily newspapers in New York, including the Wall Street Journal. The assistant critic, the dramatic editor and various important executives also get seats, though. The average is about six pairs per newspaper. But this is merely part of the free list. The backers of the show—it is a rule of most producers never to invest their own money—are naturally entitled to some. Then there are friends, important brokers, scene and costume designers and all the other participants in a Broadway production.

The members of the cast, however important, are rarely on the free list. They do get a chance to buy at the box-office price, on the other hand. Nor do motion-picture magnates, play and talent scouts go as the guests of the management. One Hollywood scout, a year or two ago, proclaimed with great virtue that he would accept no favor from any producer. So he bought his seats for \$25 or so each. Then he bought another pair—for his secretary. This



IF YOU, TOO, HAVE LACKED VITAMINS, DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU! AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT KELLOGG'S PEP! IT'S A SUPREMELY DELICIOUS CEREAL — CRUNCHY FLAKES OF BRAN AND OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT, ENRICHED WITH EXTRA VITAMINS B AND D. EAT PEP EVERY DAY AND SEE IF YOU DON'T FEEL BETTER!

Kellogg's PEP
VITAMIN ENRICHED
30% BRAN FLAKES

**Vitamins give you Pep!
PEP gives you Vitamins!***

*Vitamins B and D. Each 1 oz. serving of Pep gives 1/5 of an adult's and more than 1/2 of a child's daily requirement of Vitamin B—as much Vitamin D as a teaspoon of U. S. P. cod-liver oil. These are not the only vitamins you need. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package. Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.

MAGIC *with* RUBBER-a

THE GOODYEAR CENTENNIAL TIRE — "G-100" All-Weather

This remarkable tire realizes several important advantages, among which are: greater efficiency from the materials used, improved carcass performance, longer and smoother tread wear, better appearance. Its new design of tire and tread and new cord angle result in longer tread life, better stability with less swaying on curves, less rim-cutting and tube chafing, better protection against cutting, bruising and blowouts, quieter running with full All-Weather center traction.



READ YOUR GOOD FORTUNE IN THE STARS

Among the new and improved products we have developed in commemoration of the Hundredth Anniversary of Charles Goodyear's Discovery of the Vulcanization of Rubber, we especially call your attention to the following:

- ★ The new Goodyear Centennial "G-100" tire—the latest development for passenger cars, lighter, more durable, quieter, smoother-running, with 33% longer tread wear.
- ★ The new Double Eagle* tire—built with Rayotwist*—revolutionary in design, material and performance, the finest luxury tire money can buy.
- ★ The new YKL* truck and bus tire—built with Rayotwist for high-speed, long-distance, any-hard-duty—phenomenal in its long-mileage, high-durability performance.
- ★ The LifeGuard*—an inner reserve air-container which takes the place of the conventional inner tube and makes the most violent blowout as harmless as a slow leak. You can't get better protection to save your life.
- ★ The new "G-3" All-Weather* tire—favorite of millions; gives you full center traction—blowout protection in every ply—tough, long-wearing tread—at new low price.
- ★ The new Pathfinder* tire—sets a new standard of Quality with Economy—husky, durable, good-looking; a tough, sturdy performer in the lowest price class.

**MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES
THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND**

*Trade-marks of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

IT'S NEW...

IT'S IMPORTANT...

IT'S EXCLUSIVE...

GO

Hundred Years After

This year 1939 marks the Centennial of Charles Goodyear's discovery of the vulcanization of rubber. The world that once jeered at his dreams now gladly does homage to his accomplishment.

This is a world vastly different from the one he knew. Much of the difference is due to the marvelous material which he made useful, for in that great moment of his triumph he mixed more than sulphur and at and gum elastic—he mixed magic.

We have come far, yet have not yet realized all the possibilities of rubber that he foresaw.

THIS is to tell you about a new kind of tire for your automobile. We call it the Centennial tire—the new streamlined Goodyear “G-100” All-Weather.

It had its beginning in no ordinary way—perhaps that's why it has turned out to be far beyond any ordinary tire.

It's the dazzling highspot in a glorious array of new and better products we've developed to celebrate the Hundredth Anniversary of Rubber.

Though Charles Goodyear died long before this company began, we wanted to honor the great name our business bears with something more serviceable than speeches.

This new “G-100” tire had to be better than a warmover of old ideas.

So we started fresh, pushed onward into new engineering frontiers.

The practice has been to “beef up” a tire to better it. But we questioned that, in view of the quick new mobility of the modern cars.

We sought a lightfooted tire, nimble and springy, an easy-running far-traveling beauty—*smart*, but full of that good old gumption that can take everything the road can give and come up smiling.

That's a big order—did we get what we were after? Just give the new “G-100” a try and you'll be telling us!

So out the window went old patterns—re-designing tread shapes and cord angles we shot the moon. And we got something real—with less weight, *a tire which is giving us 33% greater tread wear!*

That's not all—we got a quiet tire, a more stable tire that sways and rolls less on turns, a sure-footed tire with 11% more rubber on the road.

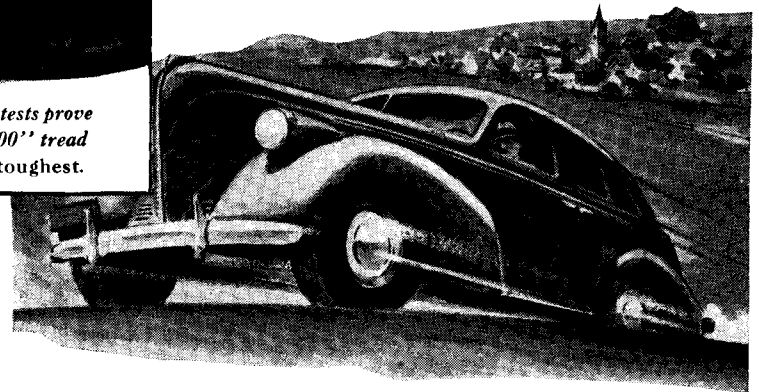
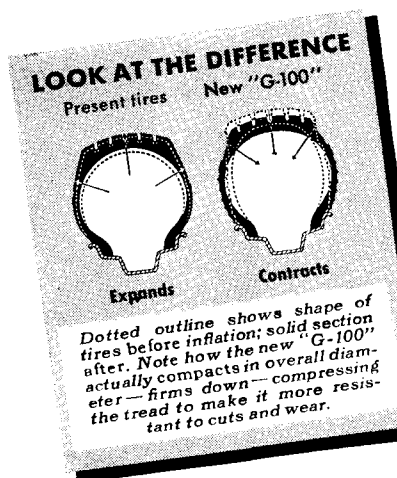
That means the tread is under compression, making it tougher against gash or scuff, giving it smoother wear without “cupping,” and longer non-skid life.

And to back that up, more durable cords in the sidewalls sharply reduce the chances of bruises or blowouts.

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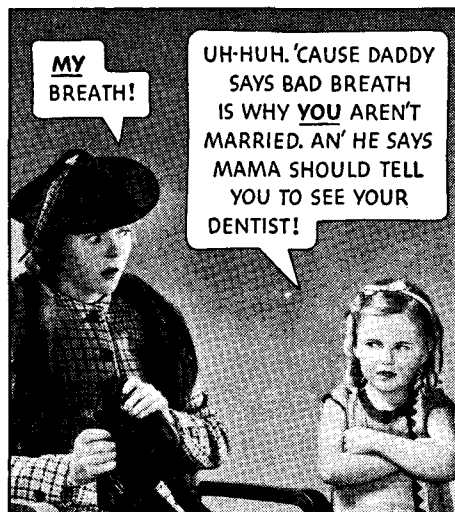
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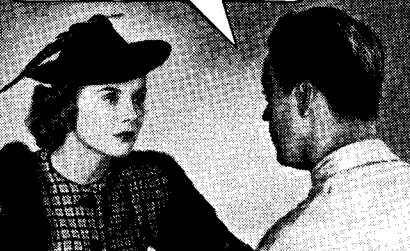


OF COURSE NOT, SALLY! WHY DO YOU ASK SUCH A SILLY QUESTION?

WELL, WHEN I GROW UP, I WANNA HUSBAND! SO I DON'T WANNA CATCH YOUR BREATH, AUNTIE MAY!



TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS



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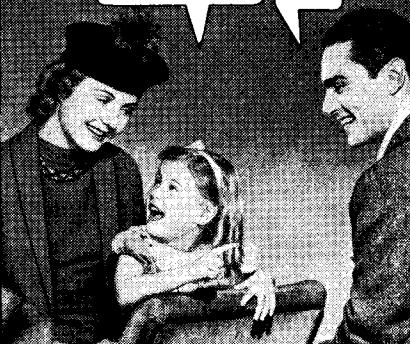


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LATER...THANKS TO COLGATE'S

IS HE REALLY GOING TO BE YOUR HUSBAND, AUNTIE MAY?

YES, SALLY, I REALLY AM!



BAD BREATH KEEPS ROMANCE AWAY—PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!



was so notes could be taken during the performance, a task that was, of course, beneath his dignity. The bill, naturally, went to Hollywood.

Three or four hundred seats, all in all, are thus spoken for at every important opening and that is why our would-be big shot pays heavily to be seen at first nights. He can't get on the invitation list that most producers compile—not at first, anyway. The people on such lists, many of them socially prominent, are offered a chance to buy seats at the box-office price. Not a few of them will consent to sit in the balcony and the producer is certain to profit by selling to them.

Established first-nighters who also have a degree of social position such as Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, the John Hay Whitneys, Mrs. Harrison Williams, the Averill Harrimans, Condé Nast, Herbert Swope, William Rhineland Stewart, and Marion Tiffany Saportas are on all the important lists. So is the current glitter girl among the debutantes; this year, the child's name is Brenda Frazier. The most important name on every list, however, is a lady who otherwise is quite unknown. She is Mrs. Ira Katzenberg, a friendly individual of middle age, without whose presence in the front row an opening would be lacking in an essential detail. Mrs. Katzenberg, although she lives on Park Avenue, is by no means a member of what Lucius Beebe calls "café society." She simply enjoys first nights and has been going to them for twenty years. Producers have grown a bit superstitious about Mrs. Katzenberg as the years have passed. If two shows open on a given night there is chagrin at the theater from which she is absent. It is an omen of probable failure—although no statistics exist to back up the theory. So Mrs. Katzenberg invariably has two front-row seats. And she insists on paying for them.

Well, where do the speculators get the

seats for which they charge \$15 to \$25?

Sometimes, alas, they get them from the producer, although this practice is frowned upon. For a Ziegfeld opening, in the good old days, the tariff per seat might be as high as \$100. Men will do murder for less than that and some of the seats that should have gone to the press or to the invitation list were, no doubt, deflected. The stakes are much lower today, but the same thing goes on. One of the town's assistant dramatic editors was lunching by himself early this season and was mildly surprised to have the headwaiter press upon him the establishment's finest brandy.

The fellow kept hovering around his table. Finally he coughed: "You wouldn't by any faint chance part with your seats for tonight?" he asked. "We've a customer who is willing to pay \$35 each for them. I simply have to get seats for him or he'll never eat here again and he's one of our best spenders."

The editor, naturally, spurned the offer. That, at least, is his story.

But the high price of seats, the crowds and the excitement have nothing whatever to do with the success or failure of the show. That depends, very much, on the saturnine gentlemen who never wear tails and who write pieces for next day's paper. They are not always right. Nearly all of them roasted Hellzapoppin, the current vaudeville glorification, yet it became a hit. They were not enthusiastic over Clare Luce's *The Women*. By and large, though, what they say goes. A never-solved mystery of Broadway is the degree to which the public is aware, on the morning after an opening, that another hit has come to town. By 9:30 o'clock in the morning lines begin to form at the box office. The brokers buy huge blocks of seats.

Our big shot, probably nursing a bad headache, can boast noisily that he was present when a hit was born.



CARL ROSE

The Green Angel

Continued from page 14

evident that no progress would be made until her curiosity was satisfied.

"Mr. Barnett telephoned the police commissioner this afternoon, asking him to send out someone to keep an eye on this young man. According to Mr. Barnett— Do you mind if I put it this way, Mr. Barnett?"

"Put it any way you wish."

"According to your stepfather, Miss Barnett, this young man is a troublesome impostor who has been insisting for years that he is actually Mr. Barnett's nephew, Peter Barnett, Jr."

Suzette straightened up in her chair. She saw Rodney's sardonic smile. She saw Nancy glance swiftly at Bill, and Nancy's face showed disappointment and sudden fear.

"But, Bill—"

"I can prove it," Bill said.

"But Peter Barnett, Jr.—" Nancy began, and again checked herself.

"Is dead," Rodney said. "He died eighteen years ago, before my very eyes."

SUZETTE looked at Rodney's dark face and breathed deeply. She felt weak and very cold.

Nancy said in a reedy voice, "Let's have the rest of it, Mr. Teeple."

"You probably know some of it."

"All I know is that my stepfather, my Uncle Peter and his son went to China about eighteen years ago on some kind of business trip, and that my Uncle Peter and his son died in a cholera epidemic in some upriver town."

She didn't look at Bill Boone. She still looked frightened.

"Your stepfather," the detective went on, "has the death certificates covering both deaths, issued by a medical missionary. Mr. Barnett came down the river with other refugees. On the steamer was an orphaned boy named Daniel Martin. His father had been an itinerant American trader who had died in the same epidemic. Your stepfather was sorry for this orphan and decided to give him what help he could. He placed him in a boys' school near Lausanne, Switzerland, intending to give him a complete education and eventually to place him in one of his enterprises. Is that correct so far, Mr. Barnett?"

Rodney nodded.

"When this boy was about sixteen, he had pneumonia and nearly died. Mr. Barnett believes that the illness must have unbalanced him mentally, for immediately after that, he began to claim that he was actually Peter Barnett, Jr. He has caused your stepfather a great deal of trouble and annoyance. He pops up from time to time, insisting that he is your stepfather's nephew. This time, when he boldly came to this house, your stepfather was alarmed and wanted him watched, so he telephoned the commissioner and I was sent to keep an eye on him. Have I covered it sufficiently, Mr. Barnett?"

"The details you've omitted aren't important," Rodney said.

Nancy was looking at Bill, moving her eyes slowly from one feature to another, as if she were seeing his face for the first time and were fascinated by it. She said, with a marveling air, "It's simply amazing. It's simply incredible. Bill, when did you change your name to what it is now?"

"When I was seventeen."

"Now for Mr. Boone's side of it," the inspector said. "He was telling it to me when you came in."

"By all means," Nancy said breathlessly. "Let's hear Bill's side of it."

Rodney broke in impatiently, "Frankly, Nancy, I'm tired of hearing that same pack of stupid lies. It isn't necessary to have them repeated."

"Yes, it is," Nancy said. "I want to hear them. I have a perfectly wonderful ability to tell whether a person is lying or not. I want Bill to tell it himself. It's the most incredible thing I ever heard. No matter which of you is lying, it's the most incredible thing I ever heard in my life. Go on, Bill."

Bill had been looking at Suzette. Now he turned to Nancy.

"Your stepfather's version of what happened," he said, "parallels the story so closely that I'll skip everything but the basic differences. When I was ten, my father, Peter Barnett, and my Uncle Rodney took me to China. They went there to investigate some mining property near the town of Chung-King. We arrived in the midst of a cholera epidemic. My father came down with it and died. He died in the evening. My Uncle Rodney told me to go down to the refugee boat that was leaving shortly and to wait for him on deck, which I did."

"After I had gone, he told the medical missionary, who was the only white official in the town at the time, that I had died, too. His name was Witherspoon. I'll come back to him again. He was a terribly busy man, working eighteen hours a day. He naturally assumed that Rodney was telling the truth, so he issued, not one, but two death certificates, one for my father and one for me. With them in his pocket, Rodney came down and joined me aboard the refugee boat. That's the first important difference between Rodney's story and mine."

Suzette was watching his eyes. She glanced at Rodney. Rodney was looking at William Boone with an expression of weary, faintly amused tolerance. Inspector Teeple was making notes on his pad.

"THAT night, as we started down the Yangtze," Bill resumed, "I was bawling like a baby. My father was dead and I was scared stiff. Rodney comforted me. When he had me comforted, he told me some wonderful things. He told me that being the son of a very wealthy and well-known man was a great handicap. He urged me to change my name and to make a name of my own. As it happened, only a day or two earlier, my father had been saying practically the same things to me. Rodney was merely quoting what my father had said in that long talk we had."

"Rodney told me that my father had had his chance to make his name famous, and he'd done it. He told me my father's name would be nothing but a handicap to me. He said it would stunt my development. He said that the juniors of famous men are fated to be anemic carbon copies of their fathers. He told me I was about to start growing up. The upshot of it was his suggestion that I pretend that Peter Barnett, Jr., had died back there in Chung-King. No matter who asked me, I was to say that my name was Daniel Martin, and that I was the son of an itinerant American trader who had died in the epidemic. I did."

Nancy glanced at Rodney and said, "You don't care whether you hang out your 'Man At Work' sign on cradles or graves, do you, Rodney?"

His hard, dark face seemed to break up into its sudden expression of amazement. He said, with incredulity, "My dear child, you don't believe this rot?"

Nancy said, "Honestly, I never heard

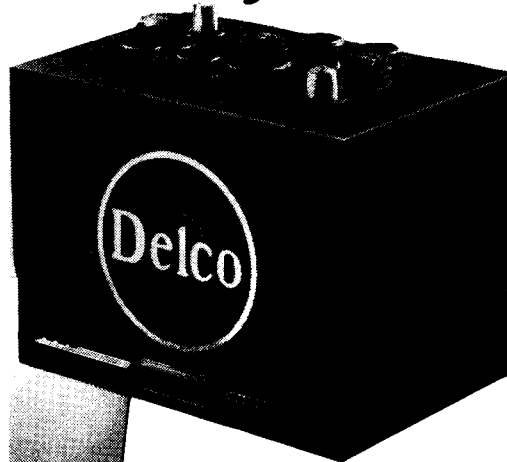
This battery was giving perfect service when removed from my car on November 22nd, 1938, after giving continuous service since April 15, 1935, making the battery three years, seven months and seven days in service, which is the best battery I ever bought.

I highly recommend Delco Batteries.

Yours very truly,

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Box 1764, Jackson, Miss.

*So do we, Mr. Covington,
but it might sound prejudiced
if we said it!*



November 22, 1938

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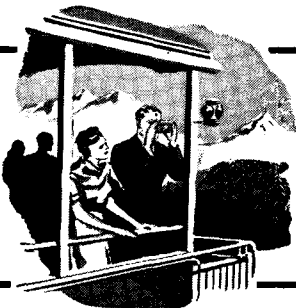
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anything so grotesque in my life. I can't believe it's happening. Suzette, what do you think?"

Suzette tried to stop the trembling of her hands by clasping them tightly together. She looked at Bill and said, "Go on."

"So he put me in that school near Lauzanne," Bill said, "and when I was sixteen I had pneumonia. I thought I was dying. So did the doctors. I told the headmaster I wasn't really Daniel Martin, and I asked him to notify my Uncle Rodney. And Uncle Rodney, bless him, answered that there must be some mistake, that his nephew had died of cholera in Chung-King, China, in 1920."

"But hadn't you exchanged letters with him?" Suzette broke in.

"Oh, yes. About once a month, but always on the basis that I was Daniel Martin. I hotfooted it to a lawyer in Lauzanne. He investigated. Rodney showed the lawyer's New York representative my death certificate, and told him his side of the story, and I remember that he said it was a bitter blow that the object of his philanthropy was attempting this outrageous swindle."

"And so it was," Rodney said angrily. "After I had practically picked you out of a Chinese gutter—"

"And of course," Nancy interrupted, "you kept on trying to prove that you were Peter Barnett, Jr., and Rodney had had all that time to remove every single shred of evidence that you might have used."

Rodney said indignantly, "Now, look here, Nancy. I've stood enough of this. For twelve years, this man has been telling this utterly absurd story, and I'm frankly sick and tired of hearing it."

"I should think you would be," Nancy said maliciously. "If I were you, I'd be so sick I'd spend sleepless nights. You certainly must have worried about this chicken coming home to roost."

Rodney sighed with an air of exasperation. He looked to Suzette like a man who has reached the limits of his patience. He was furious at Nancy and trying to control himself.

He said now, not angrily, but as if he were surprised and annoyed, "Nancy, I have been very patient with you. You've decided to side with this crook against me. Either that, or you're in a hysterical state and you don't know what you're saying. You don't realize what you're saying. You're implying that this man is telling the truth and that I'm lying."

"No, I'm not," Nancy said. "I'm flatly stating it. Of all your outrageous swindles that I've heard rumors about from time to time, this is the gaudiest. It's simply stupendous. But it's amazing only because your victim was so young. Usually, you practice on grown men."

RODNEY'S long, lean face was much darker.

"Since you're so fascinated," he said angrily, "I'll be glad to show you my complete records of this case."

"Records?" Nancy said scornfully. "What can they possibly prove?"

"Miss Barnett," the detective interrupted, "I, personally, think you're a little prejudiced."

She looked at him thoughtfully. "You mean, you think Bill Boone is lying and that Rodney is telling the truth. I don't. Suzette, what do you think?"

Suzette was white and tense. She said in a steady voice, "I don't know what to think."

Nancy, studying her, said quietly, "Never mind, darling. Anyhow, Rodney, I'm willing to be fair."

"It's very generous of you," Rodney said bitterly. "You don't belong in here, anyway. If this man has a legitimate claim against me, the proper place to fight it out is in the law courts. We are wasting time, and I must say, Nancy,

that I'm disgusted with your attitude."

Nancy looked at his eyes a moment longer. She said calmly, "I can understand now why you're so good at this sort of thing. You know exactly where you stand before you make a move, don't you? Bill, why haven't you taken him into court?"

"You mentioned it a moment ago," Bill said. "He has had all this time to destroy every slightest piece of evidence that would prove that I'm who I say I am."

Rodney said, "Boone, you're an awfully clever fellow. Frankly, there've been times when I've admired your brazenness and your resourcefulness. You've finally pushed this thing so far that it's got to come out in the open. For my sake, I'm sorry. I'm going to miss the entertainment you've given me. I've been singled out by some clever crooks, but none of them could hold a candle to you."

"Thank you, Uncle Rodney," Bill said. "Unfortunately, my experience hasn't been so wide. You're the only real crook I've ever run into, but you'll do me for a long time."

SUZETTE wanted to ask questions. Her throat ached with questions that she must not ask.

Nancy said, "Well, I think it's simply fascinating. I'd like to ask some questions. The first is this: Rodney, did your brother's will leave you his estate in the event of his son's death?"

"Yes," Bill said.

"How much was it?"

"More than three million dollars," Bill said.

"Ah," Nancy said. "What happened to the medical missionary?"

"He died of cholera a few days after we left," Bill answered. "One of the first things I did was to try to get in touch with him."

Nancy glanced at her stepfather. "Did you know that, Rodney?"

"No."

"Another question," Nancy said, "is this: did you deliberately ask to do my portrait so that you could get into this house?"

"Yes," Bill said.

"Why did you want to get into this house?"

"Because I grew up here. At least, I lived here until I was ten. Since then, Rodney has had the place remodeled and enlarged."

"You wanted to get into the house to try to find some evidence that would prove you are Peter Barnett?"

"Exactly," Bill said.

"Where the old theater is?"

"Yes," Bill affirmed. "When I was a boy, my playroom was up there. There were three rooms and a big storeroom beyond. My playroom was the middle room. Some time before we went to China, I'd been reading pirate stories, and I wanted a secret cache to hide my loot. So I cut a hole in the floor and matched the piece of planking so carefully that I could hardly find it after I'd done the job. And before we left for China, I put a blue tin box of my favorite toys in there. Just before dinner tonight and just after dinner I went up there looking for that box of toys. After dinner, I found it. My fingerprints will unquestionably be on those toys. All I ask is that my present fingerprints be compared with them."

Nancy said, in a throaty voice, "Bill, Bill. It's wonderful. It's simply marvelous. It's thrilling. It's just like a story."

"Why shouldn't it be?" Rodney drawled. "That's what it is. It's the smoothest stunt he's pulled yet. I want to see that box of toys."

"We all want to see it," Nancy said. "Where are they?"

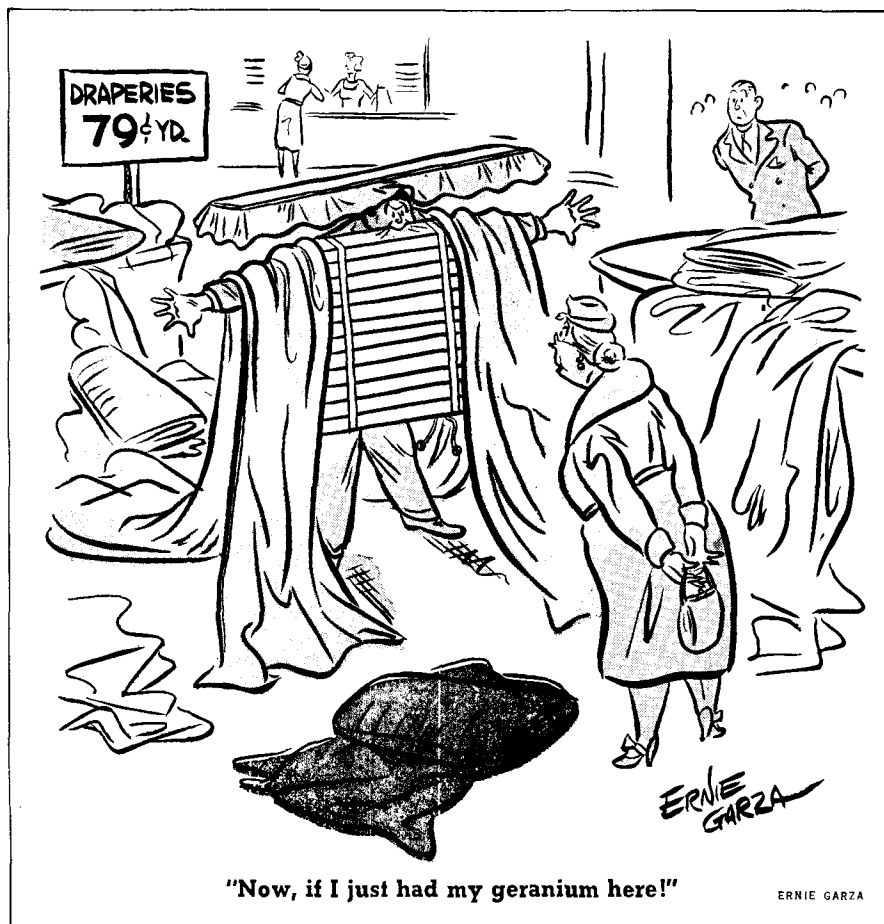
"Just where they were," Bill answered. "I talked to my lawyer before I came out this afternoon. He told me not to take them out of the cache, if I found them, without having at least one witness. So they're still there."

Nancy was looking at Rodney with speculative eyes. "Bill is telling the truth," she said softly. "Let's get that box of toys, Inspector, and let's all go together. To use your favorite word, Rodney, frankly, I don't trust you."

"We'll need a screw driver," Bill said.

"I have one on my knife," the inspector said. "Let's go upstairs."

WITH the screw-driver blade of his knife, Inspector Teeple removed the four screws holding down the short piece of flooring and lifted it out. Rodney and Bill Boone each had a flashlight and



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each was holding a beam on the aperture when he lifted out the short floor board.

Suzette looked into the hole. It was empty. She had been sure it would be empty. Bill looked at it for a moment, then turned and looked at Rodney.

The inspector said, "Well, Mr. Boone?"

"It would appear," Bill said, still looking at Rodney, "that someone has taken them."

"That's funny," Nancy said. "I mean, it's funny, your not even suspecting they'd be gone."

Rodney straightened up and said, "Inspector, don't you think we've had enough of this nonsense? This man is a clever and dangerous crook. I've proved it."

"You haven't proved anything," Nancy disagreed. "The box of toys was in here. Harmon or someone saw him take up the plank and when he was gone took up the plank and took the toys and put the plank back."

"That's your guess," Rodney said. "And it's ridiculous. I say there never was a box of toys under this plank."

Suzette was trying to control her fury. Her realization of the lengths to which Rodney would go if he really wanted a thing had kept her silent, but she was so indignant now that she could not keep still.

She burst out, "But how did he know about this hole?"

Rodney did not answer promptly. She knew that he had expected her to keep silent and was surprised that she had spoken at all.

"By making it," he answered.

"When?" she cried.

"Tonight."

"That's absolutely ridiculous," Suzette said, and checked herself.

"Tonight?" Nancy cried. "Look at the ends of this plank, where he sawed it. They're brown with age. How do you explain that?"

"I'm not attempting to explain anything," Rodney answered. "Let him do the explaining—to Inspector Teeple. For twelve years this man has been annoying me with stunts of one kind and another. This is just another stunt. I don't know how he did it. I don't care. I'm through wasting my time."

"You're wasting it now," Nancy said. "Those toys were in here. They've been stolen. I believe Bill. So does Suzette."

Rodney said, "And I'm not going to argue with you any more, my dear. Inspector, I insist that you put this man under arrest and get him out of here."

Rodney had placed his fingers on Suzette's wrist. He slid his hand up to her elbow and softly squeezed it.

INSPECTOR TEEPLE said briskly, "Very well, Mr. Barnett. If you put it that way, I haven't any alternative."

"I do, Inspector. Frankly, I consider him too dangerous to remain at large."

"But you can't arrest him," Nancy said. "He didn't kill Harmon. He couldn't have."

Rodney held the beam of his flashlight in her face. The inspector said, "Miss Barnett, you've said something to that effect before. Just what do you mean?"

"Bill, keep still," Nancy said, although Bill had not even started to say anything. "You see, Inspector, I promised Bill I wouldn't tell, but I've got to. He had some silly idea of not wanting me to be involved. The reason he couldn't possibly have killed Harmon was that I was with him when he came up here that last time. He said he wanted to show me something. I know now that it was that box of toys. He wanted me as the witness he mentioned."

She was standing very straight. She looked pale and determined. Suzette thought she was lying, yet there was something in Nancy's very air of de-

termination, a sureness of herself, that made Suzette doubt her suspicions.

Bill said sharply, "Nancy! Just a minute—"

Inspector Teeple broke in, "Miss Barnett, are you telling the truth?"

"Of course I'm telling the truth! What could I possibly gain by telling lies? I came up here with Bill and we found Harmon lying there. I was so horrified I was afraid I was going to faint. I must have gone down those stairs just a few seconds before you came up, Mr. Teeple."

Rodney said wearily, "Nancy, you're lying."

"Am I really, Rodney? Where were you?"

"It isn't of the slightest importance," he said angrily.

"You may be surprised."

The inspector said, "Mr. Boone, is this true?"

"Of course it is, Inspector!" Nancy said indignantly.

BILL was still looking gravely at Nancy. He said, "Nancy, you don't realize what you're doing."

She said angrily, "Certainly I realize what I'm doing. No matter how hard you try to protect me, you can't keep me out of this."

She reached out and seized his arm and gave him a little shake. She was looking up at him pleadingly. He looked at her white, determined face, hesitated a moment longer and said, with resignation, "All right, Nancy."

"When I was scuttling out of here, almost fainting with terror," Nancy went on, "Bill yelled at me to say nothing because he didn't want me mixed up in it. He said it was bound to be a mess. Oh, Bill, I'm awfully sorry I had to break my promise, but I couldn't let him arrest you. Do you still think I'm lying, Mr. Teeple?"

"I don't know what to think," the inspector said in a tired voice.

"Because now that I've started, I may as well tell you the rest of it."

"Is there more?"

"I know just what happened."

"By all means, tell me the rest of it. And I must say I'm very sorry that you've kept this information from me. You shouldn't have done that."

"I'm sorry, too, Inspector. This is what happened. When Bill came up here right after dinner and found the box of toys, Harmon followed him and somehow hid up here, and when Bill went out,

Harmon took up the floor board and took the box of toys. He knew what they'd be worth to Rodney, so he sent word to him by an accomplice to come up here, intending to extort a large sum of money, and when Rodney came up and realized the value of the box, he simply shot Harmon."

"Wait a minute," the inspector said. "Did you see this, any of it, or overhear any of it, or are you making it up?"

Nancy said indignantly, "It's logical, isn't it? It's as plain as day, isn't it? To me, it's altogether too obvious. Don't you realize that three million dollars is at stake? Don't you realize that my stepfather must do everything possible to disprove that Bill is Peter Barnett, Jr.?"

Before the inspector could speak, Rodney said in a tired voice: "Nancy, it's unfortunate that your enthusiasm is so misplaced that you'll defend, with your lying, a man who is virtually a red-handed murderer. I'll tell you just what it means."

"You don't have to," Nancy said lightly. "It means this case will drag into the courts and that I'll have to testify. Do you think that has any terrors for me? Bill didn't shoot that man. May I make a suggestion, Mr. Teeple?"

"Of course, Miss Barnett."

"Do you know what time it was, exactly, when you came up here and found Bill? It must have been almost midnight, but I didn't notice the time."

"Yes, Miss Barnett. I looked at my watch. It was just eleven-fifty-eight."

"Then it shouldn't be awfully hard to establish the time of the murder. Do that, then find out where my stepfather was at the time."

Rodney said wearily, "By all means, Inspector. Find out where everybody was at the time. Suzette, I'm sorry you've been exposed to this unpleasantness. Inspector, if you need me, let me know. Come, on, Suzette."

YVONNE let herself out of Suzette's room and looked up and down the hall, which was empty. She walked rapidly to the stairs and rapidly descended them, her short skirt belling out in the breeze of her descent.

The sounds of the party were growing louder, and they made her uneasy. A few minutes ago, a young man who was very drunk had seized her in his arms and tried to kiss her, and he had terrified her so that she was still shaken. There were few things that Yvonne was



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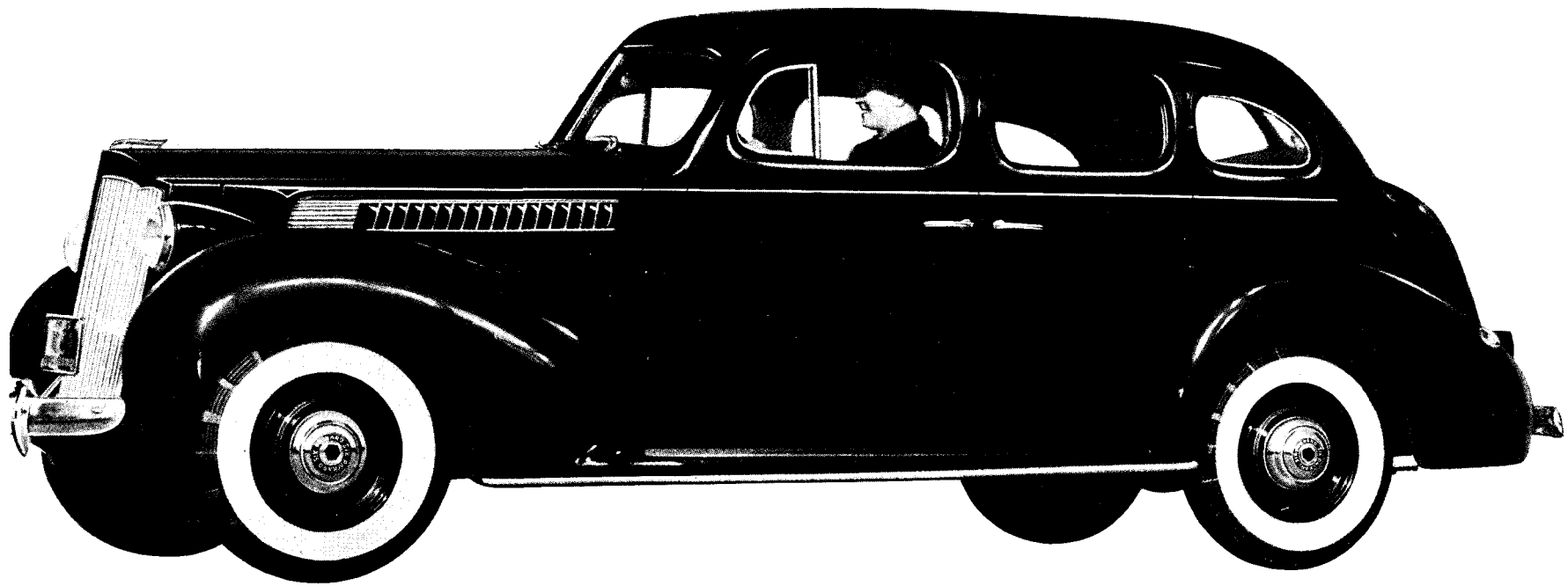
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WHEN you roll down the street in a 1939 Packard, you're less than human if you're not proudly conscious of your car's smart good looks.

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Just for the experience, take a half hour some time this week to drive one of these sleek new 1939 Packards. You'll thrill to the flash and spirit of Packard's *T & T* engine. You'll see for yourself what a miracle of comfort has been brought to a car's ride by Packard's exclusive new *Fifth* shock absorber. You'll vote its new Handishift the easiest and smoothest on the market.

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ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE





afraid of. Men smelling even slightly of liquor were one of them. Her father, a successful chef, had been a drunkard, and had sometimes beat her when she was a child, and she had not outgrown her fear of drunken men.

Reaching the foot of the stairs, she walked rapidly down the hall to the music room, which was at the head of the stairs that went down to the bar. She was trying not to appear furtive. She had Suzette's ermine cape over one arm. She had no business to be in the music room, but she was prepared to say, if the butler or housekeeper saw her and questioned her, that Miss Aberdeen wanted her cape and that she was looking for her.

Yvonne went quickly to the grand piano, the lid of which was down. Watching the door, she lifted the lid and reached inside. The tin box was still inside, lying on the strings. She quickly removed it, lowered the lid and placed the box under Suzette's cape.

She left the music room as quickly as she had come. She was sure she had not been seen. She went upstairs and on to the servants' quarters. Letting herself into her own room, she turned on a light and locked the door. She took a suitcase out of the closet, unlocked it, placed the box of toys in it, and locked the suitcase. She hid the key under the powder puff in a box of bath powder. She went out again, locking the door, and returned to Suzette's room. She replaced the cape on its hanger in the closet off the dressing room.

"A SIDECAR for Miss Aberdeen," Rodney said to the bartender, "and straight bourbon for me."

Rodney placed one elbow on the bar, placed his cheek against his hand and looked up at Suzette. She had both

hands on the bar, and the fingers of her right hand were drumming rapidly. She was pale. She was looking down at her hands, so that he could not see her eyes.

Rodney sighed and said, "Darling, this whole thing is very sordid and doubtless very unpleasant for you."

"Yes," she murmured without raising her eyes.

"I'm sorry you insisted on going into that room. Now you're going to worry and I don't want you to worry. I want to save you from all the sordidness there is in life. I want to protect you from every kind of unpleasantness. And I will, if you'll let me."

Suzette lifted her eyes and looked at him steadily. She had no color in her face. It was white.

The bartender poured her cocktail.

Rodney's pale brown eyes, so steady, so candid, were searching her face and he was smiling tenderly. She wanted to pick up her drink. Her throat was so dry it felt raw. She was thirsty and she wanted the drink, but she was afraid that if she tried to pick it up, she would spill it.

He poured a drink of bourbon and lifted the glass to his mouth with a steady hand. He drank swiftly and said, "Now, the time of the murder will of course be established. Naturally, with all that's been going on, I don't suppose you'd have any idea where you were at the time they will fix."

Suzette was looking at the cocktail. She suddenly picked up the glass. Her hand was quite steady.

"So for your protection," he went on, "if you should be questioned, you were constantly with me at the time they establish."

Suzette's hand jerked and some of the cocktail spilled on the bar. This was

it. He had killed William Boone's valet. He had killed Harmon and decided that she was to give him an alibi.

Then she realized that she could not be sure. Actually, this was not proof. For if Rodney had killed Harmon, he was certainly too clever to commit himself to her.

She said, "Why should I lie to them? I haven't any possible connection with this case. There's no way I can be involved."

He was gently shaking his head. "You can't tell, Suzette. A thing like this is apt to become a pretty complicated mess. If we say we were together, it will save us both a lot of trouble."

SUZETTE looked at him thoughtfully. Perhaps he was telling the truth. She had no way of knowing. She believed he had killed Harmon, but perhaps he hadn't.

She said, "When did it happen?"

"I should say that Boone killed him—" He glanced at his watch and frowned for several seconds—"at about eleven-fifty."

"I think I was dancing then."

"With me," Rodney said, and smiled.

She looked at him gravely. "If they question me," she said, "I'd prefer to tell the truth."

Rodney said tenderly, "My dear, for your own sake, I want you to do what I tell you."

She would, of course, do what he told her, unless she could carry out her plan. The murder of William Boone's valet had really altered everything. Before, when she had decided on her plan, Rodney had merely been a man who had a hold on her. Now, possibly, he was a murderer. Actually she was afraid of him, but her determination to go through with her plan was stronger than her fear.

As matters stood now, she was compelled to do anything he asked. She was compelled to stand helplessly by while he crucified Bill Boone. But if she could free herself of Rodney, she might possibly be of some use to Bill.

She looked up at Rodney. He was looking steadily into her eyes. He placed his hand over hers on the bar and said, "Don't you think that would be the wisest thing to do?"

Suzette felt a shiver go down her spine. "Yes, Rodney."

INSPECTOR TEEPLE looked up from the pad on the desk. He had been drawing elaborate arrows on it. He said, "Mr. Boone, you heard me tell Miss Barnett that I looked at my watch just before I started up the attic stairs. It was just eleven-fifty-eight. How long had you been there when I found you?"

"Not longer than two minutes," Bill said. "That places the exact time of the murder at least three minutes before eleven-fifty-eight."

"And when were you there before?"

"Roughly, forty minutes earlier."

"So that the murder occurred some time between about eleven-fifteen and eleven-fifty-five."

"No," Bill disagreed. "We can narrow it. Do you know what time it was when I gave you the slip?"

"When you danced with the red-headed girl?"

"Yes."

"Just eleven-ten."

"That was when I went up to the theater the first time. Allow five minutes for my getting there."

"Eleven-fifteen."

"And ten minutes up there."

"Eleven-twenty-five."

"When I came down, Harmon was not in my room. I waited about ten minutes for him."

Inspector Teeple was joining the arrows together in an elaborate web. "Eleven-thirty-five."

"I went downstairs," Bill said, "thinking he'd gone to the servants' dining room or pantry for a snack. When I came back, he'd come and gone out again."

The detective glanced up at him. "How do you know?"

"I'd left the tapeline, flashlight and knife on the bed. He'd put them away. Allow ten minutes for my going downstairs, looking for him and coming back."

"Eleven-forty-five. Had he put them away?"

"I assume so. His suitcase was in the closet and it was locked. I couldn't find those things and I assumed he'd locked them up in his suitcase for safe-keeping. You can check that easily. I spent about ten minutes searching the room and going upstairs again."

"And meeting Miss Barnett," the inspector murmured. "I presume you met her in the hall."

Bill looked at him thoughtfully.

"And it probably took a moment or two to explain why you wanted her to go to the attic, although—" he glanced up at Bill—"I imagine she's not a very hard girl to sell an idea to, provided she likes the idea. Anyway, when you and she went up there, it must have been about eleven-fifty-five. I went up there at just eleven-fifty-eight. I presume you and Miss Barnett were up there together no longer than one minute."

He added another web between a pair of arrows and looked up again. "It all checks pretty well, Mr. Boone. He was killed—let's allow a little leeway—between eleven-forty-five and eleven-fifty-five."

"Assuming that you believe me."

Inspector Teeple raised his white eyebrows. He said reproachfully, "But, Mr. Boone, after what Miss Barnett said, how can we assume anything else?"

(To be continued next week)



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"... Generally, I don't like people waiting on me. I'm too independent, I guess. But I didn't feel that way about my porter. He was so quiet and unobtrusive about giving me a bag to protect my hat—about getting me extra pillows and hanging up my coat, that I hardly noticed he was doing these things—and many others, too, that added materially to the comfort and convenience of my Pullman trip.



"... and one's fellow travelers can add to that feeling of comfort, too! It turned out that the very friendly lady I had supper with was a grandmother. We had a grand time comparing notes and stories about the grandchildren in our families.



"... I was most agreeably surprised at the amazing convenience and roominess of the women's dressing room. Here again—thanks to perfect lighting, plentiful towels and hot water, large clear mirrors—comfort seems to be the keynote of your service! ➔



"... I'm glad I took the whole section. It cost so little more than a lower berth—and I just can't get over the extra comfort and privacy it gives you. It's been a long time since I had such a restful night's sleep—and awoke so refreshed!" ➔

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Women Can't Cook

Continued from page 16

finger nails, and the noise of the shaking down upsets her entire nervous system. They simply can't take it, boys.

Mr. Cyrus McCormick, late president of the International Harvester Company, used to say: "The best place to eat is in the kitchen, and the best seat is the one nearest the stove." He didn't utter this gastronomic aphorism because he was an eccentric millionaire but because he was an unaffected gourmet. He knew, as every scientist should know and any sensible man knows by instinct, that food tastes best directly after cooking. The ideal dish is one eaten out of the pan on the fire itself.

That's why you'll find your man cook prefers to cook over a grill or over a chafing dish. As soon as a dish is removed from the stove it begins to deteriorate. Let it stand long enough and it becomes as cold and clammy and uninteresting as cooked broomstraws.

Grill cooking and open-fire cooking are thoroughly manly, thoroughly despised by women and thoroughly good for everybody. Some may fly at my throat and cry: "But it's the outdoors that makes you hungry—so hungry you'd even eat barbecued horse." To this I can only pityingly reply, "Bah!" If you know of anything tastier than a steak broiled over charcoal with roasted potatoes, and ice-cream cups for dessert, I'll eat it, even if the little woman cooks the pages of the cookbook itself.

Slave of the Cookbook

Which brings us to the matter of the cookbook. Without a doubt, teaching women to read was even a greater fault than letting them do the cooking of the world. For when a woman becomes a slave of the cookbook, heaven help her family. Not that I am one to urge that cookbooks be burned in the barbecue pit, but I deprecate the urge of a good woman to take her pen in hand and write down all the deplorable mistakes of women through ages past for the benefit of noncooking women, recently wed women, and generations of women yet unborn.

In the making of a New England clam chowder that does not taste like wheel lubricant mixed with milk and small pieces of inner tube, most cookbooks fail to give two important directions. (I get this straight from an amateur cook—a male, needless to say.) The first direction is: avoid that creamy lubricant taste by using clam juice itself in making your preliminary thickening of flour and milk. And to avoid the inner-tube effect—second: insert the clam necks in the meat grinder and grind them up. They add great flavor to the chowder and are made thoroughly digestible thereby. What woman ever thought of this? The answer is—none. A man thought of it first and now it's included in a recent edition of a famous cookbook.

There are a few good cookbooks, written by men. These cookbooks are disdained by women. Why? Because as soon as a cookbook becomes a little intelligent it becomes trouble—and the woman in the kitchen wants none of that.

Possibly more dangerous than these compilations of Gramma's mistakes is the modern scientific chart cookery already partly dwelled on. The calorie and the vitamin on these charts have forced the sauce and the gravy out of existence. Women won't make sauces and gravies because they are hard to concoct and too fattening. And so in comes a dry roast, a potato boiled in its

jacket, a dish of peas without butter, and no sauce, no gravy and no ketchup.

Without doubt, sauces and gravies are the secret of eating. They are the stimulants to the eating senses. Vitamins and calories may be good for you, but they do not please the taste when they are in the nude. They stimulate nothing. On the other hand, sauces and gravies are the things that make eating the pleasure that nature intended it to be.

One reason why women don't bother with sauces and gravies is because they haven't the stock necessary to these concoctions. Which brings us right back to the old-fashioned kitchen now so unhappily departed. On the old-fashioned kitchen range stood a pot of stock into which went the bones, the vegetable ends, the little bits of tasty leftovers. This was the gravy basis. Without his pot of stock the French cook would go mad, disarmed of his chief material in trade.

Another point: Let a woman enter a kitchen and she becomes an immediate prohibitionist, ready to pour the cooking sherry down the sink with fierce, sadistic rage. A terrible mistake. For just as the best eaters take wine with their meals, so wine is good in cooking: it cuts the starch and heaviness out of food. It destroys that bloated feeling that comes after a meal, when the plaster in the food clogs up the brain. It stimulates the digestive juices to do their best work. Not that I urge sousing all food in wine so that the eater gets drunk on the roast beef (I won't say pie-eyed on the pie), but I do think that a touch of sherry or white wine added to this or that does wonders with the home-cooked meal. There are a few good wine cookbooks around, and I recommend them heartily.

Like the use of wine in food, the proper use of blending is very important in salad making. More and more is the salad becoming an important part of the meal. Why not? It's fresh and green (when not made out of marshmallows and whipped cream by women), is good to look at, better to taste, and contains practically all the stuff the calorie and vitamin fiends scream for.

The Woman's Salad

But regard the woman at the salad bowl. Macbeth's witches could throw together nothing more dangerous. A friend of mine (masculine) recently had the unfortunate experience of lunching with two lovely women anxious to keep their weight at par. There was a cup of clear soup right from the water tap, a lady finger and fatless ice cream for dessert. The *pièce de résistance* was salad. A nutritious salad. Said dish, obviously the work of some mad dietetic scientist, consisted of a large leaf of lettuce on which rested a mess of chopped celery, chopped carrots, chopped apples and chopped nuts—all raw, and crammed with vitamins A to Z. Alongside this satanic mixture stood a dab of mayonnaise with a glassy look in its single eye. The dames munched the mixture cautiously and it occurred to my thoughtful friend that they weren't enjoying the crunch as much as they were loving the good it was doing them. They were secure in the knowledge that the celery was going right to their nerves and strengthening them, the carrots were to remove their horsy feelings, the apples were sugar and the nuts were for brain food. They didn't touch the mayonnaise naturally because it would go right to the wrong place and add avoidupois. Only the feeling that

he was privy to some vast gastronomic hypocrisy kept my friend, the male, from slamming the dish in his hostess' lovely mush. Once free of the place, he rushed immediately to a dog wagon—where he could reach out and touch the grill on which a great steaming hamburger was being prepared, while a roll toasted alongside ready to ensnare that hamburger so it could reach his mouth without undergoing a chemical change.

Compare on the other hand the making of a masculine salad. It is an event, a coronation of the meal. And justly so. The bowl is brought in properly chilled. Then it is rubbed with garlic. The lettuce leaves are thrown into the bowl with a careless, loving hand. Follow the green ingredients—cucumber, cress, onion, chives, endive. Then the lord and master adds the dressing. Not ready-mixed in a bottle taken from a grocer's shelf and product of a machine—this dressing is made then and there. From a cruet comes the oil; then the vinegar with the hand of a creative artist. The mixer remembers the adage: "Be a beggar with vinegar and a spendthrift with oil." He adds a mustard pinch, celery salt, paprika and all the little secretive spices that he knows. He experiments, possibly with a bit of horse-radish sauce. But he gets it right. Then he adds shrimps or hard-boiled eggs, as his fancy dictates—and then he mixes. Tenderly, lovingly he mixes—a man with a deep purpose, revolving, revolving the mass, marrying it into a single delicious unit. When it is done it is a creation fit for the gods—but not necessarily for his dieting wife. She would love to eat it, but a cooking expert has advised her that a salad of raw vegetables and iron filings are best for her hormones.

The Meat Must Moo

Yet it is this appeal to taste that is the secret of man's cooking ability. Women just don't understand it. Curiously enough, they smell better than men, are more delectable to the senses themselves than men, but once they externalize it they are lost.

For it is man who knows about hung meat. A woman blithely goes into a butcher shop and demands a fresh cut.

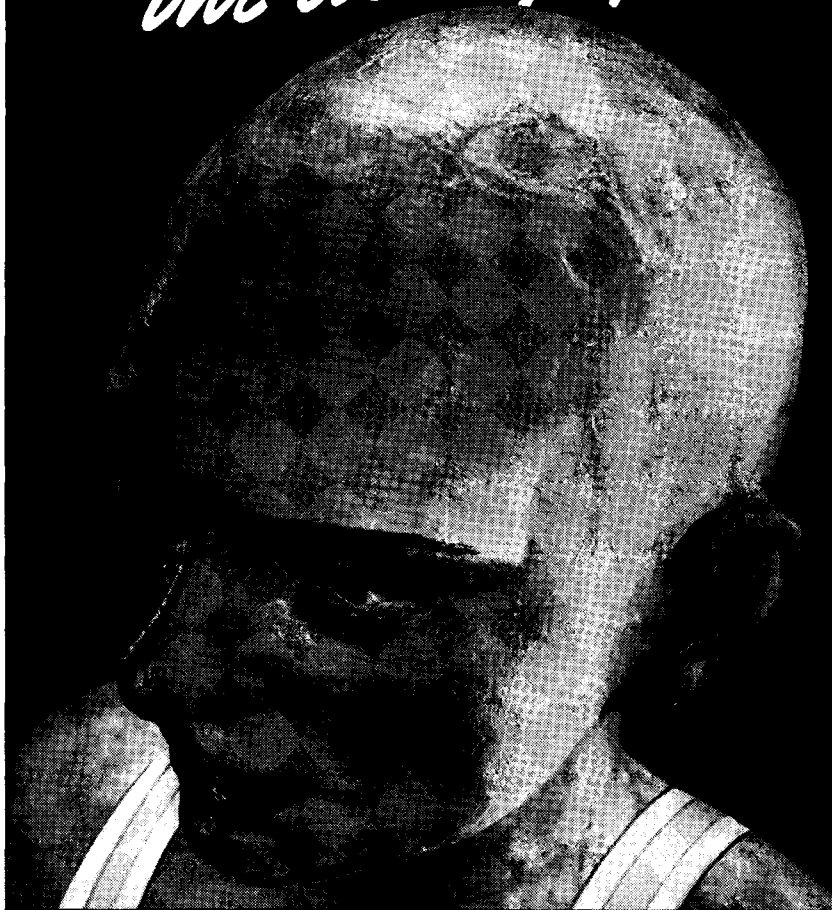
She smells the meat, pokes it, and refuses it unless it is dripping with blood. All the time the butcher (a man) is laughing up his sleeve at her. Literally the top round must moo before she will purchase it. On the other hand, any man knows that meat, like a pirate or a crook, is no good unless it has been hung, and thoroughly so. When it gets a good deep black, it is covered with a fuzz that positively turns a woman sick to look at, then it is ready to be eaten. For only then will it be tender and tasty. Then will it be ripe and mature, ready to have something delicious done with it.

Then there's the corned-beef hash. Give a woman corned beef and potatoes and she'll massacre them in a grinder. After turning the switch she has time left to pat a puff back into her coiffure. If she doesn't do this she cuts the ingredients up with a knife. Dreadful. A man, on the other hand, gets out the old chopping bowl and patiently chops away. He chops for half an hour without pausing once to put on lipstick, powder his nose or call up the beauty shop. When he is finished he has the ingredients of a hash that is everything but hash—a delicious dish, crisp and tasty, utterly unlike the mushy croquettish insult to tongue and teeth that a woman would have turned out in half the time.

Grandmother, I believe, could cook! She was brought up to avoid the pitfalls of this world, and the safest place to avoid them was in the kitchen. She was trained from earliest childhood to cook and when she married she was fully prepared to go through with it. She certainly could throw a meal together for Gramper when the time came. Life then also provided fewer outside interests to sap her time and energies—so she could loiter a few hours every day in the kitchen. It's curious to note how our eating habits have kept step with so-called women's rights. Compare the seventeen-course breakfast of the Colonial days with the thimbleful of orange juice, the burnt toast and the slop coffee of today. Furthermore, women are not trained to cook any more. They are trained to get men's jobs, or men themselves. Whatever cooking they do is learned in schools. The place to learn cooking is not the school but the kitchen.



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**REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES—
CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE**

Up-and-at-'em Downey

By Walter Davenport

Toss him a cause and Sheridan Downey is off in full cry. He has ballyhooed for Thirty Dollars Every Thursday, EPIC, Doc Townsend and other assorted salvations without pausing for breath

UNTIL he met the Allen brothers he had been the Tommy Farr of California politics. He'd never won a decision, but he'd never been off his feet. He came out for governor on the Townsend Plan ticket. He ran for lieutenant governor with Upton Sinclair, vowing he'd End Poverty in California. Twice he aspired to Congress, pledging himself to abolish want—once and for all. He took his beating every time, but took it like a man.

You could push him back but you couldn't knock him down. They started to call him Up-and-Downey but that didn't fit because they hadn't even staggered him. So they switched to Up-and-at-'em Downey and that was more like it. Up to last November he'd been his own manager, promoting his own fights. He'd fight indoors or outdoors, for money or muffins, wherever the crowd was biggest.

You couldn't discourage him. Why anyone should vote for his opponent he never understood. And yet he never yelled: "We wuz robbed." His plan of battle, to give it a name, was always the same. Beaten, he'd pause just long enough to locate the latest version of the Psalm of Life, and leap. Like one of America's most famous elder statesmen, now his colleague in the United States Senate, he is a hilltopper.

Sleight-of-Hand Salvation

He mounts the highest hill. And there, silhouetted hard against the sky, he goes to work. His arms churn the air, his fists slug the winds. The world trembles with his roars. Sweat pours off him like a spring freshet. And pretty soon he's all a-lather. A great crowd of hopeful have-nots and used-to-haves gather to listen. Yonder, he cries, pointing to the foot of the hill, lies salvation. Let's go. And with one cry and mighty accord they rush madly down. When they get there they look for Downey. A terrible noise is heard above. And sure enough, there on the crest, silhouetted hard against the sky, he stands. His arms churn the air, his fists slug the sky. The world trembles with his roars. And he's all a-lather. Halfway down the hill he'd got another idea.

Thus Mr. Downey has galloped from hither to yon without compass, map or mother to guide him, knocking down silos and stampeding the cows. He was an eardrum buster for the Utopians, whom none remembers. He plunged into technocracy without waiting to take off his hat. He got the hiccups talking about Bible Bill Aberhart's dismal experiment in Social Credit in Alberta. He switched to Townsendism in the middle of a speech. It took four men to hold his coat when he read the proposed General Welfare Bill. He joined up with Mr. Sinclair's EPIC and stole the show.



Newest of the Capitol's hot-money men is Senator Downey of California

Then, like a rabbit in a truck garden wondering what to tackle next, he met the Allen boys. The Allens had genius and a slogan—Thirty Dollars Every Thursday. Mr. Downey had what they needed—a following that called him Mahatma, the quick industry of a hungry fox, the vigor of a hand grenade and the depressing sincerity of a New England boiled dinner. When Mr. Downey heard the Allen slogan he uttered a piercing scream so loud that mill hands as far off as Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, knocked off work.

Under new management, with the Park Here sign removed from his chin, and thirty smackers in each fist, he sank that weather-warped old galleon William Gibbs McAdoo in the primaries and in the elections flattened a Republican whose name we forget. And California, where they'll believe anything that isn't nailed down, sent Mr. Sheridan Up-and-at-'em Downey to the political haggis known as the United States Senate.

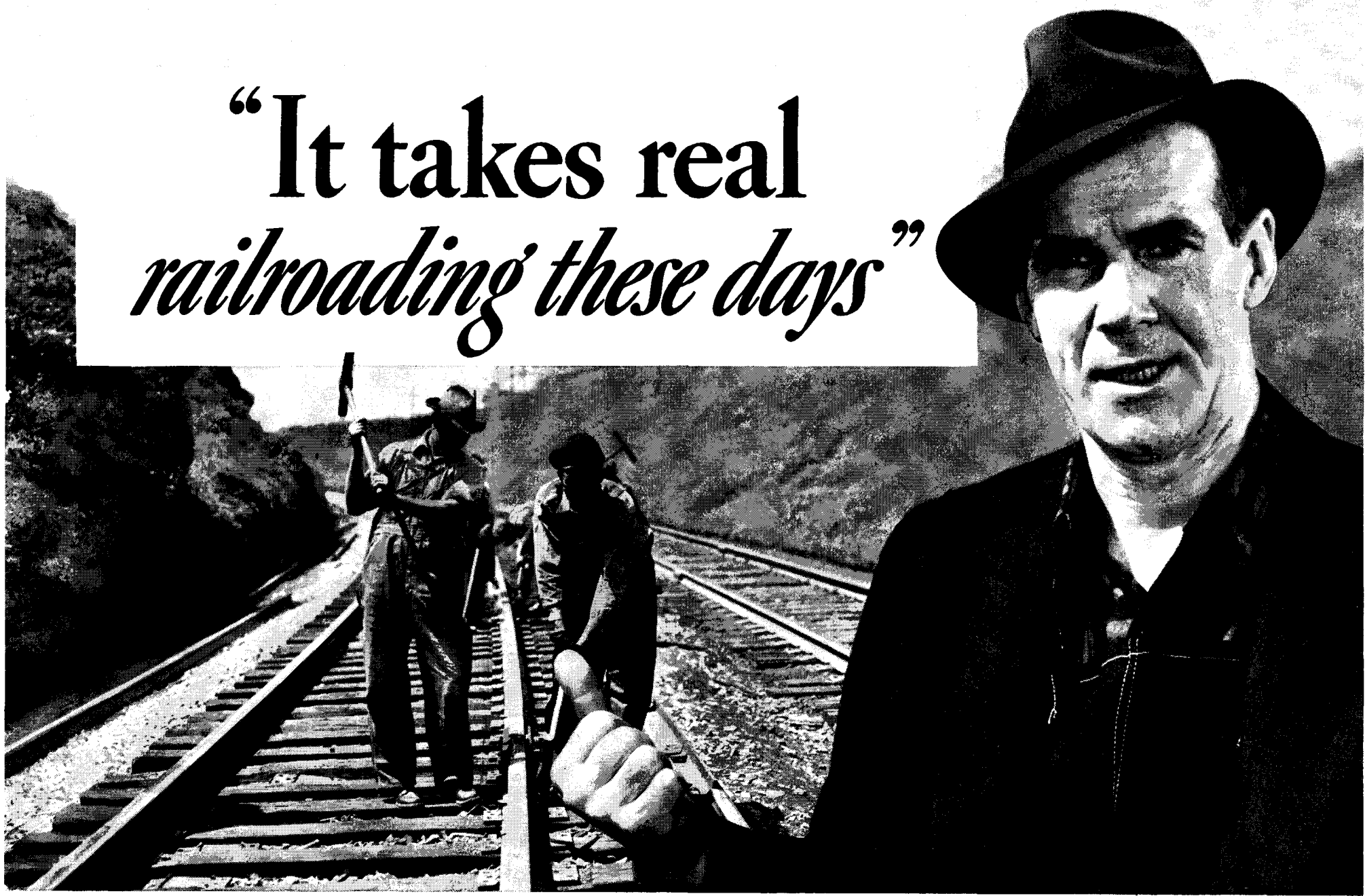
The Busy Little Bee

The train that bore him eastward had scarcely reached the alfalfa side of the Rockies before Senator Downey executed one of his celebrated swan dives. If the man has a weakness at all it's his inability to resist improving on perfection. He was elected by a vast throng of citizens who want Thirty Dollars Every Thursday but who weren't prepared to believe that it could be wangled out of a state treasury that could wish that it too might get Thirty Dollars Every Thursday. Therefore all Mr. Downey had to do was to remember what he'd been sent to the store for.

But the man is cursed with imagination. By Albuquerque, New Mexico, where he made a two-and-a-half-minute speech at a three-minute stop, it had become Twenty Dollars Every Monday. By Chicago, Senator Downey had worked out a dead-end currency system. By the time he arrived in Washington he had invented forty billion invisible dollars.

His traducers have called Senator Downey a political weather vane. He is much more than that. Your weather vane will keep one position for hours on end—even days. But Mr. Downey twirls much faster; he even generates his own wind. Before his duffel was unpacked he had taken possession of a research cubicle in the Congressional Library. Before the capable Mr. Delwyn Smith, former sergeant-at-arms in the California legislature and now his secretary, had dictated his first Dear Constituent letter, the senator had hired a free-lance economist to inhabit the cubicle. Before two Miss Americas had warmed up the shiny new typewriters in his third-floor suite in the Senate Office Building, he had begun a violent flirtation with a group of scientifically chilled philosopher-economists up in the Brookings Institution. Before the Senate chaplain had uttered his first Amen, Mr. Downey was writing a bill that would breed the dead-end currency to forty billion dollars and whelp Twenty Dollars Every Monday. The Allen boys, left back home holding the barrel, were fit to be tied. But friends were exhorting them to be calm, reminding them that Mr. Downey is not a man to be stirred up with impunity.

“It takes real *railroading* these days”



WHAT we men are doing here is called “maintenance of way.”

You’ll have to think twice to name any other kind of transportation that does that job for itself.

They tell me that more than thirty cents out of every dollar the railroads take in goes for maintenance, interest, taxes and other costs due to the fact that the railroads do build and maintain their own roadways—and that more than half of the total railroad investment is in roadway.

If other kinds of transportation that use “ways” built and maintained by the public

had to pay the full cost of building and maintaining the “ways” they use, they couldn’t even come close to furnishing their service for what the railroads charge.

That goes for the so-called “cheap transportation” by inland waterways. Almost without exception, the subsidy paid by taxpayers for each ton of freight moved on these rivers is as much as, and in most cases more than, the total cost of moving the same freight by rail.

The biggest part of the taxes paid by highway carriers goes to building and maintaining the roads they use—and they tell me that studies by a number of state highway departments show that these taxes do not cover the highway carriers’ real share of road costs. Rail-

roads pay more taxes per dollar of revenue than highway carriers do. And the big point is that railroad taxes are not used for building or maintaining their roadway—they go to meet general expenses of government.

That’s why I say, “It takes real railroading these days.” And the railroads are doing a real job.

When the railroads haul a ton a mile at an average revenue of one cent and pay all their own costs, they’re doing a job that can’t be beat by any other transportation system in the world, bar none.

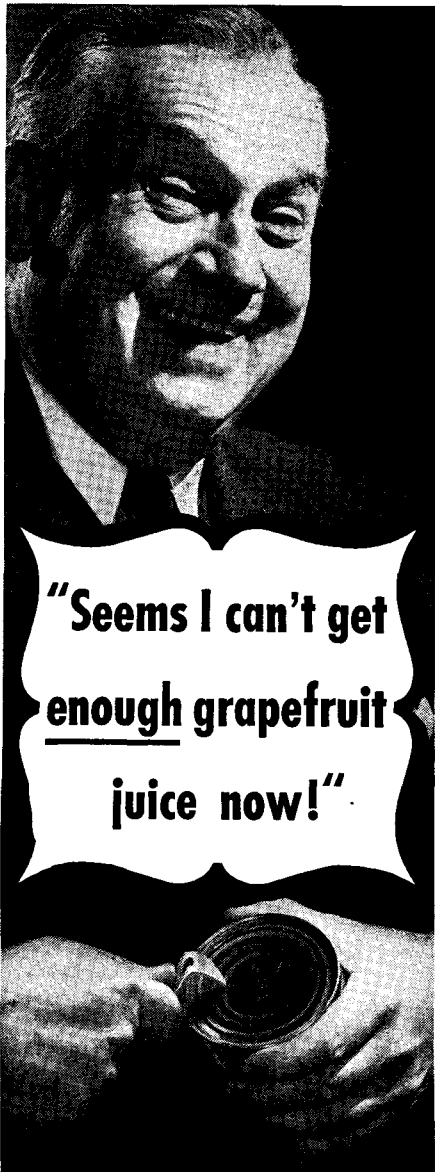
And when they do a job like that — it seems to me that about all they need is a square deal in transportation.

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NO GOVERNMENT FAVOR-
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SEE AMERICA
from Coast to Coast and
border to border, on one

“GRAND CIRCLE” RAIL TICKET —
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There's nothing quite like a big glass of tangy Florida grapefruit juice to set a fellow up.

And now it comes in cans, you know—put up by the folks down in Florida right where the best grapefruit grows. All you need do is plunk a hole in the can, pour—and drink!

The same thing holds true of orange juice—real orange juice. And there's a new blend of orange-and-grapefruit juice that makes a grand change-off. Keep a supply of all three on hand.

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Look for the word "FLORIDA" on the can
if you want the best

Nor did the Administration attempt to sniff him off for just another bit of congressional thistledown, blown in on a fortuitous breeze. It began at once to beguile him with flattery. To button him securely to the New Deal, to enlist him into support of its amendments to the Social Security Act, to wean him away from his favorite role of sorcerer's apprentice, to expose his highly sensitized mind-plate to the mellowing influence of Senators Wagner and Glass, the Administration quickly appointed him to the Banking and Currency Committee. And there he occupied the chair of the veteran whose job he snaffled—Mr. McAdoo's.

Mr. Downey took out about two minutes to be surprised when notified of this appointment. And when informed that he was, too, a member of the Senate's Military Affairs Committee and the Civil Service and Inter-oceanic Canals committees, he laid down his pen for a moment, cocked his well-molded head and sighed: "Ah, me, now who's afraid of the big bad wolf?"

Now to give you an all too scant idea of what dead-end currency, invisible dollars and Twenty Dollars Every Monday are—but just a moment. A telegram from Senator Downey. Too bad. Too bad. The senator's off again. "Revised my plan since talking to you," says he. "Whole business tentative. Give you final program later." So you see how it is.

Nevertheless we have a hunch. The senator yearns to be California's Democratic boss. A shrewd gentleman, he is not going conventional on the mob that elected him. You just can't make a gentle, lawn-grazing baa-baa out of a mountain goat like that. In one form or another dead-end currency, invisible dollars and Something Every Some Day are going to be in that bill and it's going to be presented amid shivers, shouts and shenanigans to Senator Pat Harrison's Finance Committee. Maybe it already has.

So we'll give you what was on the Downey mind when he arrived in Washington. He would create forty billion invisible dollars simply by legislating credit for those who have no dollars. There'd be no printing-press money about it. No addition to the currency now in circulation would be made, either in paper or metal. Needy citizens sixty years old or older, the halt, the lame and the blind, and dependent children would receive checkbooks on banks of their own designation. These checks would be receivable by tradesmen, manufacturers, tax collectors and so on for any and all purchases made or obligations incurred by the holders. And the banks would accept them as memoranda of credit. There are your invisible dollars.

Leaping from Cause to Cause

This leads us to dead-end currency and, we suspect, several nasty complications. These invisible dollars would be negotiable only in the United States. What the ultimate recipient of the credit checks would do when and if faced with the problem of international trade or exchange we, of course, don't know. And yet we will have Mr. Downey's word for it that the whole thing's tentative and the details will be worked out later.

The very sight of a savings bank annoys him. He believes that savings are primary among the several things that are wrong with the world. He'd tax or boldly legislate them out of existence. Every dollar laid up against that notorious rainy or otherwise inclement day is, says he, a potentially frozen dollar. And you can't freeze a dollar and expect it to do its bounden duty—which is to say, circulate.

He's fifty-five, the father of five children, and looks like Spencer Tracy. He's as dapper as Roland Young, as vain as the voice of a radio announcer, not very tall, built for rough going and he needn't be afraid of television. Like all woodshed philosophers he's weak on cause but strong on effect. He's as emotional as the bride's mother, as sentimental as Eddie Guest.

He bears himself like a military man but never was a soldier. When we went to war against Germany he and his brother Steve flipped a coin to decide who would enlist and who would take on the less glorious job of providing the family with meat and potatoes. Steve won.

Nature made him for an advocate. He'd as soon appear in public without his trousers as without a cause to plead. And it doesn't have to be much of a cause either. His chief trouble is that there are so many causes floating around that he can't keep his mind on any one of them. But he'll leap like a trout at the nearest. They'll tell you about the night when a great, shaggy fellow was arrested while igniting a large audience of indignant citizens. What it was all about no one seems to remember. But Sheridan passed by by chance, just as the cops were lugging the fellow off to the sneezer.

His Unveiled Opinions

Forthwith, without inquiry, Mr. Downey galloped along. He arrived in court too late to hear the complaint. But without asking what the charge was, he plunged into a furious defense of the defendant who, by the way, was just as much amazed as anyone else. He produced such a magnificent job in the name of free speech, American traditions, economic skulduggery, the bill of rights, motherhood, underprivileged children and the Townsend Plan that the judge dismissed the case, throwing everybody concerned out of court. But not until the court, the erstwhile prisoner, five cops and quite a number of the assembled populace had contributed forty dollars and three rousing cheers to the Townsend idea.

When Mr. Downey had departed and something like order was restored a cop asked the liberated agitator who his advocate was. "How the hell should I know?" he demanded. "Never saw the guy before." And later someone asked Mr. Downey what his snatched client had done. "Who cares?" sighed Mr. Downey.

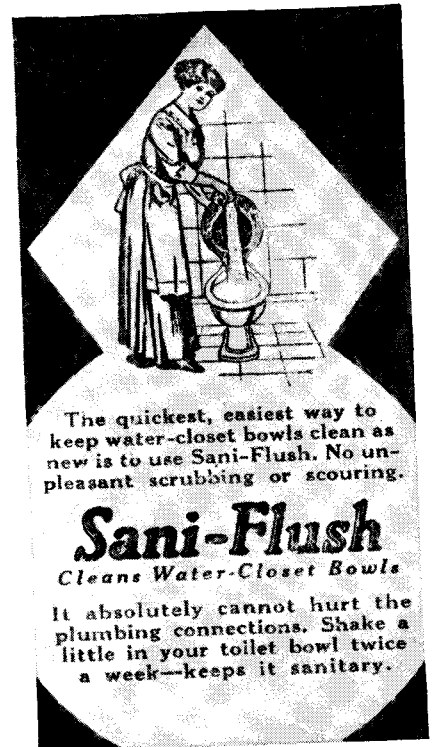
Doubtless he has opinions about reciprocal trade agreements, the United States Housing Authority, Vitamin C, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, Passamaquoddy, surrealism, Mexico, Ickes vs. Hitler, Spain, Munich and all this Tunisia, Corsica and Savoy rowdydow. But he hasn't unveiled them yet. Unlike his brother, in spite of his genius as a pleader, he has not been a notable success as a lawyer—certainly not financially. The man simply can't keep his mind within four walls.

We left him at his office door. We watched him marching in that stiff sturdy stride of his toward the doors of the Banking and Currency Committee. In his arms he carried neither book nor paper. His wide, thin-lipped mouth was as tight as a knife. His face was pale. Maybe it was just our imagination, but there was something in that taut figure that suggested old John Huss marching to the stake.

Or maybe it was because we knew that all Sheridan Downey had to do for the next hour or so was look into the furious blue eyes of Carter Glass of Virginia and try to explain invisible dollars, dead-end currency and Twenty Dollars Every Monday.

Up and at 'em, Downey!

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SCHULT TRAILERS

The One and Only Waldo

Continued from page 10

But the Consolidated boys still thought Waldo was a laugh. They'd want to hear why Waldo opposed sending flowers to the guy. So Waldo would jump up and say: "I'm not opposed to that. I'm just opposed to sending flowers and not even asking or knowing or caring what's the matter with Johnny. If he's sick enough for flowers he's got the right to be sure we know whether it's appendicitis or a broken leg. We're treating him like a cog in the machine."

Finally, after Waldo accused the Chief of hand-picking delegates to the state convention and made us put in the minutes: "Waldo Himmer was in opposition throughout the entire proceedings," the Chief lost his patience.

"That guy is getting in my hair," he told me. "I don't like anything about him. He ought to be rubbed out and drawn over."

I said: "Let me put the slug on him. Nothing rough—just scare him right good."

"Hell, he'd squawk to Ma Perkins," the Chief said.

"She's on our side," I said.

"No . . . hell . . . he'd run to the newspapers and make out like I was a dictator," the Chief said.

"Let me try to get Halvorsen to fire him," I said.

"Yeah? And have the Consolidated management accuse us of ganging one of our own members?" the Chief said, and cussed. "They think running a union is a bed of roses. Nobody knows the troubles I've got."

"He'll play hell—real hell one of these days," I said.

SO WAS I right? You go on encouraging a little squirt to think he can act like a big shot and pretty soon he'll move right in on you.

One quiet, peaceful afternoon I'm dopping some horse bets in the front office when in busts Waldo Himmer. He is holding a bloody handkerchief to his nose.

"Come on, Mac!" he yells. "I've got a job for you!" Then he tells me that a hunky named Dorcjas who is foreman of the assembly line hit him. All because Waldo simply exercised the right of free speech, according to Waldo.

"What did you call him?" I said.

"I called him a terrorist, that's what," said Waldo. "I said he had the mind of a Stalin and the heart of a Hitler—"

"Yeah, but *why*?"

"Why? Because Dorcjas won't even bother to learn the names of the fellows on the assembly line," says Waldo. "He calls them numbers—numbers, he calls them—"

"Maybe he can't pronounce their names," I said.

Waldo waves his bloody handkerchief at me.

"This is not funny, Mac!" he yells. "We have come to no mean crisis. Dorcjas must be rebuked. He's treating our members like cogs in the machine. You've got to give him a good talking-to, that's what!"

"Not this cooky," I said. "You shot off your mouth and got what was coming to you."

Before Waldo can say anything more, a gal with a coat thrown over her office smock hurries in. She is about a head taller than Waldo and a fairly good looking.

"Oh, Mr. Himmer," she says, "I just this minute heard what Anton had done. I'm so sorry. Did he hurt you very bad?"

Waldo blushes.

"He made my nose bleed," he says, "but the experience was cheap at the price. I've just learned that I've got to stand alone and protect our rights."

The gal pities poor little Waldo.

"You mustn't try that, Mr. Himmer," she says. "Anton's too big for you." Then she looks at me. "If you're the right sort of friend you'll tell Anton to leave Mr. Himmer alone. He's picked on Mr. Himmer for months."

I said: "What's it to you, sis? You Dorcjas' girl or Waldo's girl or just a girl scout?"

"I'm not anybody's girl," she comes back. "I'm . . . well . . . never mind—" She looks at Waldo like she expects him to speak up. Then she says to him: "I won't speak to Anton again until he apologizes and promises to stop bullying you."

"Thank you, Miss Johnson," he says. But I'll take care of Dorcjas in my own good time. Uh . . . I'm glad you were worried. It proves I'm a definite personality to you!"



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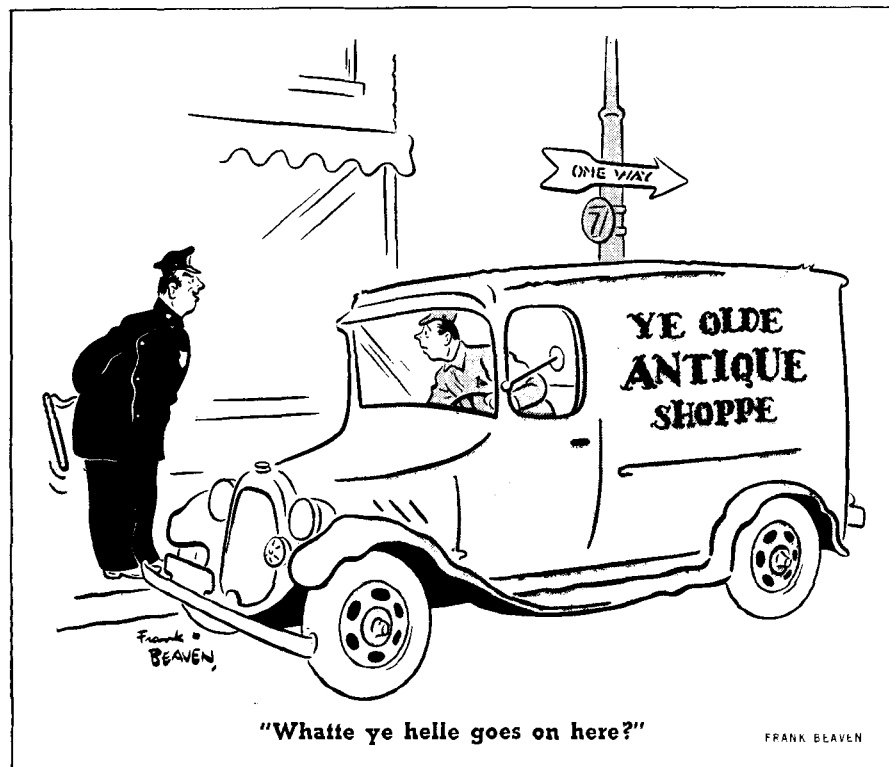
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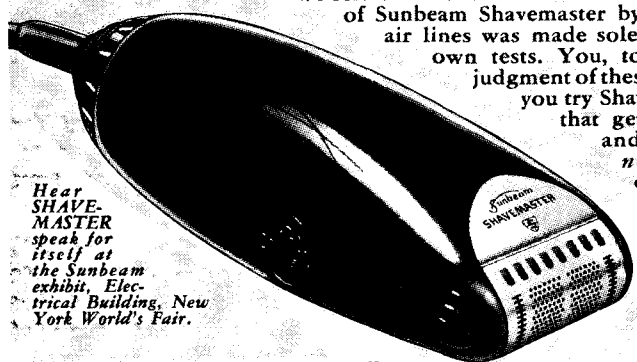
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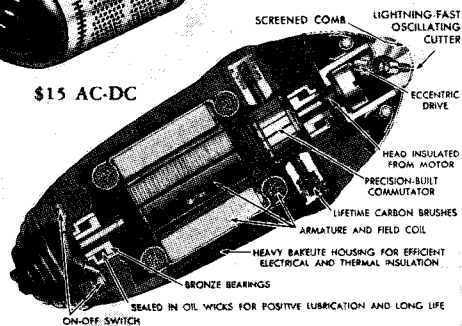
"Our Passenger Service and Maintenance Departments have just completed very thorough tests on the various better makes of electric shavers, and we are pleased to report that Sunbeam Shavemaster has proved itself to be by far the best of them all."

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"Oh . . . oh, sure, Mr. Himmer," says Miss Johnson, and takes a run-out powder on us.

So what does Waldo do? He goes red-headed mad and busts right into the Chief's office.

"You and your union!" he yells. "You're not a bit better than the Consolidated Motors Corporation. I'm just No. 3057 union card to you and all you care about me is the dues I pay!"

The Chief looks at me and I say: "A foreman named Dorcas popped him for getting sassy and he wants us to give him protection."

This is all the Chief wants to hear about Waldo.

"We can't be pestered with your private quarrels, Himmer," he says. "After this, stay out of my office unless I ask you in. Now, scram. I'm busy."

Waldo blows his top.

"YOU can't dismiss me with a short shrift!" he screams, half bawling. "I'm not any cog in the machine. You see this thumb? It's triple-jointed and this bone formation occurs only once in 17,689,000 individuals according to our best medical authorities." He wiggles the thumb under the boss' nose. "Who are you to say I'm not a definite personality? I could grab Mac's gun and kill myself and where would you be—and the union—and Consolidated Motors? You'd go out in blackness—like that!"—and he snaps his thumb, the joints making two cracking sounds—"I could just wipe you out in the twinkling of an eyelash, I could—"

"A screwball. Take it away!" yells the Chief.

So I give Waldo the bum's rush out of the Chief's office and out of headquarters, too.

"Get wise to yourself, you little peanut," I told him cold turkey. "You ain't important to nobody. You don't cut no ice. You're just a flea on a big wheel. Go chase yourself before you get hurt."

But does that stop the little so-and-so? Not Waldo.

"I'll show you how erroneous that is!" he says. "I'll show Consolidated Motors and this union that they can't dismiss a free-born American citizen with such a short shrift. You just wait!"

"Nuts," I said.

So what? We get the big pay-off the very next morning.

I show at the office about eight-thirty and the Chief is on the phone talking to some guy that's plenty sore. The Chief keeps saying: "I'll come right over. It's not our doing. We didn't order anything like that. I'll be right over." The Chief puts down the phone and cusses and reaches for his hat.

"Was that Washington?" I said.

"Washington hell," says the Chief, "that was Halvorsen at Consolidated. Waldo Himmer is staging a one-man strike. They've had to shut down the whole plant!"

"Waldo shut down a plant?" I said. "You're kidding me."

"They haven't run a car off the line this morning. This is no bed of roses. Come on!"

When I and the Chief get to Consolidated we find Halvorsen, the general manager; O'Neill, the super of production and two big-shot Consolidated lawyers ranting around Halvorsen's office and loaded for bear.

"This is unionism for you!" yells Halvorsen before the Chief can say good morning. "We've just started to run the new models and so you spit on your contract and start trouble—"

"Pipe down," says the Chief. "I don't know a thing about it. What's happened?"

Well, we get it short and simple and sweet. Waldo Himmer was supposed to refile the stock room according to an efficiency engineer's plan during the

last summer shutdown. Instead, little Waldo gets smart aleck and throws the efficiency chart out the window. He refiles the stock room according to his own personal idea of how a stock room should be filed. Yeah. So now Consolidated has 38,000 different automobile parts filed in drawers and bins, and only Waldo Himmer has the right chart to show where anything is.

"He's hidden his chart," says old man Halvorsen, sweating, "and he won't produce it. Don't tell me he could have thought of this all on his own. It's a dirty C.I.O. trick, that's what it is—"

"Shut up and come with me!" says the Chief. "So you guys can't handle a two-by-four stock-room clerk, hunh?"

We all march down to the main floor of the assembly plant. Eleven hundred men are sitting on their tails, grinning, and a slew of them are gathered around Waldo Himmer. They still think he is funny.

Waldo is sitting up on his high stool behind the stock-room counter. He'd got that big fountain pen behind his ear and shiny paper shirt-sleeve covers on his arms, but he don't look like any Big I Am. He looks like a school kid waiting in the principal's office for a good licking.

"Judas, Waldo!" one of the parts monkeys says as we get close. "They're gonna hang you!"

"G-good morning, gentlemen," says Waldo.

The Chief doesn't beat around the bush.

"It's a good gag, Himmer," he says, "but we've all had enough of it. Hand over that file chart to Mr. Halvorsen and climb off that stool. You're all through—with the union and the company both!"

Waldo's blue eyes water and he shakes his head.

"I can't comply with your demand, Mr. Maguire," he says, his voice kind of shaky from fright. "Mr. Halvorsen can fire me. That's his right. But I won't give him the chart . . . uh . . . until I get recognition."

Halvorsen and the company lawyers look at one another.

"What do you mean—recognition, Himmer?" says Halvorsen. "We've recognized the union."

WALDO kept watching me; he was scared I would lean over the counter and pop him.

"But neither the company nor the union has recognized me," he said.

"Recognized you for what?" one of the lawyers said.

"For a man. For a human being. For a definite personality, Mr. Halvorsen," Waldo said.

This talk got the Chief's goat.

"He's a screwball, Halvorsen," the Chief said. "Call a cop and have him put in jail for stealing that chart. It's company property prepared on company time." Then he turned to the parts monkeys and supply-cart rousters and said, "You guys don't need any chart. You know this stock room by heart. Get busy and fill up those assembly-line bins!"

"We'll do our best, Mr. Maguire," one of them said, "but it's gonna take an awful lot of wandering around without Waldo's chart. In fact, I been hunting some No. 9 shims ever since seven o'clock."

Waldo was watching the Chief and Halvorsen and the lawyers like a guy on the hot seat watches the guards and the warden.

"You don't need to use force against me," Waldo said. "I'll go to jail on my own voluntary volition—if that's the only way I can convince you."

The Chief grunts and pulls Halvorsen and the lawyers into a huddle by the freight elevators.

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I've whelped five families in my day — and sure as death and taxes, they've all had worms! But the Master's a great help on that score.



"Worms!" he says, looking up from the Sergeant's DOG BOOK. "That means Sergeant's PUPPY CAPSULES." So we dose the pups and the worm scare's over. Those capsules work — just the way SURE-SHOT CAPSULES clean me out!



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"Give him an hour in a jail cell," he said, "and Waldo will kick in with the chart. He's half scared to death right now."

"Yes, but what if he acts stubborn?" Halvorsen and O'Neill wanted to know.

"He won't—but even if he does, it won't take you long to refile the stock room," the Chief said.

"Hell's bells and Roosevelt!" Halvorsen said. "It'll take two weeks to refile all those parts. Two weeks, man! And our distributors howling for the new models. I'll be hearing from Detroit any minute. I think we'd better find out what the little nitwit actually wants and give it to him."

"That's the practical solution," said a lawyer.

But the Chief was on a spot. He said that was the way all managements acted, just give in. But Waldo Himmer was a union man now, and, by so-and-so, Waldo couldn't put this over on the union.

"That guy goes to jail!" the Chief yelled. "If you're too yellow to have him pinched, I'll do it. I know Himmer, I tell you. He'll flood that jail with tears in twenty minutes."

Halvorsen and the lawyers beefed around about how much it was costing Consolidated every minute the line had to be shut down, but the Chief really got sore and they decided to try the Chief's plan.

We don't put the pinch on Waldo right there, not wanting to start trouble with eleven hundred tough boys who like Waldo. We just walk back to Waldo, all smiles, and Halvorsen invites him up to his office for a heart-to-heart talk.

Waldo takes it very big.

"Thanks just a whole lot, Mr. Halvorsen," he says, "I feel confident that I can impress the true worth of human personality upon you with no great difficulty."

So the goofs give him a cheer, and little Waldo struts out of there with Halvorsen and O'Neill and the Chief. Waldo, the big shot, see? Yeah—for two minutes.

A COUPLE of company cops are waiting for Waldo when we reach the front-office corridor.

Halvorsen breaks the bad news.

"You are being arrested for stealing company property, Himmer," he says. "But, even now, I'll give you a chance to reconsider. Return that file chart and you won't have to go to jail."

Waldo got white around the gills.

"But I thought—" he started to say.

"You thought hell," says the Chief.

"You're not big enough to think, sonny boy."

The Chief did not know Waldo as well as he thought he did. You can push even a scared little guy like Waldo too far.

"All right for that," says Waldo, "you'll just have to take me to jail. You'll never get that chart now. And I give you fair warning—in my own well-circumscribed circle I am not unimportant." Then he turns to Halvorsen and says: "I changed that filing system for the best interests of the company, Mr. Halvorsen. The efficiency chart would have doubled the work and brought on a strike. It was common sense to change it. Hundreds of people in positions of no small responsibility are using their common sense just as I did and saying nothing about it to their employers."

"Take it away!" the Chief says.

So what? We throw little Waldo's pants in jail charged with grand larceny. He gets to jail about ten o'clock that morning and by noon the papers are out with big headlines saying ONE-MAN STRIKE TIES UP ASSEMBLY PLANT and by one-thirty o'clock all hell begins to pop.

Waldo, it turns out, has been carry-

ing quite a load. His daddy is tired and won't work any more; his kid brother, Earl, has ambitions to be a radio announcer and won't work at anything else; his Aunt Elsie likes California and won't go live with her own family in Bismarck, N. D.; his ma thinks she ails and won't stop running to doctors. To top all this, Waldo's sister Edna is in the hospital with a baby and is depending on Waldo to get her out. And if Waldo can't get her out the hospital will hold the kid. Waldo is depending on borrowing money on his 1936 Consolidated coupé, but that is going to take considerable juggling because finance companies won't lend on the car. Waldo has changed the lines of the hood to make it look like his definite personality. No resale value, see?

But this isn't all. There's the gal, Miss Johnson. Waldo has been in love with Miss Johnson for two years. But he can't start going with her because he has to support his family and, besides, he's got every night filled with work to make himself a definite personality, see? One night he takes jujitsu lessons; two nights he goes to school; one night



"What's THAT doing
on a Boy Scout knife?"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

"Kid," I say, "I'm starting to find out."

What we get at union headquarters isn't a thing compared to the way they lower the boom on Consolidated. The League Against Dictators starts a picket line on the outside of the plant. The Consolidated boys don't think Waldo is funny any more and they threaten to put on a general sit-down strike. All the organizations that Waldo has been developing his personality in start beefing on the phone and in person to Halvorsen. The topper to this is that right in the midst of a long-distance call from Detroit with a big shot on the wire giving Halvorsen hell for tying up the new models, five Japs from Waldo's jujitsu school bust in with a big squawk in Japanese.

This finishes Halvorsen.

He comes ripsnorting over to headquarters and yells: "I'm going to the jail and make terms with Himmer. And you're going along to help me!"

So we all go over to the jail, and we find Waldo sitting in his cell smoking that roaring-lion pipe with big puffs and kind of blubbing with the tears running down his face.

"All right, Himmer," says Halvorsen, "we're licked! How much do you want?"

WALDO pushes aside a flower bouquet that he's been holding in his lap and stands up.

"You—you'll agree to my terms, Mister Halvorsen?" he asks.

"Yeah, that's right," the Chief says.

This is the big moment for Waldo. He reaches into his pocket and takes out an imitation-pearl-backed notebook with snazzy little red pencil attached. He hands the first page over to Halvorsen. I and the Chief read it over Halvorsen's shoulder, we're so anxious. Yeah, anxious, what I mean. And here's what it said:

HIMMER'S ULTIMATUM

1. That Waldo Himmer be allowed to have a name plate bearing his name on stock-room front counter.
2. That Waldo Himmer's name be properly spelled on union membership roster, not spelled "Hammer" or "Hummer."
3. That Anton Dorcas, foreman, be forbidden to address any employee by number.
4. That Mr. Maguire and Mr. Halvorsen acknowledge the true sacredness of the human personality.

Signed,
WALDO HIMMER.

Being smart babies, Halvorsen and the Chief don't lose any time patting Waldo on the shoulder and saying sure, Waldo, my boy, we agree to every word of it, and we'll do something nice for you besides. So what? So I feel sorry for Waldo and I get him to one side, later, and I say: "Don't be a chump, Waldo. You got a big load on your shoulders, boy. Make 'em give you a real boost."

But Waldo just shakes his head and puts his big fountain pen back behind his ear, straightens the paper cuffs and climbs on the high stool behind the stock-room counter. Then he looks at me like he is asking a big question.

All of a sudden, I think I know what it is. He is a little guy on a stool and he's carrying plenty of load on his neck, but that don't matter as long as you don't mistake him for just a number on the score sheet.

"I guess I get it, Waldo," I say. "This is the United States and you're Waldo Himmer."

Tears come into Waldo's eyes again and he ducks his head.

"Thanks, McDermott," Waldo says.



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trolley or bus you ride in, the automobile you drive, the appliances you use in the home and at work . . . all have been made safer through the preventive efforts of capital stock fire insurance companies. They co-operate constantly with manufacturers, architects, builders, public utility companies and municipal authorities in the interest of your greater safety.

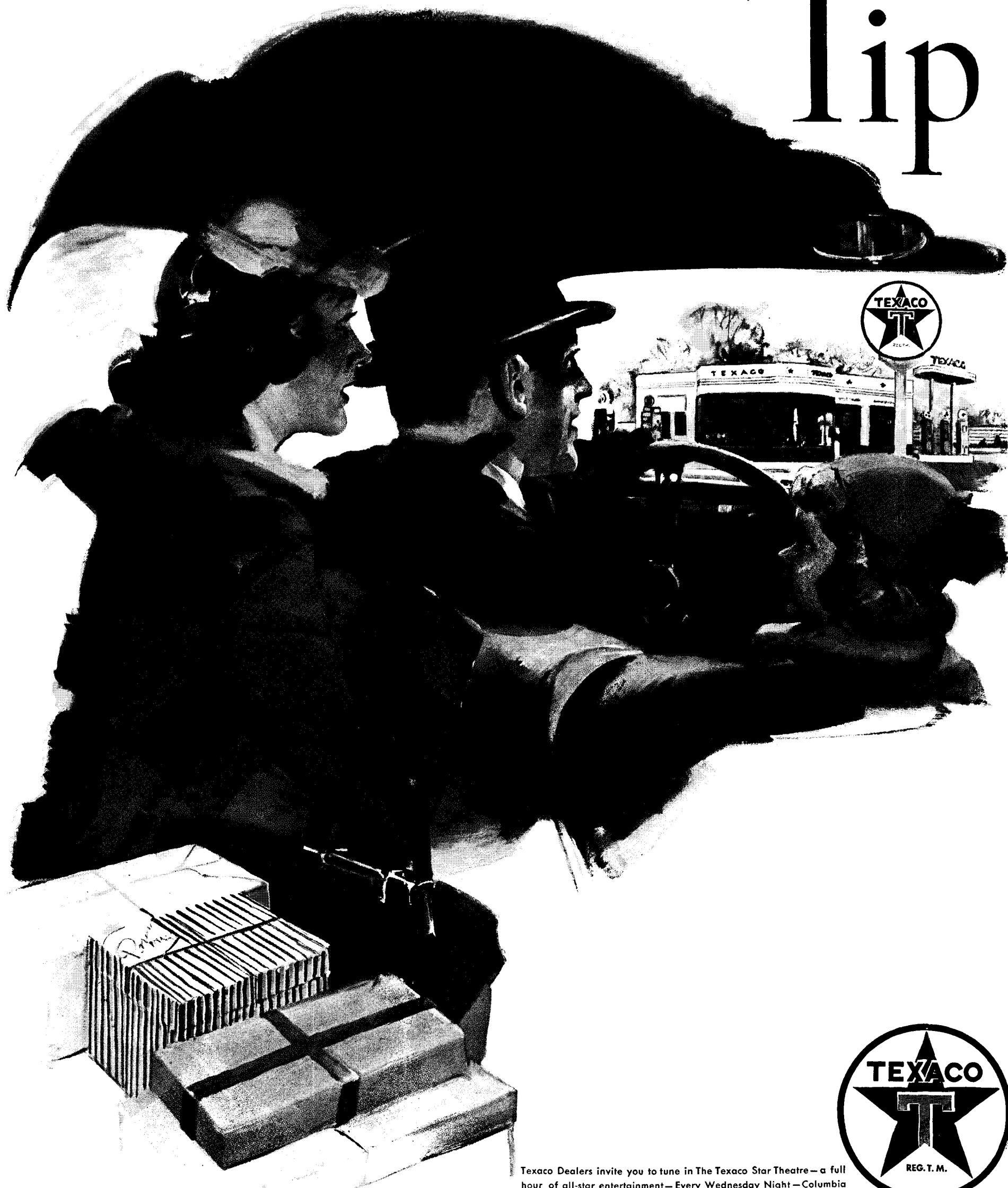
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Tip



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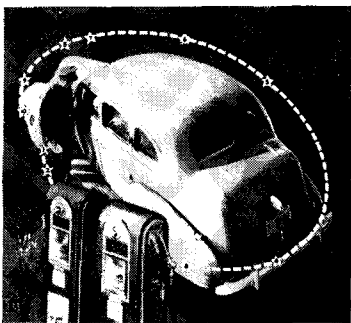
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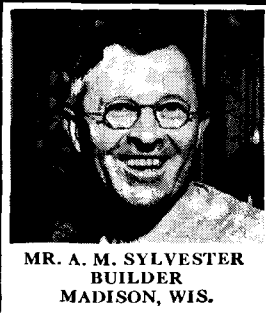
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sible with two *different* paints. The *undercoat* seals wood pores or clings to old paint. The *top-coat* resists weather and age; keeps its color. Together, they combat cracking, checking, peeling, fading.

See your Devoe Dealer. Talk over the "7 Modern Musts" with your painter. You'll see why it pays to "go Devoe"!

FREE FOLDER tells how you can paint your home with the 2-Coat System on the Devoe Partial Payment Plan. Write **DEVOE & RAYNOLDS CO., INC.**, 1 W. 47 St., N.Y.C.

See That Your Paint Job Meets These

"7 Modern Musts"



1. For best results, you must have two entirely different paints on your house: first, a properly formulated undercoat; second, a specially designed finishing coat.

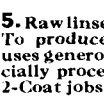
2. The first coat must have Controlled Penetration to seal the oil-thirsty surfaces of the wood or old paint. This keeps vital oils in the paint film; assures extra-long life.



3. One coat of Devoe top-coat covers a blackboard. This paint has many more hiding units than average paints. Widely used for one-coat jobs.



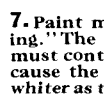
4. Must resist destructive ultra-violet rays of sun. Devoe uses pigments which combat these rays better than old-fashioned white pigments ever did.



5. Rawlinseed oil is not enough. To produce fine paint, Devoe uses generous amounts of specially processed oils to give its 2-Coat jobs extra-long life.



6. Must combat the 4 common Paint Evils—Checking, Cracking, Peeling, Fading (a b c d). The Devoe 2-Coat System (e) is designed to wear smoothly and evenly.



7. Paint must be "self-cleaning." The white, for instance, must contain pigments which cause the job to become even whiter as the years go by.

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The Resounding Skies

Continued from page 26

destroying your career as a concert pianist?"

"I may have been a trifle bitter in the first years after the Armistice, when I realized that I'd never touch a piano again."

"And you swore you'd get even with Stilton, that you'd trail him to the ends of the earth to make him pay for what he did to you?"

"I may have said that while in my cups. I never meant it seriously, of course," Holliday said.

"But you came to Central America for the express purpose of evening accounts with Stilton, didn't you?"

"I did not."

"Then I suppose it's pure coincidence that two men who hadn't seen each other since the war should suddenly find themselves working for the same fruit company, and in the same division."

"No," Holliday replied. "It's not a coincidence. Stilton gave me my job with the Caribbean Fruit Co."

"Stilton did?"

"Yes, he found me in a bar in Havana. Or rather I found him. I was rather a miserable specimen in those days. I was slowly drinking myself to death, and I'd come to the tropics to do it. I don't know why the tropics have such an attraction to men intent on destroying themselves and who haven't the courage to do it quickly. But they do. I'd been on the beach in a dozen countries I can't even remember the names of. I was completely drunk as long as my money lasted. I was sober when I ran into Stilton, because my credit in Havana had given out. I . . . I was cadging drinks. It was a shock to both of us when I struck Stilton for a dram. I'd already started my speech before I recognized him. I had to tell him who I was. I'd changed. . . ."

"Well, he bought me the drink. He said, 'Holliday, I wish to God I could give you back your hand and your career. I can't, of course. But I can do the next best thing. I can give you back your self-respect. I'm going to give you a job. It won't be much of a job for a while, but it will keep you busy and give you something to tie to, something, perhaps, to look ahead to. There's no good in looking back, Holliday. . . ."

"So I really had no reason to kill Stilton, Blanco. I was grateful to him. He'd squared his debt, practically. Without him I may never have pulled myself together. . . ."

THERE was another silence. Holliday was again wiping the headband of his sun helmet—with the hand that lacked two fingers and part of the thumb.

"Why haven't we heard this story before?" the comandante asked at last.

"Muriel's heard it," Holliday said. "She's the only one."

"Why?"

Holliday shook his head. "I don't know," he said. "There seemed to be a tacit understanding between Stilton and me. Perhaps he said nothing because he didn't want to embarrass me into being grateful. Or perhaps because he didn't want to remind himself that he was in a way responsible for making a banana herder out of a promising young pianist. And of course I was not very proud of those miserable rum-soaked years on the beach, so I said nothing."

"In other words, you can't prove a word of this," said the comandante.

"No, I have no proof."

"But it's true," Muriel declared vehemently. "It must be true, Coronel. You believe it's true, don't you, Walter?"

Lane said nothing. There was another silence. Then Lane asked:

"Holliday, the night Stilton was killed, do you remember what time you left port to come back to Rio Sangre?"

"That was payday night," Holliday said. "My memory is a little vague regarding much of what happened. I have an idea it must have been about three in the morning. Didn't my motor boy get a *via* from the dispatcher?"

"That's just the point," Lane said. "There's a record of two sets of orders for Motor Car 17—which is your motor. One shows you were given a 'clear track ahead' order at 1:24 A. M."

"I could have sworn it was later than that."

"And another *via* was given for No. 17 at 2:57 A. M.," Lane said.

"That's odd," said Holliday.

"Not nearly as odd as the fact that there is no record of any order for the car returning, yet it must have returned in the interim, as both calls came from the same box."

"**WHAT** do you make of it, then?" Holliday had gone suddenly pale.

"I don't know," Lane said. "One explanation might be that the car did not leave the port at all after getting the first order. Do you remember asking for a *via*, then changing your mind and going back to the cantina for another drink or two?"

"No, I don't remember doing that," said Holliday.

"Could anyone have taken your motor?"

"I . . . I don't think so. I do remember finding my motor boy curled up under the canopy, fast asleep. He said he'd been there since midnight, but I can't be sure he was telling the truth. I told him to be there at midnight, so naturally he wouldn't admit that he was late reporting."

"Where is your motor boy? I'd like to talk to him."

"I say, that's another strange thing. He's gone."

"Gone?"

"Yes, I gave him two weeks' leave to go off and visit his people. He told me he had word his mother was seriously ill."

"Where does his mother live?"

"Off in the *monte* somewhere. Near San Ysidro I think it is."

"When did he leave?"

"Yesterday morning. I say, Lane, I've just thought of something. Suppose someone else deliberately gave the number of my motor to the dispatcher, so he could be sure of not running into a train somewhere along the line, and yet, in case of inquiry, this person could deny leaving port at 1:24, and there would be no record to contradict him. I'm assuming, of course, that there was someone with a reason to leave port, and even more reason to leave secretly."

"Yes, I've thought of that, too," Lane said. "Who do you suppose, Holliday, that person might be?"

Holliday did not reply at once. He was watching a mule-drawn tram which had just emerged from the plantation to stop at the end of the narrow-gauge rail line. A procession of brown men, each with a seventy-pound stem of fruit on his shoulders, filed past on their way from the tram to the empty fruit car. A black Jamaican checker clicked off each bunch on a shiny mechanical counter.

"I haven't the slightest idea who it might be," said Holliday at last.

"One more question," said Lane. "Didn't I see you climbing over a hedge

behind the division office the night Stilton was killed?"

"Did you?"

"I thought I did. I'm asking for confirmation."

"Probably you did," Holliday admitted. "I was taking a short cut to the Cantina de Mi Sueno."

"Why didn't you tell me about this before?" the comandante demanded.

"You didn't ask me. There seemed no need of bringing in purely circumstantial evidence which would not only incriminate me falsely but would only confuse the case. By the way, Lane, aren't you supposed to be working today? Perry intimated that you'd be taking over for Hind. There's considerable fruit to be cut on his farm."

"I'm on my way now," Lane said.

"I'll go with you," the comandante announced. "I want to see Mr. Hind."

"He's not exactly an esthetic spectacle," Holliday said. "And I doubt very much whether he'll be able to talk coherently for weeks to come. He's completely blotto, and has every intention of remaining that way."

"I'll sober him up in twenty-four hours," said the comandante. "I'll take him to port and have Doc Janvier give him a shot of apomorphine. That'll stop his drinking. Will you run us over, señorita, or shall we borrow Holliday's motor?"

"I'll drive you," said Muriel.

THEY found Barnaby Hind well squiffed, but not quite as squiffed as Holliday had led them to believe. He was bleary-eyed and thick-tongued, but he was by no means rolling in the tall grass.

"Why, Mr. Hind!" said Muriel, as the diminutive redhead came reeling out on the veranda to challenge whoever was arriving in the motor. "That's the first time I've ever seen you wearing a necktie."

"And the last time," growled Hind. "I'm leavin' this godforsaken mosquito-

bitten neck o' the woods. No more bananas for me."

"So I was about to guess," said the comandante, eying a shiny new leather suitcase that lay just inside the door. "Then I'm just in time to give you a lift to Puerto Musa."

"I don't need no help from you," Hind declared. "I don't need no help from nobody. What are you birds doin' up here anyway?"

"We came to congratulate you," said the comandante. "We heard you hit the jackpot in the *Loteria Nacional*."

Barnaby Hind grunted.

"How much did you win, Pinky?" Lane asked.

"Twenty thousand."

"You've been spending it as though it were a hundred," the comandante said. "I've been following your trail. And I was rather interested in the fact that you've been spending American greenbacks. I thought the lottery always paid off in local currency, Mr. Hind."

"They did," said Hind. "But I got Wong to give me U. S. bills for the cigar coupons. The Chink'll always give you nine for ten."

"That's quite a percentage to give up, Mr. Hind," said the comandante. "Why did you do it?"

"I'm leavin' the country, I tell ya."

The black face of Morgan, the Jamaican foreman, appeared at the screen door.

"Motorboat just now harriving, Mister 'Ind, sar," said the Jamaican.

The comandante sprang quickly between Hind and the door.

"So that's why you didn't want to come to Puerto Musa with me," he said. "You're leaving by the river. I had an idea you might do that when I heard there was a German boat due off Liberia to load coffee tomorrow."

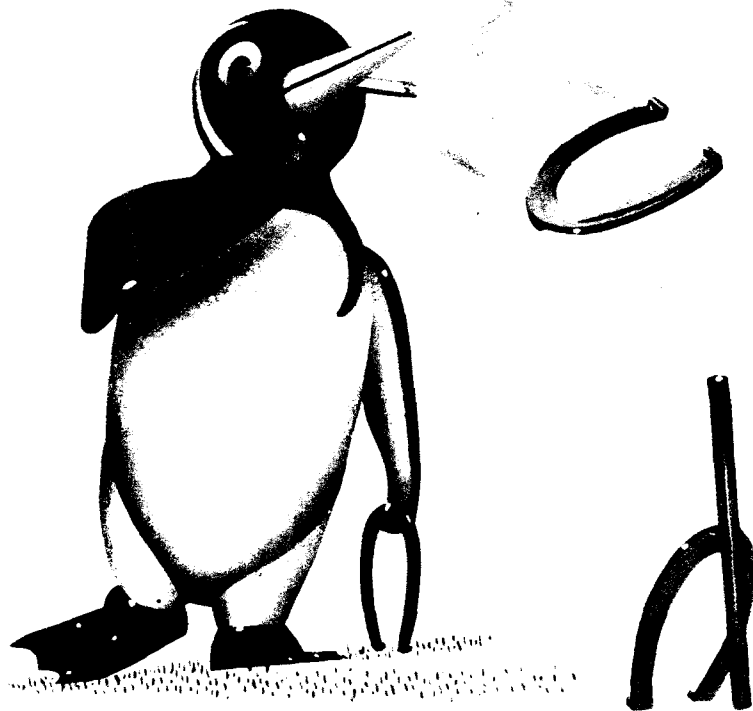
"I can go any way I want, can't I? I'm my own boss now."

"You're coming to Puerto Musa first," said the comandante calmly.

"I ain't goin' to Puerto Musa!" Hind

YOU GET A CHANGE WEEK-ENDS

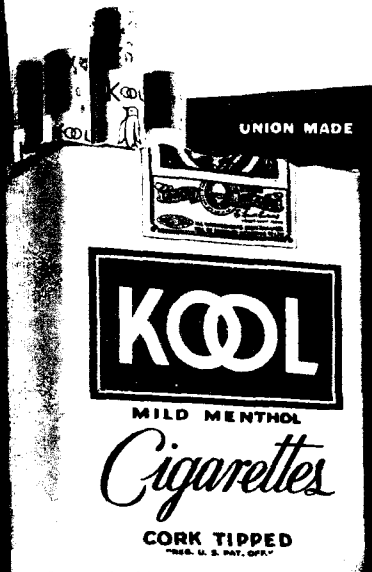
...give your
throat a change
too...with KOOLs



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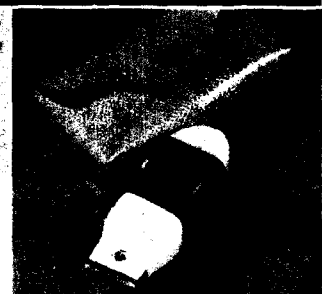
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declared, backing away. "I ain't—Owl! Quit that! You'll bust my arm!"

Hind reached for his hip. Lane saw the movement and lunged to catch Hind's wrist. He twisted the forearm sharply until the heavy .45 revolver dropped to the floor.

The comandante picked up the revolver, pocketed it, then tapped Hind's hips and armpits for further weapons. There were none.

"I guess you'll come with me, all right," he said.

"You can't take me to Puerto Musa," the redhead whined. "You got no right—"

"I've got every right, Mr. Hind," the comandante said. "Because I'm putting you under arrest—on suspicion of murder."

EIGHTY thousand stems of fruit had been cut in Puerto Musa division before the quick tropical dusk smothered the day. Wireless alarms continued to predict that the storm would hit the coast before dawn, but the hot night was without violent signs of the havoc to come.

Muriel Monroe, continuing on her way to Rio Sangre, was alone. She had been alone all day, even in the mad bustle of the division office. She knew she would always feel alone now except when she was with Walter Lane. And the fact that she might not always be with him had tortured her ever since she had left him that morning. She felt instinctively that he loved her, that he was speaking from his heart when he told her so. But she felt more than ever that to love and be loved meant everything—and nothing! The things that Nita had said last night, and the fate that had overtaken Nita this morning were poignant reminders that life was a complex and unreasonable pattern into which love did not always fit.

After the storm had swept Puerto Musa, after the grimly insane puzzle of Stilton's death had been solved, she knew that Walter Lane would go away again. The plantations of tropical America were only a small part of his career, and he would soon put them behind him. Suppose she could not go north with him? Suppose he couldn't take her with him—or didn't want to? Whenever she dared put the question to herself, she had an overwhelming feeling of emptiness. And yet she had to know the answer. She had to see Walter tonight.

A dozen times during the day she had tried to reach him by telephone, although she knew he would be on the farm and at the loading platforms. She finally caught him at the labor camp, just before sunset.

"I've got to see you tonight, Walt," she said. "I'm coming out to Rio Sangre."

"Don't," he had replied—and her heart sank. "I don't know when I'll finish. I'll be out along the line until late. We'll probably be loading by torchlight."

"Then I'll wait for you at the superintendency," she had said. "I'll meet you at Cecil Holliday's."

SHE had taken Dave Perry's car—without asking him. He had never refused to let her use it, but she was afraid he might have refused tonight. She had never seen him act as he had today, all day—fits of furious activity and shouting, followed by long, brooding spells of empty-eyed silence, during which he did not answer when she spoke, and stared at her as though he did not recognize her. She had worked until long after dark, until she was satisfied that her own task was done. The two ships were in port, the loaded fruit trains were already rolling toward the docks, the crop reports were in and tabulated. The rest was in the hands of the railway men and the port office.

It took her a long time to get to Kilometer 20—forever, it seemed. The dispatcher would give her a *via* only from one phone box to another, and she had to wait at nearly every siding or Y to let a fruit train pass. She had no idea what time it was when she reached Holliday's bungalow, but she knew it was late.

She heard music as she went up the veranda steps, and she knew she would find Cecil Holliday stretched in a big chair, smoking a pipe, and listening to his phonograph. The music was soft and ingratiating, the flowing harmony of wistful strings. She thought she recognized a Beethoven quartet.

Holliday got up to greet her as she opened the door. Before he could say anything, she blurted: "Is Walt here yet, Cecil?"

Holliday chuckled. "Not yet," he said. "But he'll be along shortly. His job's finished, I know. We've cut every last stem of fruit in the district, and it's all loaded. There's a shunting engine out there now, picking up the Rio Sangre cars. Sit down, Miss Goldilocks, and relax. We have music."

Muriel dropped into a chair. She sniffed. Above the fragrance of pipe tobacco she caught a fleeting whiff of some spicy scent—musk, perhaps.

"Are you burning incense, Cecil?" she asked.

"Incense? Of course not. Why?"

"I thought perhaps you were preparing a big seduction scene," the girl said. "I thought you might be giving me a romantic build-up with a sweet hint of myrrh and soft music."

"Not with Beethoven," said Holliday.

"Why not? When I was nineteen I had a musical boy friend who wooed me with Beethoven. The Pastorale nearly caused my undoing."

"Almost," chuckled Holliday. "You see, I was right."

"But Beethoven does something to me—even now. He's exciting."

"Yes," mused Holliday, "Beethoven

is exciting, but he is satisfying at the same time. He's too complete, too perfect. Now if I had designs on you, my dear, I should play something more provocative, something that stirs you, but leaves you vaguely hungry for something more—something you might find in me. I think I should try Debussy to begin with, then Wagner in his more sensual moods. . . ."

"Or Chopin?" suggested the girl.

"No," said Holliday pensively. "Chopin is for later—years later. Chopin is for remembering. . . ."

"That's right," said a woman's voice behind Muriel. "Music, when soft voices die, vibrates in the memory."

Muriel turned, uttered a startled, "Nita!"

NITA FENWICK, a lipstick poised between her long fingers, sauntered from a back room. "I've been repairing the ravages of a journey under difficulties," she said. "I thumbed a ride up on a fruit train."

"But you knew I was coming up tonight, Nita," Muriel objected. "Why didn't you come with me?"

"Fat chance," said Nita, "with the Coronel José Blanco's barefoot sleuths trailing me around all day, I'd never have got anywhere. The coronel has a brilliant idea that maybe I'm going to spirit the missing hundred thousand out of the country tonight, so he told me I wasn't to leave port until my ship sailed—unless I took a military escort with me. And since I couldn't picture myself on a sentimental pilgrimage accompanied by a squad of brown sergeants with their chevrons fastened to their sleeves with safety pins, I took advantage of a friendly hog-head on the Rio Sangre fruit train—and here I am."

"Nita is making the rounds," said Holliday. "She's been very busy saying goodbye to all her old flames."

"I simply couldn't leave without saying goodbye to Cecil," Nita drawled.



"Go hide the silver, George"

LOUIS PRISCILLA

"I'll probably never see him again. I had to kiss him just once more—for auld lang syne."

Muriel glanced quickly at Holliday. "I didn't know that you two—"

"There's such a lot that you don't know, my dear," Nita interrupted, "that it's really quite refreshing. And I suppose you're quite happy the way you are."

"Shall we have another spat?" suggested Muriel sweetly. "A goodbye fight—for auld lang syne?"

Nita gave a throaty laugh. She threw her arms around Muriel.

"I don't know why I should fight with you, darling," she said. "After all, you haven't a husband to reproach me with. You're probably my only female friend in the tropics—if you are my friend."

"You know I've liked you, Nita—even if I do think you're a fool sometimes."

"Most of the time," said Nita, "and I enjoy every minute of it. Well, goodbye, Muriel, I'm on my way. That hog-head of mine won't wait for me."

"He won't have to," said Holliday. "I'll run you down to port ahead of him."

"I've a few more calls to make—"

"I'll take you," Holliday insisted. "Muriel won't mind waiting here alone." He chuckled. "You'll find some Debussy disks in the right-hand cabinet," he added.

"Goodbye, Nita. Good luck."

"Goodbye, darling."

MURIEL watched them go. She listened to Holliday tolling the big bell on his lawn to call his motor boy. She heard the put-put of the motor growing fainter as it sped down the tracks. Then she came back and turned on the phonograph again. She lit a cigarette and stretched out in a chair to hear the rest of the Beethoven quartet.

In another room, as a background to the music, she could hear the frequent ringing of the telephone. There were twenty phones on the district line, and the overseers were doubtless reporting the last of their day's work finished. She had no idea how long she had been listening subconsciously before she recognized Cecil Holliday's ring—two long and one short. She turned off the phonograph and ran to the phone. It was Walter Lane.

"I've just had a shower, darling," he said. "I'll be right over."

"I'll come for you."

"You can't. There's a train on the line, and I'm riding it as far as the superintendency. I'll be right there."

In ten minutes she was in his arms and he was kissing her.

"It's seemed years since I saw you," he said. "I'm always afraid you might turn out to be just a figment of my imagination. But you're very real and very lovely—almost too lovely to be real."

He kissed her again.

"I would have died if I couldn't see you tonight," she said.

"Did you bring me any news?"

Muriel hesitated. All her doubts and fears seemed foolish now that she was near him. There was such a sense of permanence, of happy confidence, when she was in his arms that it seemed almost a sacrilege to suggest that her felicity might ever end. She couldn't say what she had come for.

"Yes, there's news," she said. "The comandante turned Pinky Hind loose. It seems that Wong backed up his story of changing the lottery money into dollars. And the number of the lottery ticket checked all right."

"Where's Hind now?"

"When last seen he was getting up blood pressure at the Bar of the Two Owls. And the comandante told me to tell you that one of his men fished a box of radio apparatus out of the mud this afternoon."

"Out of the mud? Where was this?"

"In the mangroves along the inlet, back of the comandancia. They were looking for traces of that boat that got away last night, and incidentally digging around for a metal box that might hold a hundred thousand dollars. The comandante said he thinks the electric paraphernalia is what you were looking for. It doesn't make any sense to him, but there were German names stamped into the metal parts."

"I thought we'd find it sunk in the bay somewhere," Lane said. "But I think I know where it was a week ago."

"Where, darling?"

"Either in or near Bannister's house," Lane said. "This morning I practically decided that the guy wires of Bannister's antenna were the sources of the short-wave interference I've been looking for. There were metal clamps and binding posts at the bottom of the guy wires, just above the insulators, and there were bright marks on the metal—screw-driver scratches, maybe—that looked to me as though someone had jerked the connections recently. So—but it's probably all Greek to you. Has Nita left yet?"

"Nita was here half an hour ago," said Muriel. She told him of the visit in detail.

"That's strange, isn't it?" Lane said. "Was she that friendly with Holliday?"

"It must have been when she first came down," the girl replied. "The last six months or so I think Henry Alcott has had pretty much the inside track. I didn't think there was anything wrong at the time, but when I look back, I can remember a lot of little things that all point in that direction, now that I know the direction."

"I noticed Perry's car outside as I came in," Lane said. "Where's the boss tonight?"

"He's in pretty much of an uproar, getting ready to receive the Third Vice-President."

"When's Binsworth due?"

"About midnight or one o'clock," Muriel said. "He sent a wireless from Belize, saying he was coming on as soon as they got a seaplane ready for him. He wants to beat the storm. So Dave is rushing around with Bannister, getting floodlights and landing flares on the dock, so the plane will have a chance of coming in right side up."

"That's all the news?"

"That's all, darling."

"No, it isn't. There's more."

"What, darling?"

"I'm terribly in love with you. Or have I told you that before?"

"Tell me again . . . and again . . ."

HER small blond head bent slowly back like a flower wilted by the fire of his lips. He kissed her. He kissed her until her head swam and there was singing in her ears, until delightfully terrifying waves of cold and tingling warmth swept over her. She clung to him from sheer necessity because she knew when he released her she would drop—or soar, with her fleeing senses. And then, desperately, she turned her head, quickly, pushed him away, struggled back to reason.

"Oh, darling, darling! Don't! I—"

"What's the matter, love?"

"I shouldn't have come here tonight, Walter."

"Of course you should."

"I shouldn't. I ought to begin forgetting all about you, forgetting I ever knew you."

"Don't you dare!"

"But I must. Sooner or later, I'll have to. You're not staying in Puerto Musa the rest of your life, darling."

"No, and neither are you."

"But you'll be going north—soon."

"Probably, yes."

"Darling, you say that so casually."



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Don't you know what it will mean to me, to have you go away, now?"

"I hope I do, sweetheart."

"But, Walt, darling. I—" She paused, turning her head. "Listen. The telephone. Two long and one short. That's Cecil's ring."

"Let it ring," Lane said.

"It might be for me, darling."

The phone was still ringing—two long and one short.

"I'll get it," said Lane with a sigh.

She sat down limply as he went into the next room. She heard his voice say, "Yes," a few times, curtly. Then, "Right away."

When he came back he was walking with quick, determined strides. His face was set in hard, tense lines, and she knew something had happened. When she tried to ask him, the words caught in her throat.

"That was the comandante," he said tersely. "We've got to get down to Puerto Musa right away."

"What—what's happened, darling?"

"Alcott," said Lane, grabbing his hat. "Alcott's been shot dead."

THE steel-flanged wheels rang against the shrieking rails as the sedan roared around the last curve, entering Puerto Musa. The comandante was waiting, making signs with his flashlight. Muriel set the brakes.

"Glad you're here, Lane," said the comandante, opening the door. "I'm afraid I muffed it again."

"How, Joe?"

"It's a long story—for later. First I want you to look at the corpus delicti. I haven't let anybody touch a single thing."

"You'd better go home, Muriel," Lane said.

"I'm coming with you."

"Let her come," said the comandante. "I think she can help. She doesn't have to look at him."

He led the way to the Alcott house. There were soldiers outside and more soldiers on the veranda. A crowd of fruit-company people stood in the path and on the veranda steps, talking in awed undertones. Muriel stayed on the steps while the two men entered the house and went directly to the room that Alcott used as a study.

Just inside the door Lane noticed a day bed with the thin covers neatly folded back and a pillow in place. Then he saw the body of Henry Alcott seated at a small desk of unfinished mahogany in the center of the room, facing the window.

The corpse was erect in a chair, and only the chin had dropped to the chest. There was a neat hole in the center of Alcott's forehead, with a brownish-gray ring around it. There was blood on his clothing, on the desk and on the floor. The arms dangled at the sides of the chair.

Lane picked up one dead hand, then the other. There were purple stains on the inside of the right thumb and inside the last joint of the right forefinger.

"See that?" Lane asked.

The comandante nodded. "Same marks Stilton had on his fingers," he said. "Looks like ink. Doc Janvier said if it were logwood or gallotannic ink, he could tell us in a minute, but he says he hasn't the equipment he'd need to test for colored inks."

"Looks like a burn around the bullet hole," Lane said.

"Can't be," said the comandante. "There's no powder tattooing."

"Smokeless powder doesn't usually leave any tattooing, even at pretty close range."

"Alcott wasn't shot at close range," the comandante said. "He was shot through the window."

"You sure?"

"Couldn't be otherwise," the coman-

dante insisted. "First of all, there's no gun. I've been over the room thoroughly. Second, there are two bullet holes in the screen. Look."

Lane looked. There was one hole low in one corner of the screen, and another near the center, about six inches from the bottom. The edges of one hole were bright, where the bullet had punched through the copper mesh. The second hole in the mesh was dull with oxidation.

"Only one shot fired?" Lane asked.

"Two," said the comandante. "The first went high. You can see it imbedded in the wall, back of Alcott. The second killed him."

"They must have gone through the

"Careful," he said. "Don't walk on what I've been saving for you."

Lane swung the light beam downward. The soft, damp earth was well churned by confused marks of feet. But near the bottom of the ladder there were two well-defined prints—the deep impressions of small, pointed, high-heeled shoes—a woman's shoes undoubtedly. He examined the ground for some distance around, but the rest of the prints were obliterated.

"TELL me more," Lane said.

"Bannister saw her," the comandante explained. "But he couldn't recognize her in the dark. He was walking up from the dock and was nearly in front of



"You'd better get things straightened out, Mooney. The examiners just walked in"

CHAS. ADDAMS

same hole," Lane said. "That one in the corner looks odd."

"Maybe the flame oxidized it. Or it may have been that the gun was pressed right against the screen when she fired both shots."

"She?" Lane looked up in surprise.

The comandante nodded. "Come on outside," he said.

Two soldiers were standing guard at the side of the house, as the comandante's flashlight sent a luminous disk rippling over the ground. There was a small stepladder just underneath the window to Alcott's study.

"Where'd that ladder come from?" Lane asked.

"From what I gather, it usually stands just outside the Alcotts' kitchen door. The servants use it to pick the yellow guavas growing back there."

Lane took the flashlight from the comandante, played it on the ladder. There was mud on the steps, but no clearly defined prints. Lane moved closer, but the comandante held him back.

his house when he heard the shot fired."

"Only one shot?"

"That's all Bannister heard. A fruit train was coming in, he said, and had been whistling for the yard limits so that's probably why he didn't hear the first one. He heard the second one, though, and hurried to see what it was. He was still quite a way off, when he saw a woman running. About all he saw was a flutter of skirts disappearing around the back of the house. He ran after her, but she was gone. He came back to the front of the house and heard Mrs. Alcott screaming. He went in, and found Mrs. Alcott hysterical and Alcott dead or dying. She was holding Alcott's head in her hands and trying to get him to talk to her. He was bleeding on the front of her dress. Bannister got Doc Janvier right away, but Alcott was already dead. I guess it was ten or fifteen minutes before they sent for me, damn it all."

"Could it have been Mrs. Alcott that Bannister saw running?" Lane asked.

"Not a chance. Look at those footprints. Mrs. Alcott wears flat-heeled shoes. Will you come here a minute, Miss Monroe?"

Muriel, who had been waiting on the veranda steps, came quickly. She threw away her cigarette, but not before Lane noticed that her hand was trembling.

The comandante took the flashlight and shone it down at the footprints. He asked:

"Whose shoes do you think made those prints, Miss Monroe?"

"There's only one girl in the division wears heels that high," Muriel said. "And that's Nita Fenwick."

The comandante nodded vehemently, his teeth clenched.

"And that's where I muffed it, Lane," he said. "I let that Fenwick girl get away. I was waiting for her aboard the Fonseca. I'd already been through her luggage, and I'd brought Señora Blanco along to search the girl when she came up the gangplank. She arrived about one minute before sailing time, running and out of breath. She was hiding nothing, so I left the ship. By the time I got the call from Janvier, heard Bannister's story and found the footprints, the ship had sailed. Luckily she calls at Santiago. I'm cabling the Cuban authorities to hold La Fenwick. I—"

"Now wait a minute, Joe," Lane interrupted. "Let's not go off half cocked. When does the Fonseca get to Santiago?"

"Day after tomorrow."

"Then we've got plenty of time. There's a lot I'd like to find out first. Why would Nita want to kill Alcott, anyhow?"

"Because he let her down," said the comandante. "She wanted him to leave his wife and go north with her. He refused."

"And did Bill Roland let her down, too? And Stilton?"

"Maybe this is just a grudge killing," the comandante said. "Maybe it hasn't anything at all to do with Roland and Stilton."

"It's too easy that way, Joe. It works out too pat. It sounds like the explanations of Alcott's jealous wife."

"Mrs. Alcott is sure Nita did it, all right," the comandante admitted. "So am I, for that matter."

"DID Mrs. Alcott see Nita around the house either before or after the shooting?"

"No, she didn't see anything. Mrs. Alcott says she was in her own room, getting ready for bed, when she heard the shots."

"She heard two shots?"

"Yes, she heard both. They were a few seconds apart. She's not surprised Bannister didn't hear the first because there was a fruit train passing."

"Where's Mrs. Alcott now?" Lane asked.

"She's in her room, quietly going to pieces. Doc Janvier is with her. He had to give her something that would calm her down."

"And there were no shells," said Lane, as though talking to himself.

"No, I couldn't find any empty cartridges. That means they were fired from a revolver, not an automatic. I'll dig that bullet out of the wall tonight, when Janvier moves Alcott to the hospital morgue, so we can get an idea of the caliber."

Lane made no comment. He was deep in thought as he lit a cigarette.

There was a droning sound overhead. Lane looked up. The red-and-green running lights of an airplane soared past, wheeling across the high dark ceiling of scudding clouds.

"That's Mr. Binsworth's plane," Muriel cried. "He got here ahead of the storm."

(To be concluded next week)

Fourth Son

Continued from page 18

oldest boy, not quite five, came out and stood by his side.

"I'm goin' to Texas this mornin'," he said.

"Why, now," said Bowie Harpenning, "that is quite a mornin's ride for one horse and one man. It would be a thousand miles, sonny."

"Grampa and gramma's there."

"Maybe they are," mused Bowie Harpenning. "Maybe they still are." His eyelids closed a little, wrinkling at the corners from the effort of looking back across time and distance. It was the talk of his boy and the smell of spring that brought back the seldom-recalled memory of the 'dobe house under the live oaks; and there was a small, odd stirring in him and a vague recollection of his mother making butter in the well-house, and the drowsing silence of the red-walled canyon wherein the shallow creek splattered over its graveled bed. They were alive for a moment, these scenes and impressions, and brought some vague feeling with them; and then he heard the croupy cough of the baby inside the house, and the past, which was never very real to Bowie Harpenning, left him quickly and completely.

He said: "Put on your sheepskin, sonny, and we'll ride down to the flats."

BILL HARPENNING rounded in at the King ranch below the canyon, had his dinner there, and afterward joined the bronc busters in the corral. When Helen came from the kitchen he left the corral and joined her; then, together, they rode out into the steady flatness of the plains.

She was a straight, man-raised girl with a face browned by the wind and sun, and something like a boy in the way she rode. There was no talk, and no sound save the soft abrasion of saddle leather and the punky scuff of the ponies' feet. Willows made a grove at the bend of the creek five miles south of the ranch and here they stopped, as by long habit, and let the horses stand. They walked along the edge of the creek, slowly. He had his head down, and his face was sharper than it had been, and troubled.

"I'm leavin' in the mornin'."

Her pace quickened until she was ahead of him, until he couldn't see her face.

"Why do you have to go?"

"Well," he said, and stopped, knowing no answer. He looked beyond her, at the north, and his face was thinned down from what he was thinking and there was a glow in his eyes. She saw it and her coolness went away and she said sharply:

"You're going just like your brothers, and you won't come back. Why should I care?" She pulled her shoulders back, and her hands were straight beside her, doubled tightly and she was crying.

He spoke in a shocked, groaning way: "Why, Helen! Everybody's got to go up the trail once. A man's got to see what's there. A man's got to know what it's like. I'll come back."

She shook her head and bent it until the tears were gone, and looked up at him again, direct and unsmiling. "I guess," she said, "if I were a man I'd go too. I guess you got to. But you'll go up there and you'll see something, like your brothers, and you'll forget Texas." She paused, watching the dark shift of expression on his cheeks, his uncertainty, and the formlessness of all that he felt. And then she was again cool and careless. "A girl's different, Bill. I'm seventeen—and that is getting old, not to be married."

He shot her a strained glance, a disbelieving glance.

"You'll wait for me, won't you, Helen?"

She murmured, so softly, sighingly sad: "Maybe, Bill. Maybe not. A year's pretty long. In a year I'll be eighteen. I was born when my mother was eighteen. Maybe—maybe not. We better go back."

PAUSED by the wash basin, with water hanging to the long transverse lines of his cheeks, Adna Harpenning watched his son come up the canyon in the first swirl of dusk. Twilight dripped in slow, adhesive streams down the canyon walls, and the smell of the land was sweet and pungent and cleansed. Light made a yellow rectangle of the doorway and when Adna Harpenning stood in it momentarily, the silhouette of his frame was long and narrow and faintly curved. He waited for Bill to wash; he said: "King's?"

"Yeah."

"A night like this," observed Adna Harpenning, "is kind of pleasant for ridin'," and passed into the house. At the table he bent his head and paid his respects to the Lord. "Bless these provisions to Thy servants, O Lord, and make us useful in Thy sight, and, Lord, protect the young that do travel far from home. In Thy name, humbly. Amen."

There was, he saw, no appetite in his son. Bill sat idly to his plate and the morsels of smoked ham and fried corn cakes seemed no pleasure to him. This was no new thing, though tonight there was an added reason, which would rise from Helen King.

"I once recall," said Adna Harpenning gently, "that I took occasion to differ with your mother some time before we was married. I reckon in the end she was right, but at the time it seemed different. That was a kind of uneasy week, in which I never set foot by her house. It had something to do with another man. It came to me I should kill the man dead, and I mighty near arrived at that act."

Lissie Harpenning turned her eyes toward him. Her face softened, and was tolerant with his humor and a little shy from the memory. "Harpenning," she murmured, "I was anxious for you to ask, but you were backward, and so I made some talk with Antone Dulac to make you take closer notice." She watched him, turned young by the memory for a moment, and said gently, "It made you mad. But you asked me the next week."

"I have no regrets," said Adna Harpenning.

THEY sat at the table, these three, each caught in his own deep recollections. After a time, Bill rose. His body cast a thin high shadow on the 'dobe wall and his long arms hung motionless for a moment. "I guess I'll ride down the canyon," he murmured, and went out. They listened to his horse crush along the creek's gravel. Lissie Harpenning's shoulders straightened and her eyes were round and concerned. "He don't eat enough, Harpenning."

"The best of the four," mused Adna Harpenning.

"This table used to be too small for all of us," she sighed. "Tomorrow it will be too big. When they were all little boys, Harpenning, I used to think the noise would make me cry. But it's hard to stand the quiet now. What will we do, Harpenning?"

Wrinkles, small and deep, netted around his eyes. His hand, stretching

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out to touch a scar in the edge of the table, showed sinews prominently against loose flesh. "I recall when Ray sat there and dug his knife into the board. The boy was put out because I would not let him drive the hay wagon. Always did have a quick disposition."

"Harpenning," she said, "where would he be now?"

THE year Ray Harpenning went up the trail somebody struck gold in the headwaters of the Salmon River, over in Idaho; and that way Ray turned. There was pay dirt on his claim, but he looked at the four walls of his cabin until one day, sick of his own voice, he deliberately blew in the drift tunnel with a stick of dynamite and turned to the boom town twenty miles away. Next year, because he had a way of getting along with men, he was named marshal; and that same year he met a girl.

She was the daughter of a townsman and when he looked at her she smiled and said: "You are very young to have so big a reputation." For he had killed his man, in the course of duty, even then. There was a streak of rashness in Ray, and he saw it in this girl in the way she laughed at him and wasn't afraid of him. Within a month he had asked her to marry him and had been accepted.

One week later, coming out of the Crystal Palace saloon, he saw her walking home with Hans Pardo, who owned the Caroline mine in the Winter Valley. Paused by the saloon, Ray Harpenning watched the two cruise along the walk, and saw Pardo remove his hat at her gate and speak something that made her smile. There was a quietness in Ray then, greater than any quietness he had ever felt before, and when Pardo came down the street again, Ray met him at the saloon's door.

"Hans," he said, "you're a little forward in your ways. I'm marrying that girl. Stay away."

Pardo wasn't smiling, but back of his eyes was something like insolence, not to be endured by Ray Harpenning. Pardo turned away, saying nothing at all, and Ray knew he was going after a gun; and he waited by the Crystal Palace, drawing the strong fragrance of a cigar's smoke through his lungs until he saw Pardo come around the corner of the hotel with a pistol on his hip. Ray dropped the cigar to the street's thick dust. A boy sat on the edge of the walk and Ray, crossing to the street's center to meet Pardo, said, "Move out of here, sonny," and waited till the boy had turned down a side alley.

A strong sun hung above him, and the street lay without shadow before him. He saw the girl standing by her gate, up the street, and he lifted his hat to her, smiling, and replaced his hat and turned directly around to face Pardo, drawing as he turned. There were two shots, the echoes bursting side by side and racing together all through the town, and afterward the girl cried his name and ran toward him. But deep in the dust, face down, he never heard her.

AT THREE-THIRTY in the morning, when Adna Harpenning stepped out of the house to wash up, Bill came up from the barn with his horse.

Adna Harpenning said: "I guess you better eat, Bill. Sam's like to be here early enough. I never knew him late on his word."

He followed his son into the house, putting his hand against the boy's back as if to push him along, though this was not the reason for his touching his son. He felt the faint warmth of Bill's skin through the cotton shirt, and the thinness of the muscles covering the boy's bones; and at once he felt the full force of a keen, hard anxiety that he could not reveal. This was his son who would

be bucking the trail, its cold gray rains, its dusts and its blazing heat, its tricky quicksand rivers and midnight stampedes and its tough, man-eating trail towns. A man went through these things and forgot them until the time came to send his sons along. Then it all came back, pretty real.

The kitchen was warm and light and its smells were nourishing. At the table Adna Harpenning bowed his head. "Bless these provisions to Thy servants, O Lord, and make us useful in Thy sight, and, Lord, protect the young that do travel far from home. In Thy name."

Lissie turned from the stove and placed Bill's hot cakes before him, and poured his coffee. She stood beside his chair, looking down, watching his face.

There was a gray-stained light showing at the window and a rider scuffed down the east side of the canyon, strongly calling: "All out for Montana."

he stood quite close to Bill. "I guess that will do. Never draw unless you mean to shoot and never shoot unless you mean to hit. I got but one thing more to say: use no words on any man that you wouldn't want him to use on you. Now you better dust along—it is gettin' late."

"Sure," said Bill Harpenning, and walked to his horse.

Lissie Harpenning stepped out from the doorway. "Bill," she said, "if you see any of the boys, tell them to write. It has been kind of long. If you see Crockett—"

IT WAS gray daylight, and the end of an all-night game in Deadwood. Spot Frazee said, "Call," and laid down his cards. Crockett Harpenning looked at them, no expression on his face and no disappointment in his voice. All he said was, "Good," and threw his hand into

ness that reminded him, as he stood irresolutely on the dark street, of the red-walled canyon in West Texas. He remembered it suddenly and with a fullness of feeling that held him entirely still. Then he pulled up his coat collar, patted his right pocket to make sure the derringer was lodged there, and tramped the loose boards toward the lower end of town.

"SURE," said Bill. "If I see any of them, I'll tell them to write."

"Well," called Sam Hillis, "time won't wait."

But young Bill suddenly slipped to the ground and went back and shook his father's hand and crossed to his mother. He bent over. He said, "Goodby, Mom," and kissed her, and ran back to his horse. In another moment he was in the saddle, leaving the yard at a full gallop. Sam Hillis followed.

Standing there, Adna Harpenning watched the boy reach the east rim and pause to wave, and dip on out of sight. Swinging about, Adna noticed that Lissie had gone into the house, whereupon he circled the back yard and came to the chopping block. He sat down here, rolling a cigarette and listening to the small, waking sounds of the day—and listening, too, for a sound from the house. But there was no sound, and then he remembered that Lissie never cried. A magpie flashed across the yard and the east rim began to blacken against the strong glow of the morning and above him in a cottonwood tree he noticed a deserted bird's nest.

He rose and went into the house, finding Lissie seated on the edge of the bed in the room that had belonged to the boys.

"Harpenning," she said, "he won't come back. The others didn't, and he won't."

His tone was gentle with her, as it had always been: "Why, now, it may be that way. But I guess it is like that nest in the cottonwood. They grow and feed, and then they leave. What else could we be expectin', Lissie? It is the way all things go. It is the way we did, when we got married. I reckon there's many a time we thought of Louisiana, and I guess we would like to have gone back. But we never did. Our good times was in raisin' 'em. . . ."

"Harpenning," she said, "it is a mighty empty house. He didn't eat, and he was sore troubled."

"The best of the four," murmured Adna Harpenning. "The trail will be his seasonin'."

He turned, not knowing how else to comfort her, and stood by the window, looking out to the canyon's west wall. He raised the cigarette, taking a slow breath of smoke.

"Come here, Lissie."

She delayed the coming until he turned and beckoned again. He moved away so that she might face the window, and he pointed through it. "Lissie," he said, in a voice that lifted out of his chest, "this boy will come back. The others never had a reason to return. But this boy will come back when fall's here. You see?"

His arm pointed upward to the west rim of the canyon where, shaped against the strong brightness of full morning, Helen King sat on her horse. She had her arm lifted high above her head, and she was signaling across the canyon to that other side where Bill Harpenning rode.

Lissie Harpenning turned and for a moment Adna saw her as she had been in Caddo Parish, a calm redheaded girl with a smile that meant everything. This was the way she looked at him now, and said:

"It will be nice to see grandchildren, Harpenning. I can be contented with that."



"I'm sorry, ma'am, but the chauffeur was in the tub when you phoned!"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

Lissie Harpenning put down her coffee pot and stood with both hands before her, straight and still. Bill came up from his chair. He swung to the door and paused, and came back to his mother, looking down at her; whereupon Adna Harpenning quietly left the room. Sam Hillis sat in his saddle, his ruddy cheeks beginning to show in the growing light. He said, not impatiently, "Time to go, Adna—Montana's a long ride."

"Sure," said Adna. "The boy is comin'. He's spendin' a minute with his mother."

"The fourth one—" began Sam Hillis, and quit on that.

Bill came out of the 'dobe carrying his gun and belt over one arm. He stood before the men, throwing the belt around his waist, notching it up. Lissie Harpenning appeared in the doorway and put a shoulder against the sill. Silence lay across the yard and across the canyon. Adna Harpenning said, "Son," and walked to the edge of the house. He picked up a small can and paced away and dropped the can. He stepped back toward a live oak tree. He said, "Try that, son."

Bill Harpenning lifted the gun and turned. He weighted the gun in his fist and let go twice, knocking the can on along the yard. Sam Hillis' horse pitched gently and Adna closed in until

the discard. Jim Burkitt started shuffling but Crockett Harpenning shook his head. "I guess that's all, boys," and he sat there while the rest of them rose and stamped the stiffness out of their legs and went away.

Cigar ashes grayed his black broadcloth suit and there was a whisky mark on the front of his white shirt. One barkeep slowly polished the back bar's mirror and a roustabout was sweeping up the sawdust and dirt over at the foot of the gold scales—a gleaning he would presently pan for spilled dust.

CROCKETT rose and passed to the bar and silently signaled for a bottle. He took a drink straight and quick. The saloonman said: "Cleaned?"

"A little run of poor luck," admitted Crockett.

"Well," said the barkeep, "I guess that's the way it goes. But if I was you, son, I'd pick another trade. You're still pretty young."

Crockett Harpenning left the saloon, facing the steady rush of wind coming down the canyon. Below lay the formless blur of Deadwood's lower quarter, here and there marked by a quick winking point of light. All the higher hills were snow-covered but there was a softening of the wind's edge to tell him of spring soon coming. It was this soft-

Home to Mother

Continued from page 15

the car. So, taking his change, he waved good night to the fellow.

She actually had taken off that coat, and was huddled to the side of the car. She was wearing one of those long housecoats like she used to wear at home, full and billowy; a man never knew whether it was supposed to be a bathrobe or an evening dress. He pulled off his jacket and gave it to her as he got into the car. "Oh, thanks, Pop," Lucy said tragically, drawing it around her shoulders as she snuggled to her father.

Maybe this clothes business did mean something to her; maybe it was one of those womanish nervous feelings that a man had to respect. Though he hoped it wasn't going to be a new rule in this game. Lord, he would have to outfit her complete! This time it looked serious.

"Don't you want to know what happened?" she gulped, with her hand on his wheel arm. He knew she needed to feel the strength and safeness of her father flowing to her through his arm; but if he had to make a quick turn her clutch might catch him up.

"You tell me if you want to, Luce," he said. There were some clothes she had worn as a girl, left home when she married; maybe she would be content to wear those for a while.

"Was it a dress you bought or something, Lucy?" he ventured, remembering when she was still a girl buying five-dollar Italian glove-silk underwear sets, her mother claiming a young girl had to have nice things to be happy.

"I didn't buy a thing for me," she blazed. "I bought *him* a present and for that he jumps on me! I—I never thought such a person could exist."

It turned out that she had bought six shirts for Homer, and he needed them, she insisted, her voice cracking; he was practically out of shirts, the cuffs were all frayed, did he want to go to the office looking like he belonged on relief? So she had bought him these shirts as a present and when he came home and saw them he practically jumped down her throat.

Weren't they the kind of shirts Homer liked? Papa Carruthers asked, knowing how women were apt to fail to understand a man's principles about attached, or unattached collars. Maybe Homer could change the shirts. Did she still have the slip?

"He can wipe his shoes with them for all I care. I'm through." She shivered.

As he drove the car into the garage, Papa Carruthers finally found out what was wrong about the shirts. They were three dollars apiece, making eighteen dollars in all. Lucy claimed this was a bargain as they were the best five-dollar brand; and Homer swore he had never in his life paid more than a buck and a half for a shirt. Why, damn it, this was more than half a week's pay, and who did she think she was married to, Don Ameche, that he should have to go around in five-dollar shirts? It was about time she realized she was married to a plain office worker and—

So that was how this one had happened.

Pop pulled the garage door over the hump where it usually got stuck, and, carrying Lucy's coat, followed her up the stairs. Mamma Carruthers had hot tea and toast waiting for her daughter, and they fell to gabbing. As for himself, he went right back to bed.

NATURALLY Lucy was not up to breakfast, but at noon she served the meal, fresh and girlish in a flowered overall thing she had loved to wear around the house, right before she was married.

"Just like old times," Mom said as Lucy served around her special pineapple and cottage-cheese salad, and sat down between them. Pa Carruthers severed a segment of pineapple with his fork, and wondered how much it would cost him if the two of them went shopping that afternoon.

"Homer called this morning," he ventured.

Nobody said anything.

"I told him you were still sleeping, Luce."

"I'm going to fix some of that stuffed celery you like for supper, Mother," Lucy chirped, and for the first time Papa Carruthers wondered if a man could spank a grown and married daughter.

AROUND half past five he saw Homer walk hastily past the store, turning his head for a glance through the door as he passed. In a moment Homer had doubled back, and entered. He waited while Papa Carruthers counted six drapery hooks into a bag for a lad.

"I saw you pass," Papa Carruthers said, as the boy trailed out, with a longing eye on a Junior electric band saw.

"Yah. I wanted to make sure they weren't down in the store. I wanted to talk to you."

Pop came around and perched on the counter, like he used to when he was a young man; this gave him a sense of talking to Homer on his own level. He let his hand scoop some nails from the bin, and distractedly sorted the out-of-size ones while they talked. Kids were always mixing them up.

"The first couple of times, I thought, you know how it is, marriage must be a kind of a shock to a girl, it takes her a while to get used to the idea," Homer said. "She's got to have somewhere to run back to."

"Yep. Women are sensitive things," Papa Carruthers said.

"But after all, this is getting to be a habit," Homer said. "It can't be because she really doesn't want to be with me."

"No," Pop hastily agreed. "I don't think that's so at all."

"I think she still loves me," Homer said a little shyly.

"Oh, sure," Pop said. "You know how women are. Girls. They want to feel appreciated. Well, now, Lucy's got a mad on, that's all. I understand; she got you a kind of a present, those shirts, and I guess you didn't show enough appreciation. You know, you have to put it on for them, sometimes."

"Well, no, look, those shirts: it's a matter of principle," Homer said, terribly serious. That was the way of those Swedes, Papa Carruthers figured, they could never see anything as small; there was always a big deep problem to any trivial event. Hjalmar, his name used to be. "I can't go around wearing five-dollar shirts on thirty a week," Homer stated. "That would be just plain dishonest. It makes me out a liar. It says I'm in a different class of society from what I am."

"Well, sure. But you know Lucy," Papa Carruthers said. "She always likes to buy especially nice stuff. I guess we pampered her a little; it's one thing hard to deny a girl, you know, nice silks and stuff. But you can make her understand. Just keep one of them, maybe, and trade back the others, you know, just something to make her feel good. You don't have to jump down the poor kid's throat just because she buys you a fancy present."

Homer's brows knit. "No," he said. "It's not this one little incident. She

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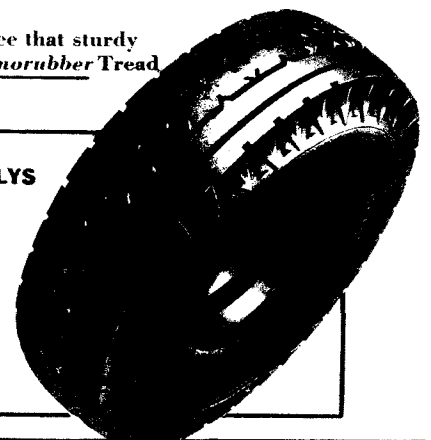


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PEPTO-BISMOL

WHEN YOUR STOMACH
IS UPSET

comes running back here all the time, over every little thing. I'll tell you what it is—" He paused, to formulate his idea.

A woman came in and tried out six kinds of pot holders before she bought one for ten cents. When she was gone, Homer waited still another minute. And then he said:

"I think the whole thing is your fault, Mr. Carruthers."

"Me?" Pop fussed, putting back the scattered pot holders.

"Yep. Like you said, you pampered her. But much worse than you think. You practically spoiled her for being a wife."

"Now Lucy's a damn' sweet girl," Mr. Carruthers defended himself. "I don't know what's wrong between you two, but I don't see why you put it off on me." "It's not just you. It's Mrs. Carruthers. Maybe she's really responsible."

Mr. Carruthers wondered whether he ought to get mad. He decided to wait.

"My mother was that way, too," Homer said. "I was a terrible sissy when I was a kid. They couldn't even leave me alone in the house for an hour, or I'd yell. I used to cry, till I was maybe twelve years old," Homer confessed. Mr. Carruthers couldn't figure out what he was getting at. After all, raising a boy was different from raising a girl.

Finally, Homer said, his father decided to pack him off to a military school.

"As it happens, I know enough now to know he was wrong," Homer said. "A military school was the last place for a kid like me. But anyway, there I was. I couldn't stand it. I ran away and came home twice. Each time my mother made a terrible scene and cried all over me. But the old man insisted on taking me back the next morning."

"I hated the boys, and I wouldn't even try to study or to obey the rules or anything. Well, finally I ran away a third time. I climbed out of the window at night and I had one hell of a time getting home. The school was about fifty miles out, you know, Bensonhurst, and usually a kid could hitch it in a couple of hours. But this was a real dark night and maybe nobody could see me or they were scared of getting into trouble, I don't know, but I walked for hours, and every once in a while I would start to run, and I guess I was even screaming while I was running. Then I did get a ride—it was some fellow with a truck—I told him I was lost and he took me straight home to our door."

HOMER stopped. Papa Carruthers still couldn't figure out what he was driving at, but listened with an odd, resentful feeling that this young fellow was deeper than himself, maybe understood life better.

"I rang and nobody answered," Homer said. "I knocked and banged on the door, I went around in back and kicked the kitchen door, but nobody woke up. I waited there on the back porch, by the door, thinking how my mother would scream and give my father hell when she found me like that. But it got light, and people began moving around in the houses, and nothing happened in our house. Then the woman from next door came over. Our house was just locked up tight and there was nobody there."

Homer paused; then went on:

"My old man admitted to me long afterward he had it fixed for the principal to phone him when I left school again. And he had some fake telegram or something to drag my mother right out of the house on a family emergency visit to his brother in Wheeling. They were gone a couple of days, and of course I had gone right back to school. And you know, I was so scared I had no place to go to, I started to pay some attention to where I was. I got to know

some of the kids in the school, and it wasn't so bad after all."

Papa Carruthers nodded. Something in the last that Homer had said seemed to be the connection with Lucy. He'd figure it out later.

"But my mother sure gave my father hell when she found out the trick he had played, and how I slept there on the doorstep that night," Homer said. "She gave him hell, all right. It was the next time I came home, for a vacation. I told her, and I heard her give him hell. But all he said was, 'Suppose we really hadn't been here?' He said, 'A kid's got to be a man sometime. Suppose he really had no place to go to?' I remember that perfectly because I was eavesdropping. 'Suppose he really had no place to go to?'"

Just then they heard Mamma Carruthers coming down the stairs.

"Don't tell Lucy I was here," Homer said. "She can come home when she's ready to stay." He withdrew quickly.

PAPA CARRUTHERS started the quarrel the next day, by having a man come to put in the phone extension. Ma nearly chased the fellow out of the house. "Why, we didn't order any phone!" she yelled. "I've been telling your company for twenty years we don't want any extension!" But he showed her the order; the next minute she was downstairs with him, hopping on Pa, but for once he was lucky: a customer was in the store. Ma had to say quietly, "Did you order this?" "Sure, go ahead and put it in," he said to the phone man. And luckily there was a whole string of customers. Ma had to go upstairs, fuming, while the fellow put in the phone.

She was all set for Papa when he came up for his four-o'clock snack.

"Haven't we enough bills to pay?" she demanded.

"Sure," he said. "As long as we have extra passengers."

She stared at him, dumfounded. Lucy gasped.

"Why, are you crazy?" Mamma asked.

"I'm tired of running back and forth to that phone. Thought we got rid of

our daughter, I could indulge myself in fifty cents a month," he stated.

Mamma Carruthers stood up solemnly. "You can't talk to Daughter like that," she declared. "She has a home here as long as she lives. She can always come home to Mother."

"I thought she had a home with her husband," Papa said.

"Let me go! Let me go!" Lucy screamed hysterically, pushing off, but her mother held her by the arms.

"You're not going," Mamma Carruthers cried. "You stay here." She turned on her husband. "What's come over you? Aren't you ashamed of yourself? You must be stark, raving mad! The poor girl has to have somewhere to go to! Do you want to force her to live with that—that dumb Swede?"

"Nobody's forced to live with anybody," Papa Carruthers said solemnly. He arose and quietly went to his room. In a few moments he came out, carrying his suitcase.

Mamma was just getting Lucy to take a sip of tea. She heard the suitcase bump, and looked at him goggle-eyed.

"Where do you think you're going?" she demanded.

He was all ready for her. "Home to Father," he stated.

They sat there staring at him. His father had been dead these nine years.

Presently Lucy began to cry, in a kind of shame.

SHE was gone in half an hour. She insisted on taking the streetcar, said she didn't have even a bag with her, so it made no difference, and since Papa had to stay in the store and Mamma had to make his dinner, she didn't want anyone to bother driving her home. She figured she could get home just in time to fix dinner for Homer.

They both walked to the corner with her, and watched her board the car. It hurt a little to see her so subdued. And yet it wasn't exactly sad. Children had to grow up sometime, and learn the facts of life.

"I guess she'll be all right now," Mamma Carruthers said as the streetcar pulled away.



"I wonder if you boys would mind dropping back in an hour or so—we still got to fix up alibis for Tony and Red"

LEONARD DOVE

Track Fast

Continued from page 22

suspicions about this one when it came unavoidably to his attention that his young men made better time on it than they could on any other.

In the early years, this took Mr. Hillman and even his athletes by surprise and brought them, upon occasion, some very keen disappointments. From times turned in in practice, for instance, they'd reach the conclusion that theirs was surely a championship, say, relay team. Yet when time came to prove it on some other set of boards, they wouldn't be within a half-dozen seconds of their Hanover figures and might trail a pack they didn't figure belonged in the same event with them.

At first, they thought the fault might be with the watches. These were checked and rechecked and found to be truthful. Gradually suspicion settled upon the running surface.

A Problem of Climate

Mr. Hillman was a party to the birth of the now famous oval, and its immortality is cushioned upon a series of fortunate mistakes, the mistakes seeming to stem from the fact that neither Mr. Hillman, nor any of the gentlemen who assisted him, had had previous experience with architecture of this particular sort and were thus forced to proceed, more or less, by guess and by gorry.

That was seven years ago.

Dartmouth, being practically on the edge of the Arctic Zone, has a stern climatic problem facing her in the matter of team athletics. To meet it, as far back as thirty years ago, she began the first of these big granddaddy gymnasiums, and completed it two years later. It's an enormous place, built in the shape of a cross, and, unlike many of those indigestible architectural monstrosities of the early 1900's, it's a presentable and well-preserved building today.

It was originally conceived to take care, indoors, of all outdoor sports when a blizzard, or some such, made the outdoors untenable. The arm of the cross is 120 yards inside from wall to wall and approximately forty yards wide. One half, or "wing" of it, is large enough to hold a regulation baseball diamond, and does—just the diamond, mind you, not the outfield, of course. The other wing accommodates all the pits, runways and other appurtenances to the "field" part of track—the vaulting and high-jumping pits, the shot-put circle, and so on.

Running completely around this great crossarm, passing from wing to wing on each side through a big and well-lighted tunnel, is a regulation hard-packed cinder track. It's indoors, and sometimes it's dank and chill, but it's there and it's an important part of our present consideration.

Winter track meets in the East, and they're an important part of the Eastern winter sports program in cities possessed of great stadiums such as New York and Boston, are naturally held on board tracks, laid upon cement floor, in such places as the Madison Square and Boston Gardens.

To train his young men for such metropolitan showings, Mr. Hillman decided to put in some boards. Harvard, Boston College and a few more have outdoor board tracks, but Harvard, Boston College or the rest have no Hanoverian blizzards. Mr. Hillman's only chance was to surface that big indoor cinder pathway with planking.

To his assistance he summoned Howard Lockwood, now a Professor of Engineering at New York's Manhattan College, but then occupying a similar

portfolio in the Dartmouth Engineering School, technically known as the Thayer School of Engineering. The good professor didn't know any vast amount about practical athletics but he did know his blueprints and rulers and calipers, so, with Mr. Hillman's moral and advisory assistance, he drew up a plan for an elliptical and likewise portable system of duckboards, somewhat comparable to those used on the paths of the campus during the great spring thaw. Joined together, they formed a huge board track, nine feet wide, approximately 82 yards down each straightaway, and joined together at each end by two 49-yard curves.

Actually, and accurately, the track is 6.73 laps to the mile. This unusual size unquestionably has something to do with the faster times on it. The Garden tracks are ten and eleven laps to the mile, and the more turns a runner makes the slower his time.

The rest was a combination of unforeseen accident and unsuspected blessing. The job of building it was turned over to the college superintendent of buildings, one Willard M. Gooding, who didn't know anything about board tracks either. The selection of the lumber and the rest was left to him. Figuring one plank was as good as another, he took 1½-inchers, laid them end to end on the straightaways, and side by side on the curves. The plans called for a bank of two feet on the turns, but Mr. Gooding made an honest mistake and placed the pitch at three feet. He built all these little platforms on 2-by-4 bases, in sections, so they'd be portable, and the finished result was the track.

Those who've come to consider it a job of genius in its field are still puzzled about what makes it so fast, but the best guessing is that its size, its three-foot banking on the turns, and the extra springiness it gets because it's resting upon cinders, all have something to do with it—the size and the cinder base probably being the most important contributors.

The official prover, that unbelievable but now officially recognized Cunningham mile, was an epic in precise preparation. Every possible precaution against mechanical or human temptation to err was taken. Along with this the A.A.U. rules governing such affairs were studied and followed as carefully as a doctor's prescription containing strychnine.

Anticipating Everything

At the close of a magnificent indoor season which never saw him running better, the famed Kansan was persuaded to come to Hanover by Mr. Hillman and see how fast he could go. The date agreed upon was Thursday night, March 3, 1938, and, having plenty of time, these are a few of the things that were there-upon done (and will be done again this year for Lash and Woodruff):

In accordance with the rules, three timers and one alternate, all official A.A.U. timers with more than twenty years' experience holding watches on track meets, skiing events, swimming races, etc., were provided.

The watches they used were all checked and accurately synchronized for almost two weeks.

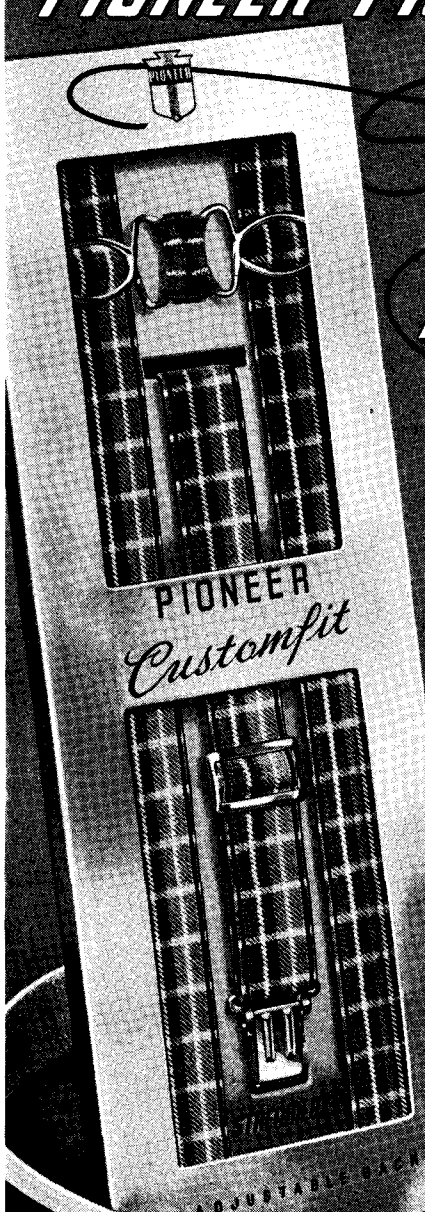
The course was surveyed twice to be sure that there was no mistake about it's being a full mile in length.

In accordance with A.A.U. requirements, an inside border was added to the track, thus making it mechanically official.

It was arranged for Cunningham to

PIONEER PRESENTS

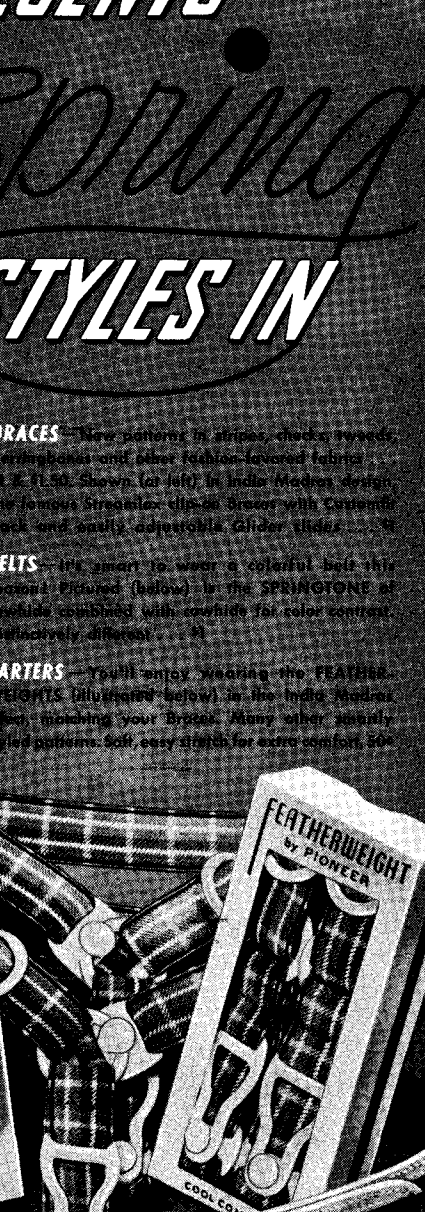
Spring STYLES IN



BRACES—New patterns in stripes, checks, tweeds, herringbones and other fashion-leveled fabrics. A. A. U. Shown (at left) in India Modern design. The famous Streamlox elastic brace with Streamlox back and easily adjustable Glider slides.

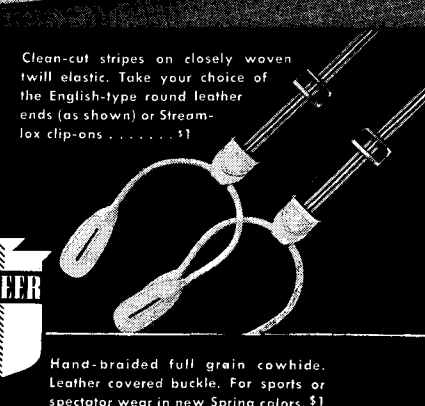
BELTS—It's smart to wear a colorful belt this season. Pictured (below) is the SPRINGTIME at Streamlox combined with cowhide for color contrast. Distinctively different.

GARTERS—You'll enjoy wearing the FEATHERWEIGHT (shown below) in the India Modern design, matching your braces. Many other seasonally styled patterns. Soft, easy stretch for extra comfort. 50¢.

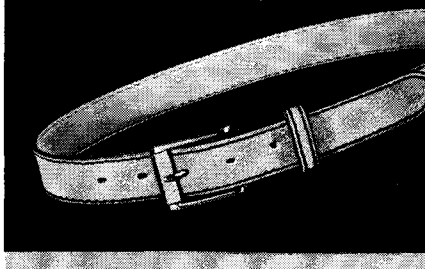




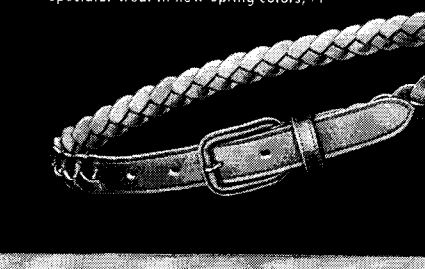
New Herringbone-Chevron elastic webbing. Available, as pictured, with fine quality flat leather ends or in Streamlox (clip-on) style . . . \$1



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start six inches back of the mark so there'd be no possible room for a claim that he didn't go the full distance.

The referee, Dr. John W. Bowler, since deceased, but a famous coach, trainer, timer and official for more than forty years, personally checked the start, the watches and every other item pertaining to the event.

One of the N.E.A.A.U. officials, Frank McGrath, who with another official, J. Frank Facey, personally attended the event to check everything from the A.A.U. angle, handicapped the six other runners in the race in a fashion calculated to bring out all the competitive fight in the star. The other runners were Dartmouth students, two of them good college milers. The first lad, Stu Whitman, started five yards ahead of Cunningham. Four others, Cliff Holmes, Bert MacMannis, Robert Yuell and Fred Upton, started approximately 260 yards ahead of him. The last, Hal Watson, started approximately a half mile ahead of him.

Of course, they all started with the bark of the gun when Cunningham started. The idea was to give him strong opposition to pull down all the way.

A no-smoking rule was rigidly enforced.

The day, as it chanced, dawned bitterly cold, unseasonably cold, even for Hanover at that time of the year. The temperature all day was around ten below zero with a bitter wind howling down from the hills. It's practically impossible to heat that big gym on a day such as that, although Hillman was there before he had his breakfast to turn the steam on full blast.

The best temperature for record running is around sixty-five or seventy.

An hour before the race, the temperature at track level was forty-five. It may have been fifty by the time all was set, which was around eight o'clock in the evening. Cunningham, who always takes plenty of time to warm up, a thing he has to do because of a foot badly burned as a lad, but a trait misunderstood by the crowd as grandstanding when he first showed in the East, took more than a half hour to get ready in this chilly air.

But at last he was set and the historical event was away.

The champion said after the race that if he'd dared take Hillman's word all the way, he believed he could have knocked the figure two seconds lower. But he didn't dare believe the track as fast as Hillman's claims. He paid practically no attention to the Dartmouth runners, but, after the fashion of the famed Paavo Nurmi, he really ran against the watch. Unlike Paavo, he didn't carry the watch in his hand. Hillman stood near the track and called the quarters to him as he ran them, and when he heard he'd spun the first one in 58.5 seconds, he deliberately slowed down, figuring that he'd set too fast a pace to go in high to the finish.

Watch the Records Fall

He ran what was, under the circumstances, a slow second quarter—64 seconds flat. Feeling himself still full of run and deciding that Hillman must be right about the track after all, he turned on the juice again then and kept it on to the end. His third-quarter figure was 61.7 seconds and he blazed the final in 60.2.

The total was the phenomenal 4:04.4, surpassing Wooderson's official world's record of 4:06.4 by exactly two seconds, despite the fact that the Britisher's figures were written outdoors!

Hillman agrees with Cunningham's statement, which was made in all modesty, that he could have gone two seconds faster if that fast first quarter hadn't frightened him. Hillman further-

more believes that Cunningham or his equal, if that equal comes along, and equals or superiors usually do sooner or later in sport, can run a four-minute mile on that set of boards.

He even has it figured out how. The first quarter will have to be in the same figures, 58.5 seconds. The rest will be 60.6, 61.2, and 59.7 or some thinly shaded readjustment of the same.

So far as Lash and Woodruff go, Lash has done 8:58 for the two miles and Woodruff flirts with 1:50 in the half. Hillman figures Lash will run 8:54 or maybe better in Hanover, whereas Woodruff will break 1:48.

The world's record in the two-mile was set by M. Zabo in Hungary in 1937 at 8:56. The world's record in the half-mile is 1:49.8 and is held by Ben Eastman. The American indoor record is 1:51.4, and was set by Lloyd Hahn in 1928.

If Cunningham's feat is any criterion, all these will be smudged. Woodruff, incidentally, will try for the 800-meter record simultaneously.

May Affect Future Foot Racing

It's something of a question as to what effect this weird Dartmouth track will have upon the future of indoor foot racing, if not indeed upon the future of all foot racing. Promoters of the big city meets are becoming concerned, for it's generally understood that the customers come to see records broken. If they're all smashed so badly away up there in the country, where races have to be held in comparative privacy, the big lure may be drained gradually but surely from the metropolitan events.

The promoters of the great Millrose A.A. Games in the New York Garden, for instance, sent a carpenter to Hanover to study that track. It was the cinder angle that interested them. They wondered if they couldn't get something of the same effect by placing rubber bumpers or cushions of some sort between their track and the Garden cement. Even if they do, however, they can't duplicate the Dartmouth size. A total of 11 or possibly 10 laps is their maximum allowance.

Other coaches are beginning to ask Mr. Hillman about letting their stars come up and take a whirl on his boards, and Mr. Hillman, a genial and cordial soul, says, "Come on." But, as a matter of fact, except for the publicity, it puts no butter on his personal radishes.

That gym was never made to accommodate spectators. A grand total of possibly 1,500 can be served with standing room upon a sort of mezzanine balcony, but that's all. A big box-office price in that territory is fifty cents, and by the time you bring a runner and his coach into New Hampshire from Pittsburgh, import and feed and house eight timers to hold the watch on him, pay for all that printing and calibrating and surveying, and so on, a fellow might be a little hard put to break even, not that Mr. Hillman could take the money anyhow, or would take it.

It's all just a labor of love with him. His track was fooling him, and he wondered what the matter was.

Mr. Cunningham more than confirmed his suspicions.

He and it will be immortal if this just keeps up, but wait and see what Lash and Woodruff do. Officially an indoor mark can't be a world's record because the International Federation doesn't recognize board tracks, but they're official American records and unofficial world figures, and if Lash and Woodruff wipe all known marks off the pages in their particular events that Hanover track may become the Mecca of every champion in the world, with Mr. Hillman arranging races practically in eight-hour shifts.

The Chinchilla Coat

Continued from page 20

"You don't mean—to the top?" she asked almost inaudibly, for her throat had closed up.

"Yes."

"Opera? Concert?"

"Either or both. Of course, those high spots take years and a furious lot of work."

"Dan," she said strangely, "hated my singing except when I pulled every song down and smashed it."

"Dan was jealous. Men often are. I thought you said you had a little girl."

"I have. Want to see her?"

"Yes."

She glanced at her watch. "This is her supertime," she said. "Do you mind?"

"I don't mind kids," said Ryan. "Why must you ask 'do you mind'?"

LUCY was having her supper on a tray and a maid sat beside her. Lucy was spooning up a soft-boiled egg. Lucy must be, he figured, about five years old, looking around him curiously at the warm room, at the turned-down immaculate small bed, at the toys, at the pudding waiting on the tray, at Lucy's uplifted gray eyes above the spoon, at the satin-bound pink bathrobe and slippers to match and at Lucy's mother, too, as she leaned to touch the child. Nothing of this could have been staged. None of this went with the headlines, but Ryan long since had discovered that the story lay far below the headlines. Lucy was screwing up her eyes at him over the spoon. What did you do with kids when they screwed up their eyes at you? Ryan reached down a tentative forefinger, Lucy accepted it warmly and around the teaspoon she spoke:

"Rex is at the vet's but he's not very sick—he had a flea." Then she sighed with loss and content and lack of worry.

"By the way, I—I was married once myself," Mr. Ryan said tentatively to Mrs. Thorp as he was leaving. "Kid stuff. She—died."

Mrs. Thorp said nothing at all. She leaned back against the silvery wallpaper of her tiny foyer as if she was very tired. She had thrown off the chinchilla cap and her hair had luster and depth. You could push your face down into it and smell loveliness, flowers. You could put your mouth down over that red, scornful cold mouth and hold it there until the scorn and the coldness, anyway for you, were gone, until everything but you was forgotten, blacked out. That is, you could do that if you

had gone clean crazy over her all of a sudden. Otherwise you held out your hand and she took it. And you said, "I'll get in touch with you tomorrow." And you walked out of that door and you rang for the elevator.

Three days and he didn't call her. She jumped when the telephone rang. She practiced new songs. She dug up old songs and reviewed them. Finally she called his office and got through to him.

"Oh, yes," he said as if he remembered her faintly. "I was getting around to you. How about a cocktail somewhere?"

"I don't want to drink with you or eat with you," she said. "I want to sign with you."

"It's not necessary to sign," he said. "My word is enough. I'm not sure that you'll do. I'd have to hear you again. Have you a repertoire?"

"A what?" she asked, her throat husky.

"Other songs," he said.

"I have plenty of other songs."

There was a silence. Then, "I'll be there at four," he said and hung up.

After that he came for three days straight. Then he didn't call her for a week. She sat on the eighth day with her hands folded together waiting for the telephone to ring. Finally it rang.

"Take it," she said to the maid.

"Mr. Ryan," said the maid.

"Take the message," she said without rising.

"He's coming at five, Mrs. Thorp," said the maid.

She didn't move or speak. She looked disinterested. He came at six-thirty. She had changed to an old olive-green velveteen dress with rubbed elbows, the dress she got into for comfort when she felt cold and wretched. She was sitting huddled over the fire when he came.

"I look terrible," she said. "I'd given you up. I'm cold."

SHE didn't move to meet him. She sat. He had a flat package with him and he laid it down beside her.

"What's that?" she asked, not touching it. "You know I can't stand this—this picking up and being dropped. I don't know where I am."

"What do you mean—'where I am'?"

"With you. Whether you're my manager or not."

He sat down opposite, for she had two small sofas set at right angles to the fire. "Yesterday," he said, "I met a man named Stuart. He said he knew you."

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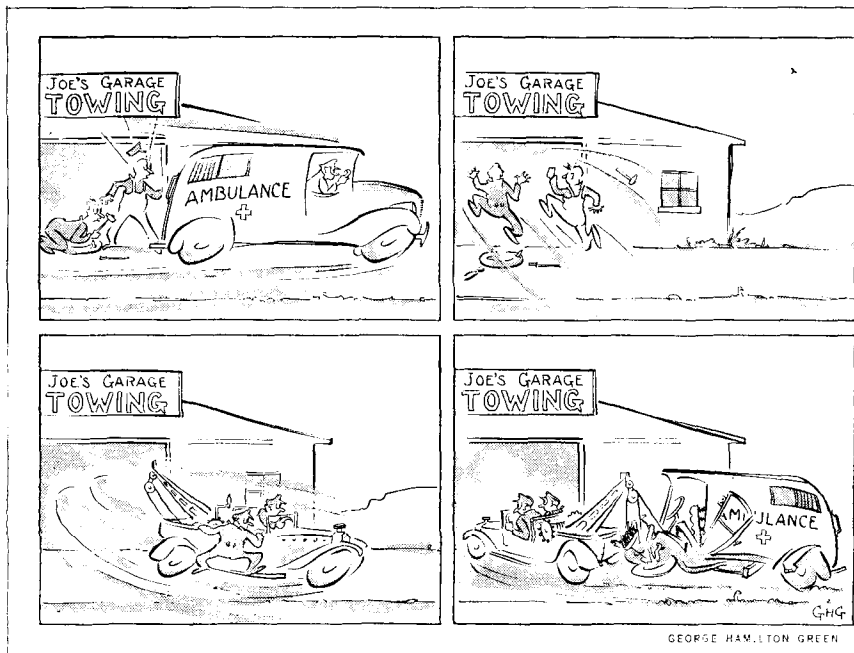
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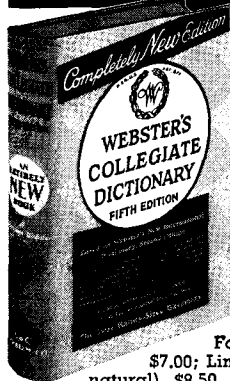
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"Oh, yes," she said. "Stuart."

"Is Stuart in love with you?"

"He was. He's over it now. . . . He was the man who figured with me in the headlines, what the newspapers called so selectively 'the other man.' As if there were only two."

"How many, actually, were there?" he asked, for he had to know.

She looked up at him swiftly. She answered quietly. "Actually only my husband," she said.

He had a good time that evening. Everything went well. They had scrambled eggs and coffee before the fire and Lucy was brought in to say good night. Rex brought himself in also and rolled on the rug. Quite a family scene, thought Ryan, and she must have thought so, too, for she looked at him speculatively after things were quiet again.

"I don't mind," he said, forestalling her. "I—I like it." And he asked, "What's your name?"

"Riccarda. Like it?"

"Too long," he said. "Open the box."

INSIDE the wrappings was a green leather box. Inside the box was a superb emerald necklace set in intricate, heavy gold.

"But—but—" she said, and she held her hands away from it as it lay on her lap. "This is fabulous," she said. "They—can't be real. They look like a rajah's emeralds—from India or somewhere."

"It is an old necklace," said Ryan. "Of course they're real. The bracelets weren't quite ready. The clasps were loose. I'll bring them along next time."

"But I can't take—" She looked up at him as he stood so quietly. "What is all this?" she asked.

In the silence her doubt, her uncertainty met his certainty and fell away. "Simply that you're the type for emeralds," said Ryan. "These are for publicity. They set the stage. I thought of emeralds for you that first day. I'm not giving you these, you know. You're opening on the tenth."

"Where?" she asked quietly.

"Where I said. The Plaisance. That has the crowd. Now sing me the coster song and we'll dope out your racing sheet."

She had less than a week to get ready. She hadn't time to sit down, to stand still, to sleep, to think, to be frightened. She worked on her songs with Harry at her apartment, and with the orchestra, mornings, on the top floor of the hotel. She had fittings. She had massages. She had her hair done a new way. She had a different tint put on her fingernails. She had always had style but now she began to look professional, turned-out, smooth. Harder, too, particularly after Dan Thorp called her on the telephone.

"So the little woman has been giving a producer the eye," Dan said.

"Dan!" she said. Then, when she got her breath again, "Dan, I want you to let me alone. I'm through. I'm finished. I know when I've had enough."

"I know," said Dan. "But you'd better behave yourself with this damned Ryan. I hear he's given you emeralds."

"Loaned," she said through a tight throat. "You—distort everything."

"Stuart says Ryan's gone completely smash over you. He says Ryan can't see straight, that he's walking around in circles."

"You and Stuart," she said contemptuously. "I didn't know you and Stuart ever got together."

"We don't. I met him on a corner and he looked pretty queer. So then he stopped. So then he said, 'Ryan's in love with Ric. He's given her emeralds. Have you seen her lately?' And I said, 'No. Have you?' And he said, 'No.' And then he walked along."

There was a silence. Then, "Dan," she said, "what do you want? Why did you call me?"

"Well," Dan said and he hung in the air. "Things aren't so good lately. I could use some cash."

"How much?"

"I need a thousand today. I could do with two."

"I'll send you down a check for a thousand dollars by messenger," she said. "And then let me alone, won't you—can't you—"

"Sure," Dan said and hung up.

Ryan came for her at ten-thirty on her opening night. She was dressed and ready, walking up and down.

"Thanks for the flowers," she said. Ryan said nothing. His red roses flared below a mirror. His branched early white peach blossoms distilled an essence of spring across the room.

"They're wonderful," she said huskily. "And so are you. To me. Why? Do you like me?"

"I think so," said Ryan.

"Don't you know? Or does it depend on whether I'm a success or not?"

"You'll be a success. So that's the dress."

"Do you like it?"

"Turn around," he said. So she turned to face him and at that moment she was exquisite. The dress was clear, bright red, shirred, soft, cut low. There were yards and shirred yards to the skirt. The skirt swept out from her slim young waist with the sweep of a dancer's skirt even when she was not in motion. The dress was a triumph of line, of grace, of pure beauty and softness, and within it, hung with his emeralds, dark, palpitating, waiting for his word, she looked to him like some rajah's favorite of long ago, waiting for her lord.

He wanted to look away from her but he couldn't look away. He wanted to cut through the dream he was in, to say something, anything, but he couldn't. He hadn't known until now whether what he felt for her was love, so called, or not. He knew well enough that what he felt for her was eating him up, destroying him. But love—that was something he hadn't encountered for years and it surmounted the other. Practically it wiped out the other for it included so much else. And when a man begins to love a woman he begins to forget about himself.

"Tonight," he said, "you're one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen."

She drew in a long breath. "That ought to help me," she said.

"Frightened?"

"Frozen. I need help."

"Help in what way?"

"Something, someone to hang on to."

"We'd better be going," he said.

He stood while the maid put her into the chinchilla coat.

"Rosie's again," she said. "She's wearing an older one tonight. Isn't she kind? Her coat. Your emeralds."

He said nothing to that. He waited. He stood away from the sweep of her skirts in the elevator. He sat away from her in the car—his own car tonight, opulent, plenty of room. But as they neared the hotel she moved closer to him and reached out her hand. So he covered her hand with his, held it, warmed it. At the hotel they waited in line.

"Quite a crowd," he said. "You've brought out the town!"

"You have," she said.

"By the way," he said, "Dan Thorp is giving a big party here tonight. Don't let it get you down. It's a tribute, isn't it?"

She said nothing at all to the fact of Dan's party. She was photographed going in. She was stopped here and there by people she knew. Everybody stared. There was music somewhere in the distance.

"Hello, Amy," she said. "John, this is Mr. Ryan."

SHE clung to the thought of the strength of him there beside her. "Mr. Ryan. Mr. Ryan. Mr. Ryan," she said to herself. He left her at her dressing-room door. Flowers here too—from him, from her mother in Cannes, from Stuart. None from Dan, thank God. So Dan wasn't going to want her back. That had been her dread, how to fight, how not to let Dan sink her again, how not ever to lose Lucy. There was a maid here to fix her up but all the maid found to do was to hang up the chinchilla coat. When Mrs. Thorp came in, the maid, who was French, had simply lifted both her hands and then folded them contentedly together. So she felt she must be all right. If she had not been, the maid would have found something to do.

Nearly midnight. She was to go on at twelve. The maid went away to get her a cup of beef broth. She paced the narrow room. She watched the clock. And



"The mate? The mate to what?"

ED HUNTER

then Dan Thorp came in and, closing the door behind him, he leaned back against it. He had been drinking.

"What is it now?" she asked. "Money?"

"You can't sing," said Dan.

"Oh, yes, I can," she said. "I can and I will. I always could but you blocked me. Now you can't block me any more."

"You and your Ryan," said Dan.

"He's not my Ryan," she said.

"Emeralds," Dan said. "Chinchilla coats. . . . You can't sing. You're going out there and fall flat and I'm going out there and watch you do it. I'm giving a party out there to watch you do it. . . . Or maybe you won't go out there at all. . . . You'd like to sing at the Met, wouldn't you? Career woman—opera star—"

"There's no question of that."

"Sure there isn't. You can't sing."

"Still *that*—still," she said. "I gave it up, didn't I? I closed the piano. I didn't sing a note. . . . But now I'm not with you. I'm through. I'm free."

It was a narrow room. As Dan Thorp left his position against the door she moved back as far as she could. She leaned against the wall. She held up her hands. "Look out. My dress," she cried, but as he reached her he caught a fold of her skirt in his hand and jerked. The fabric split along a shirred line. She cried out at him then and Ryan opened the door. Ryan took Dan Thorp by one shoulder, spun him around and ran him out of the room.

"Get out and don't come back. She's not alone now," Ryan said to Dan Thorp.

After Dan Thorp was gone Ryan came back into the room and washed his hands. The maid came in with the beef broth. Mrs. Thorp drank it. The maid threaded a needle with red silk and caught up the tear in the skirt. Nothing was said by anyone.

At three minutes to twelve Mr. Ryan took Mrs. Thorp down the hall and there was a velvet curtain. Beyond that was the Plaisance, a great mirrored room done in the manner of a garden. Music filled the air and the consciousness here, a waltz, played in opposition to a massed sound that she did not recognize.

"What's Vidal playing against?" she asked.

"The crowd," said Ryan. "All you have to do for them is what you have done repeatedly for me."

"But you like me," she said, childishly.

"Like," said Ryan. "Is that what you call it?"

HE TURNED and left her. The maid pulled back the curtain and somehow she was making her entrance. Vidal met her with his hand held out. . . . Vidal was announcing her—Riccarda Thorp—debut— She saw faces she knew looking up at her from the nearest tables. She saw the gleam of the dance floor. She saw Bailey Stuart, standing to look at her, wild-eyed, with his hair sticking up, and she heard people behind him telling him to sit down. She heard a patter of applause break out.

Vidal left her and she clung to the mike. Here came the jingling of the donkey's bells. Here was the coster song. She shut her eyes and went into it. She was scheduled to sing only three songs—her happiness, her future, depended on three slender songs. But they were not slender as she gave them. The coster song had gaiety, humor. It was derby day and here were 'Arry and 'Arriet going to the race. But the donkey balked and the music of his bells was jangled, stopped, and here was a crisis in the lives of 'Arry and 'Arriet, for the race might be run without them. What to do? What to do? And then, suddenly, the donkey decided to go on again. The

pattern of the day began to weave again—'Arry—'Arriet— There they were with their buttons— 'Rawther— 'Right-o— The crowds, the dust, the excitement, the jingling of the bells on the donkey's harness—the casualness of happiness, the uncertainty, dependent on the whim of the donkey.

Her first song went over well. That was what Ryan had said. "Amuse them. They'll still be looking at you. At first they won't notice your voice."

Her second song was somber, torch, sung in a smoky voice. She was a bayou girl and she had lost her love. She had dark eyes, dark hair, a wreath of white flowers and, in a boat alone, she was floating downstream. "My man, my love, my cruel, cruel love. Moccasin snake hanging from the tree, lean down, be kind to me." Against the liquid accompaniment of the orchestra, her voice floated out over a room that was now hushed, still and waiting. "Moccasin snake, slide down—be quick. Be as cruel and kinder than he. . . . Here is the boat beneath your tree. Here am I, willing, waiting. Moccasin snake, slide down, slide down—to me."

THERE was a silence at the end, preceding the sharp crackle of applause that grew and grew. She could look around her now. There were the Paxtons, the Franes. But she couldn't see Ryan anywhere.

"Mr. Thorp's party has left," Vidal said to her, but she hardly heard, for she was thinking only of Ryan. The excitement spreading over the crowd didn't reach her. Ryan hadn't waited to hear her sing. Ryan wouldn't take her home now. Ryan had been put off by that bother with Dan. Most men would be. For a moment her throat closed up and she was afraid that she couldn't sing. Not with this pressure on heart and throat—

And then she saw Ryan standing in the doorway. There was another man with him but they weren't talking. Ryan was waiting for her to sing. The pressure lifted. And she could sing. She was pale but courageous and sure, for now, with Ryan there, she felt suddenly freed from those shadowed years, from fear, from self-distrust.

She gave them a Rachmaninoff song, a triumphant, searching, finding song, a song that called forth from its singer everything of voice, technique and mood, a song with a resurgence of joy, with a lifting, mounting, aching demand and appeasement. As she reached the final note of that Rachmaninoff song the crowd broke in upon her with a roar of applause. They stood up and gave it to her with both hands, for she could sing superbly, with a lustrous tone. She had one of the finest young voices the town had heard in years and her audience by now knew it.

They cheered her. She stopped the show. She bowed and bowed. She came back to curtsy, to kiss her hands to them. There was Rosie, applauding her. There were the Emmons, the Hoyts. She had friends. She had gone to school with these girls, grown up with them. She had friends. She had Lucy. She had Ryan, now. Or did she?

In the corridor Ryan stood alone, leaning against the wall. She came running toward him with her hands held out, for she couldn't reach him quickly enough, but he turned away and she stood still. Her hands dropped.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Nothing," he said. "You were good. You were damned good."

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Dan? That's over. He'll never trouble us again."

She had been glowing, elated. She had run to him. She had wanted to touch him, to hang on to his arm, perhaps to have his arm around her. Now

Is it true what they say about COFFEE?

If all the conflicting stories you hear about coffee were true, this most popular of beverages would be both Dr. Jekyll and a Mr. Hyde—a friend and a foe of mankind. But which is it? Here's a chance to test your knowledge of the subject. Just put a check mark in the "true" or "false" squares below—then compare your answers with the facts as given at the end of each statement.

TO DOCTORS AND SCIENTISTS: We will furnish on request references to the authorities on which all statements made here are based.



COFFEE AT DINNER PUTS YOU TO SLEEP.*

True? ☐ False? ☐

Coffee at dinner picks you up. Coffee helps to relieve fatigue, quickens the mind. Conversation not only seems brighter over a cup of coffee—it *is* brighter. But in 97 out of 100 cases, this pick-up lasts only two hours. So if you dine two hours before bedtime, you can enjoy that delicious cup of coffee at dinnertime and still be ready to sleep the instant your head hits the pillow.

Statement in the headline above* is False.

COFFEE AIDS STENOGRAPHERS

IN HOLDING JOBS.* True? ☐ False? ☐

Office workers, as a class, are great lovers of coffee, and their efficiency is improved by the drinking of it, according to a test made at Columbia University. One group of stenographers, who were given coffee, wrote more words per minute and made fewer mistakes than the members of another group who were denied the mild and helpful stimulation that coffee invariably gives.

Statement in the headline above* is True.

NATIONAL MORALE, IN PEACE OR WAR, DEPENDS ON COFFEE.*

True? ☐ False? ☐

"I venture to predict that nothing could so break down public morale, and either drive us to war or the conclusion of an unsatisfactory peace, as the stoppage of the public's morning cup of coffee." These words were uttered by a high-ranking naval official, testifying before the Senate Naval Affairs Committee (HR 9218) in defending the listing of coffee as one of the imported products indispensable to national security and defense.

Statement in the headline above* is True.

Copyright 1939, Pan American Coffee Bureau, New York City

Published by the Pan American coffee producers, for the benefit of the American public, the largest consumers of coffee in the world.

BRAZIL • COLOMBIA • CUBA • EL SALVADOR • NICARAGUA • VENEZUELA



COFFEE HELPS YOU LOSE WEIGHT.*

True? ☐ False? ☐

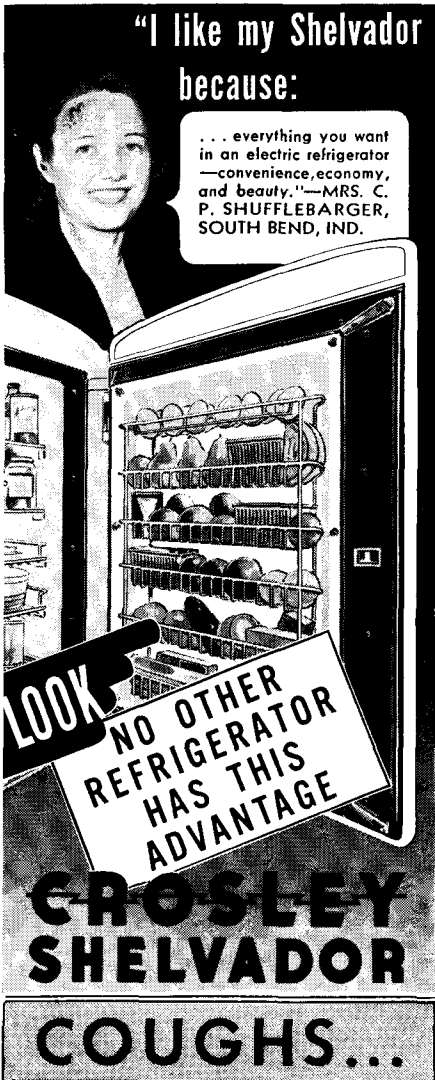
Coffee without milk or cream adds practically no calories to the diet. In addition it mildly assists metabolism. Therefore, if you are trying to cut down on the amount of food you eat and yet want to be sure that what you eat is consumed in the body, coffee is a definite help. Statement in the headline above* is True.



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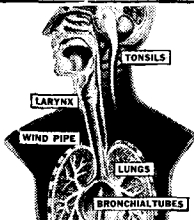
CROSLY SHELVADOR

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- 2 Then that sticky, irritating phlegm is loosened, and easily "raised" and expelled.
- 3 Your throat is soothed and your cough relieved quickly and safely by the Pertussin "Moist-Throat" Method.

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Address.....

City.....State.....

Present Position.....

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

she felt cold and faint. Ryan, too. Pushing her up, backing her up, helping her, advertising her—hoping that she'd fail. Ryan, too. And suddenly she was angry.

"Do you know who I thought of out there?"

"Lucy," he said.

"Not Lucy," she said. "I have Lucy. And no one can take her away from me. I thought 'Ryan'—'Ryan'—I was afraid that if I failed I'd lose you."

He laughed shortly. "Failing, you'd have lashed me to the mast," he said. "But a lot you'd care for that."

"A lot I would care for that," she said.

"All you care about is your voice and Lucy," he said.

"What do you know all I care about?" she said.

SHE left him, then, walking away from him down the corridor and into her dressing room. The maid wasn't there. She had been listening, too. Ryan came into the room behind her and shut the door. She was very still and quiet, facing him, her eyelashes curving and long, her upper lip drooped like a child's. He looked different, too, disorganized, not controlled.

"Since that first day," he said, "I've had faith in you—in your voice—in your courage. And I suppose I've had love for you, too, only love is too temperate a word for what I feel. I've never thought, though—not for a moment—that you cared a damn for me. I'm not the type. I'm—older. I'm not a drunk, not good-looking. I don't knock you around. I'm Ryan—older—gray in my hair—up from the ranks—not society. So I put out of my head everything personal between us as far as I was concerned. And I don't want thanks for anything. I don't want favors. I don't want gratitude—or obligation. . . . You

were an artiste and I brought you out. That's all. From now on I step aside. You're not going to sing in the Plaisance again. Not after tonight. That was arranged after your second song. You're going on from me—and up—and we'll call it a day."

"Up where?" she asked and for all her luscious lipstick her lips were dry. "Opera," he said. "That was arranged after your second song."

"Who—arranged it?"

"I did. With a friend of mine. He directs. He's with the Metropolitan. I had him come to hear you. We had a talk."

"Not—"

"Yes. Him," said Ryan. "So now you go on up and I step out of the picture."

"You—arrange things, don't you?" she said. "You take a woman's life into your hands and you make it or you break it. You don't even ask her permission. Who do you think you are? I'm not going on up alone. I'm not going anywhere without you because I can't get along without you now— Tonight the fear of losing you was what almost swamped me. Right along, I've got to be with you—every day and every day— You come, you sit across the room. And I want you close. I want your hands on me, your mouth on mine—I'd rather you hurt me than let me alone—"

"Oh, my dear," said Ryan.

They stood together, locked together, and everything but the thought that they had reached each other was cut away. She pushed him from her at last and leaned away from him against the wall and they looked at each other. The telephone rang and the maid came in to answer it. There were people waiting outside—her friends—reporters—

"Mrs. Ryan, Mrs. Ryan," said Mr. Ryan sleepily.

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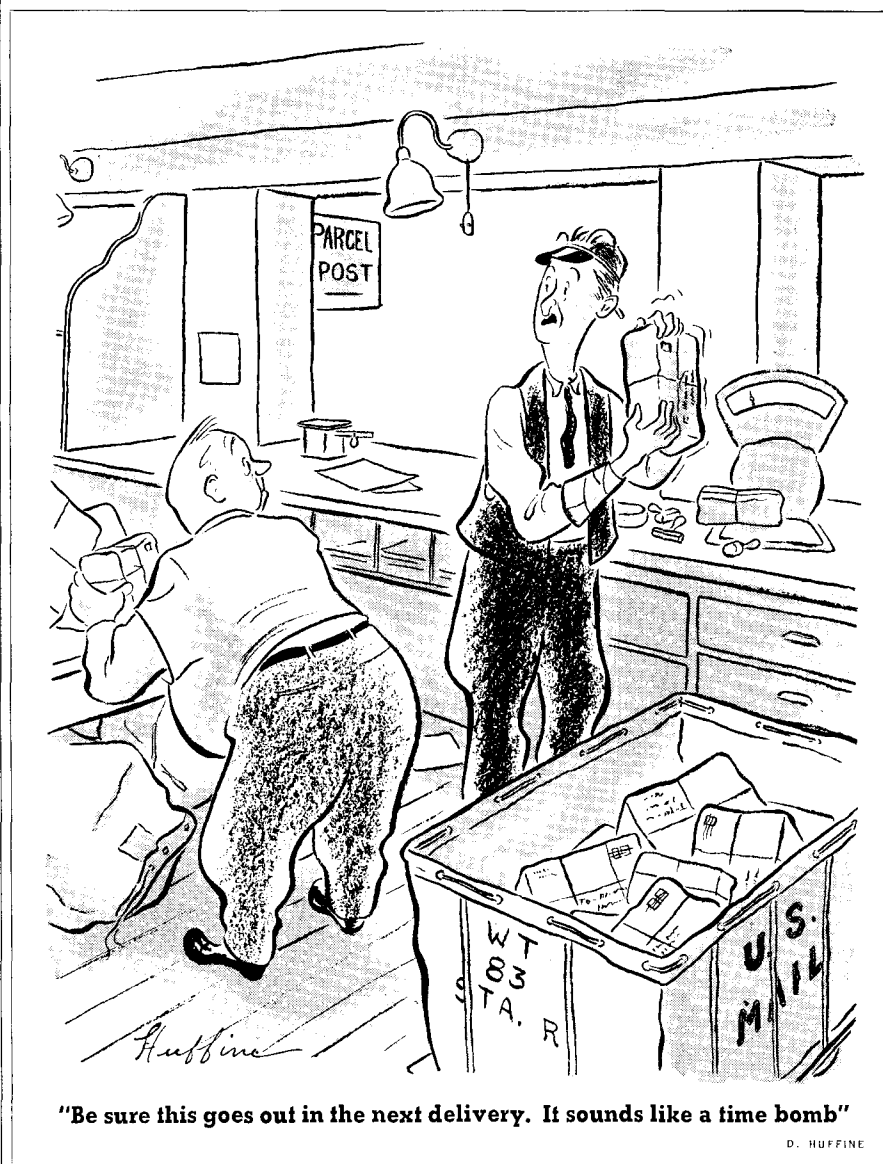
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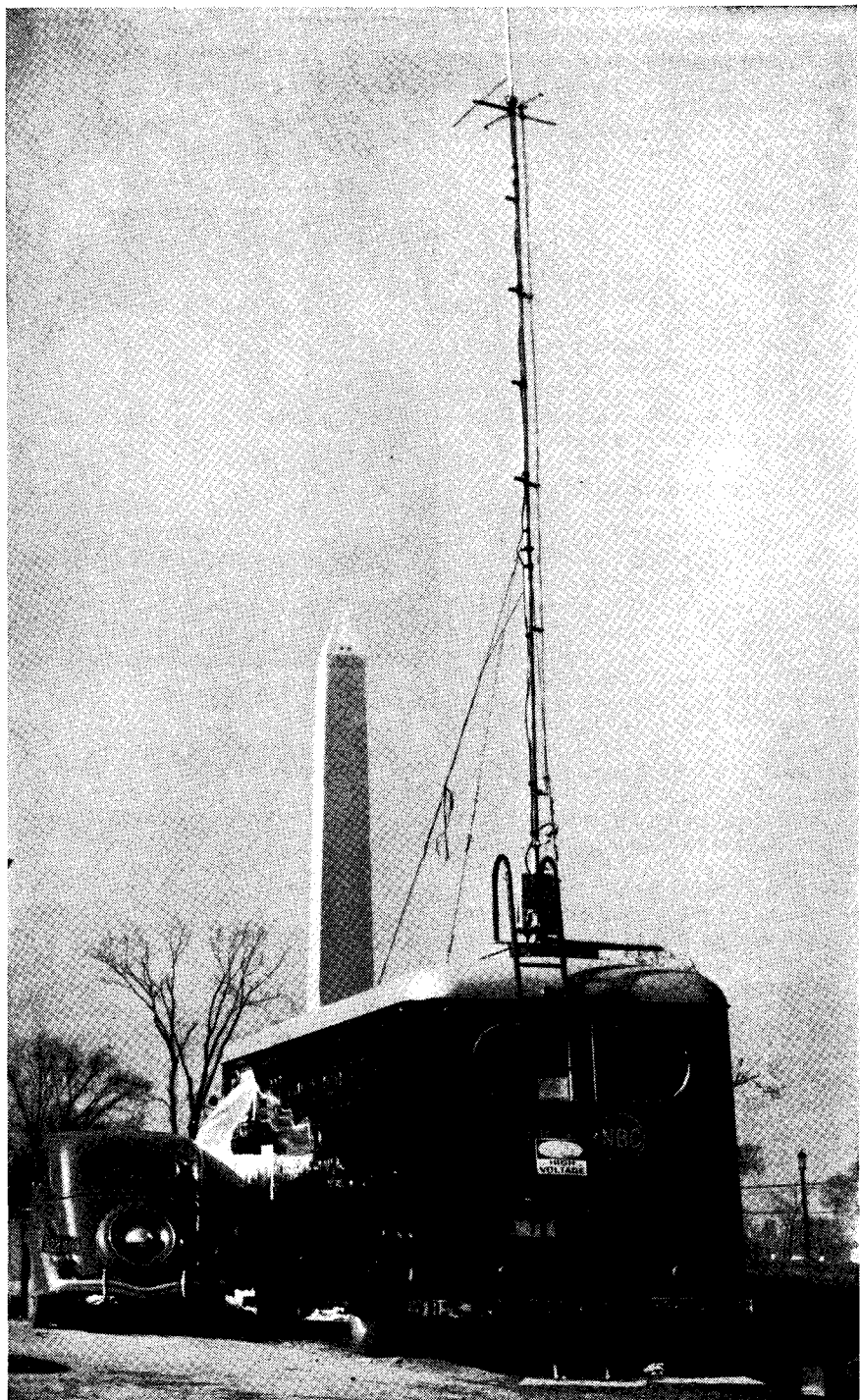
D. HUFFINE

SUN.	MO.	TU.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
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This mobile unit, mounted in a truck, is broadcasting the television pictures which are reproduced on pages 12 and 13

Before Your Very Eyes

Continued from page 13

that even that is unnecessary. In television plays it is possible to eliminate the announcer entirely and substitute subtitles, though the television purist frowns on this practice because it's borrowed from the movies. The purist, by the way, likes to emphasize those respects in which the new art is unique. For this reason he is counting heavily on spot news, picked up by a television truck, known as the mobile unit. At first glance this doesn't seem to differ much from newsreel material. But it has the advantage that the audience will know that the event is happening at the exact moment when they see it and it will carry the constant possibility of the unexpected. If an upstart from Grover's Corners runs the mile in four minutes you'll be there while it's happening.

After looking over all the problems and brooding over the example of England, the program planners are still in a good humor and full of confidence. The United States is the entertainment center of the world. If that means anything, it means good shows. But what

contributes more than anything else to their confidence is the knowledge that if they put on good shows they will actually be seen. A few years ago such assurance would have been a sad mistake. It is a mistake that was almost made.

One afternoon in 1930 a group of men met in the Hotel Astor in New York City. They were television experts representing the Radio Manufacturers Association and they had got together to standardize television at its current stage of development. At that time no one could tell for sure that it would be a mistake; no one could foresee the improvements that lay just ahead. Luckily the television men decided that television wasn't good enough—yet.

That was a close shave.

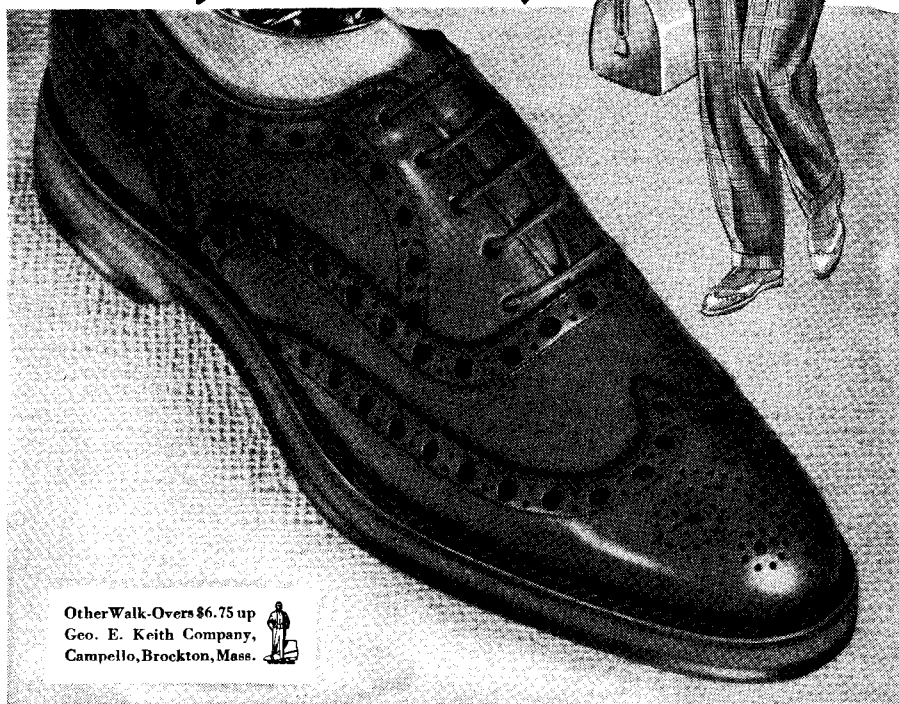
Last year the Television Committee of the RMA met again, this time under the chairmanship of Albert F. Murray, who is the engineer in charge of television for Philco Radio and Television Corporation. And they decided upon standards. One result of the delay is

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that next month when television comes into the home the pictures will have more than fifty times as much detail as they would have had nine years ago.

Another point of importance to you is that if you had bought a set then it would be useless now, for television receivers have to be geared exactly to the transmitting system. One change in it, and all receivers become, not just outmoded, but inoperative. Sets of nine years ago would have been made useless a dozen times. That's one reason we've had to wait.

Now standards have been set—subject to acceptance by the Federal Communications Commission—sets manufactured by various companies are on the market, in April the National Broadcasting Company, to be followed shortly by Columbia, will be on the air with regular television broadcasts in the New York area. The Dumont Company is planning broadcasts from Passaic, New Jersey, and Philco from Philadelphia. General Electric is getting ready a station near Schenectady.

Television has finally come out of the laboratory and into the home.

Suppose you have bought a set and have had it installed in your home by experts. They have put an antenna on your roof—not the usual fifty feet of wire but an insignificant affair that looks like two small curtain rods extending from an upright—and have placed the set itself in a corner of the living room opposite your radio. They have plugged it into a regular electric outlet and have politely tipped their hats and gone away.

You look at your prize. It's about the size and shape of a console radio. The top lifts up and on the under side is a mirror. Looking into this mirror you see the flattened end of a large onion-shaped bulb, the cathode-ray tube, on which the picture will appear. There are four control knobs like the ones on your radio. You won't need lessons.

Thirty Pictures a Second

You darken the room—it doesn't have to be pitch-black—and snap on the switch. A picture appears on the end of the cathode-ray tube. You turn a knob until you tune in the sound. When you have done that you have automatically tuned in the picture also. Then you fiddle with the other knobs to get the picture contrast and brilliance to your liking. Then you settle back to enjoy the latest trick that science has played with space and time.

The picture is not very big—seven and a half by ten inches on your set—but it is clear and it doesn't flicker. You can watch it comfortably from as close as three or four feet, and from that distance it appears as large as a movie screen seen from the middle of the house. Half a dozen people can watch it without crowding. At first glance the picture is so much like a movie that you get the feeling there must be a roll of film and a light projector somewhere inside your set. Of course there isn't; there's no film, no projector and no light except the light that appears suddenly at the end of the tube as it is bombarded by an invisible but carefully focused beam of electrons. Move your hand near the end of the tube and you will see the picture tie itself into knots as the free electrons try to chase the charge on your hand.

That gives you a hint that something complicated is going on. And it is. A picture spread out in space is being turned into a series of electrical signals; these are being transmitted through the air, received and turned back into a picture. At the rate of thirty complete pictures a second. It's a neat achievement. To be able to do it has cost millions of dollars, decades of work and an unspec-

fied amount of brains. It can be counted on to fascinate the owner of a television set for about two minutes.

The set we have just installed, by the way, is one choice from a wide field. A half dozen manufacturers already have a variety of models on the market, and there are more to come. The one in question would cost about \$350. You will be able to get a small table model (without sound) for about \$125. The more elaborate sets, especially those with additional equipment for receiving standard broadcasts, will run to a good deal more. These prices aren't overwhelming if you remember the cost of regular radios ten years ago. Television prices will undoubtedly come down, too, if television proves a success.

Things to Look Out For

If you're in the market for a set now, there are several things to look out for. The first is a distinction in the sort of equipment you buy. The name "television receiver" is only properly applied—this is a requirement of the Radio Manufacturers Association—to a set that will get you pictures plus the accompanying sound. If you buy a "picture receiver" all you can expect is the visual part of the program. A "picture receiver with sound converter" allows you to plug in your own radio—if it is a short-wave receiver—for the sound part of the broadcast.

The second thing to be sure about is the reliability of the manufacturer: there are almost certain to be gyp sets on the market. The third is the size of the picture. That's something you should try out for yourself. In England very small pictures have been fairly popular—possibly because the sets cost less. The feeling among experts here is that large sizes are desirable. At first, though, you probably won't be able to get a set for home use that produces pictures bigger than those we mentioned—seven and a half by ten inches.

The present plan of the National Broadcasting Company is to begin with two programs a week, each one hour long, and they will be on the air at other times with televised movies. Columbia is also planning two hours a week. In Los Angeles the Don Lee station has been broadcasting experimental programs six nights a week. Philco in Philadelphia is making plans to begin broadcasting May 1st. At first these will probably be the only stations broadcasting regular television programs. To get them you will have to be in their immediate vicinity, for the range of a transmitter is strictly limited. As a general rule, it is only as far as you can see from the place where the transmitting antenna is situated. NBC's transmitter at the top of the Empire State Building has a range of about forty-five miles. The reason for this limitation is that television is broadcast on very short waves, which are effective only as far as the horizon.

There are about two advantages in the use of short waves that compensate to some degree for their limited range. There will be no fading and no natural static. A thunderstorm won't interrupt your program. You can look out the window, see a jagged flash of lightning, and if you're quick enough glance back to see it register on the television picture as a small white dot, gone in an instant. Man-made static is another story. Let a car drive by your house and, unless your antenna is well removed from the street, your picture will suddenly be punctuated by comets and shooting stars. A doctor's diathermy machine is even worse and its effects extend over a whole neighborhood. Actually it is a short-wave broadcasting station, and if you're within range it will tear sections out of your picture and produce sounds in the

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loud-speaker that add nothing to the program.

Remedies are possible. Suppressors—that cost less than a dollar—can be put on cars, and diathermy machines can be shielded. Since for the time being it can hardly be assumed that all doctors and all car owners will be either television fans or intensely public-spirited, the broadcasting companies are concentrating on producing signals strong enough to allow you to tune out the interference without losing the picture.

But so far no one has found a way of measurably increasing the broadcasting range of the individual station.

This is a serious limitation, but not as bad as it looks at first sight. Careful surveys show that ninety-six strategically placed stations would reach about half the population of this country. Already fifteen cities have stations either finished, under construction or definitely in prospect. But at this point we run into another limitation. If all ninety-six stations existed at present there would be no simple way of linking them up to form a network.

It's thanks to the networks in sound broadcasting that the whole nation can listen to the same program at the same time. They are formed by connecting the transmitting stations by telephone circuits. If television networks could be constructed in the same way, it would go a long way toward solving the problem of program costs. Unfortunately they can't. Ordinary telephone wires simply bog down when faced with the job of carrying the frequencies used in television.

There is, however, a special sort of cable that could do the trick. It is called coaxial cable. An experimental length of it has been laid by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company between New York and Philadelphia. With present equipment it will carry 480 telephone conversations at the same time, but that isn't quite enough capacity for television. Engineers say they can increase its capacity when there's need for it.

That's one possible way of forming a network. It would cost a great deal. The cable has to be buried, terminal equipment is costly and "booster" stations have to be installed every five miles or so. Another way—unfortunately as yet expensive too—is by broadcast on even shorter waves to repeater stations that will pick the signals up and shoot them along. A third possibility, about which not very much is known yet, is the use

of "guided waves." They are positively the shortest waves we are going to mention. They lie close to the dividing line between radio and light and they behave very oddly indeed. You can pipe them around inside hollow cables if you take the extraordinary precaution of insulating your cable on the inside. It's conceivable that they may furnish the connecting link between stations.

One way or another, a network will be put together, but it's going to take time. How much time depends first of all on the enthusiasm or lack of it with which the public receives television. It could be done in a year; it might take twenty.

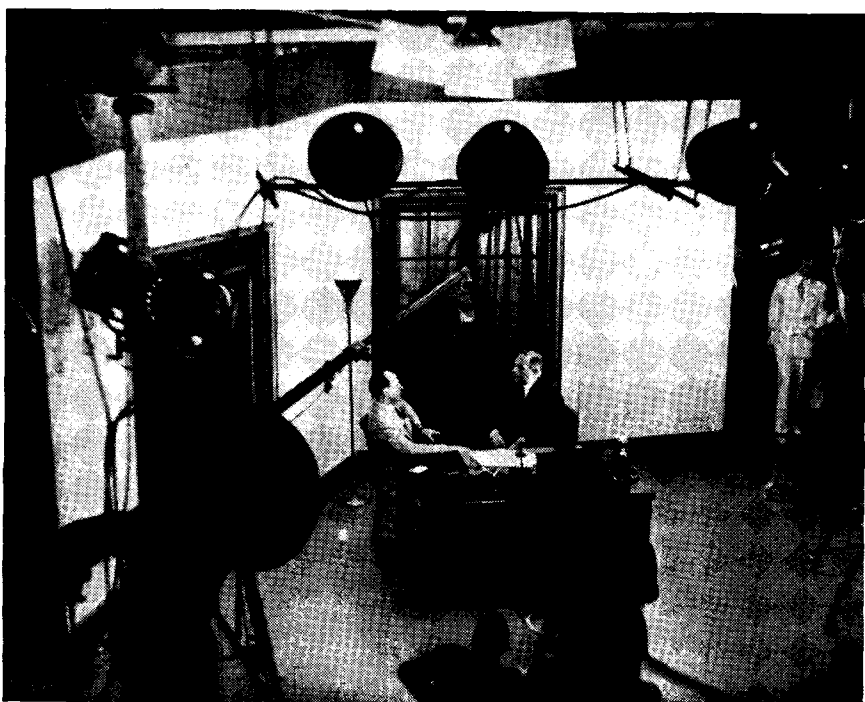
How Your Television Set Works

The reasons for the limitations we have been talking about lie in the nature of the system as it stands today, a technical triumph of the highest order, tastefully decorated with electrons and megacycles. It emerged from an early period—beginning sixty years ago—of spinning wheels, revolving mirrors and blinding lights. Now it is completely electric and as neat as can be.

The starting point is the television camera. It has a lens like an ordinary camera, which throws an image on a sensitive plate. There the differences begin. The plate is inside a vacuum tube and it consists of hundreds of thousands of tiny drops of silver on a backing of mica. Each of these drops is insulated from all the others, and is in itself a complete, though microscopic, "electric eye." The mica in turn is mounted on a metal plate. When light falls on the silver mosaic each droplet accumulates an electric charge proportional to the intensity of the light it receives.

To transmit the picture the charges have to be picked off one at a time. This is done by an electron beam that systematically "scans" the plate, moving across it in 441 horizontal lines. As the electron ray strikes each droplet its charge is released and a minute voltage is produced in the output circuit of the camera tube. This can be amplified, impressed on a carrier wave and picked up at the receiving end.

In the receiver another electron beam comes into play to convert this series of signals back into a picture. This beam functions in the large, onion-shaped tube you saw in your set and it is synchronized exactly with the beam at the sending end. The coating inside the end of the tube is fluorescent—that is, it lights up when the electrons strike it.



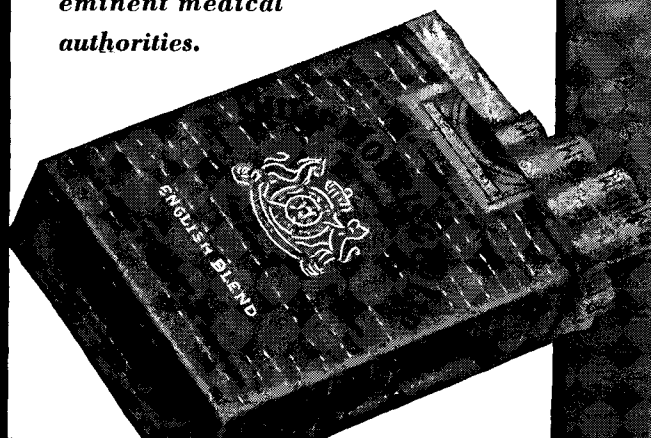
President Lenox R. Lohr of NBC (left) and David Sarnoff, president of RCA, being televised at the NBC Studios in Radio City, New York

REMEMBER ME?



CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

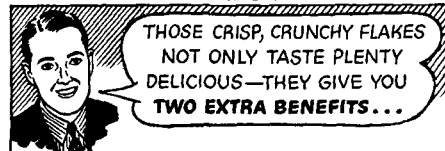
Let this remind you of two pleasant facts: **1**—in Philip Morris you enjoy the delightful taste and flavor of the world's finest tobaccos; **2**—Philip Morris brings a distinct advantage to the nose and throat, recognized by eminent medical authorities.



America's FINEST Cigarette!



Copyright, General Foods Corp., 1939

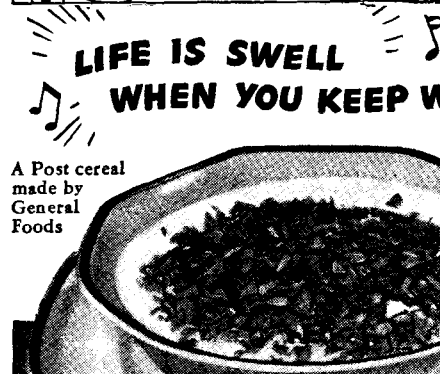


Yes, you get these two extra advantages in Post's Bran Flakes:

First, Post's Bran Flakes provide just enough bran, a *natural* regulator, that helps protect you against sluggishness. People whose systems are irregular, due to lack of bulk in the diet, find Post's Bran Flakes, eaten daily, a wonderful help.

Second, Post's Bran Flakes are rich in phosphorus and iron, and are an excellent source of Vitamin B₁ for appetite and Vitamin G to help promote growth and vigor.

All this in one grand-tasting cereal with a *double purpose*: to make breakfast a delicious treat, and to help you keep fit. And today, Post's Bran Flakes come to you at a **NEW LOW PRICE!**



IMPORTANT: Post's Bran Flakes, due to their bulk, are a *regulative* cereal. Constipation due to insufficient bulk in the diet should yield to Post's

Bran Flakes, eaten regularly—as a breakfast cereal or in muffins. For cases not corrected in this simple manner, a physician should be consulted.

The incoming signals control the intensity of the electron beam and that in turn determines the amount of light you see at the end of the tube. So what you have now is a moving spot of light that varies in brilliance from instant to instant in precise conformity with the intensity of the light that falls on a plate in a distant camera.

Now a spot of light, if it moves fast enough, will look like a line. A lot of lines close together will look like a square. If you introduce shading into this square it will look like a picture. Let's not quibble—it will be a picture. And so the spot of light will make a picture—if it moves fast enough. Actually it moves at a brisk pace—two and one half miles a second. It finishes up its 441 lines in a thirtieth of a second and begins right over again. And what you get is a moving picture of whatever occurs in front of the camera.

An Industry at Stake

In this hasty sketch of what goes on we have skipped lightly over the business of transmission. It would offer no special problems if there weren't so much to send in such a very short time. "Information" is the word experts use for the material transmitted. It consists of all the minute individual details of the picture plus the signals that keep the electron beams precisely in step. When you come to add it up you find that roughly nine million bits of information have to be transmitted each second. Each cycle of an electric current will do for two of these bits of information, so what you need, for the picture, alone, is four and a half million cycles—four and a half megacycles. When you have added a few more cycles for the sound accompaniment and left a little over at both ends to avoid interference with other programs, you find that you need a radio channel six megacycles wide, provided single side-band transmission is employed. And that's the width fixed by the Federal Communications Commission.

The standard broadcasts you listen

to—all of them together—occupy a band just over one megacycle wide. And so television had to be pushed down among the short waves.

Compared to sound broadcasting, television is bursting on the public in a state of advanced development. Most of the technical problems have been solved—at least provisionally.

A start toward the solution of these problems was hard to make. There was no immediate revenue in sight and no government subsidy to help the broadcasting companies through the uncertain and expensive introductory period. Television was caught in a vicious circle. Sponsored programs were out of the question until an audience had been built up through the sale of sets and sets could not be sold until there were programs for them to receive.

The man who broke through this circle was David Sarnoff, president of RCA. For ten years his company has taken a leading part in the development of television in this country. Last fall Mr. Sarnoff announced the date when broadcasts would begin—and the march was on.

In a special interview for Collier's, Mr. Sarnoff expressed his confidence that this country would quickly outstrip the records for television entertainment made abroad.

"Television broadcasting," he said, "even more than sound broadcasting, will be a great consumer of art. It will constantly demand more and better writers, musicians, actors and scenic designers—new thoughts, new words, new songs, new faces, new backgrounds. Unlike a play on the stage, or a motion picture which may run for a year, the television program, once it has been shown to a national audience, is on the scrap heap. It is finished. Television will call for a whole new generation of artists. It should help materially to solve the unemployment problem."

And that helps explain the excitement that surrounds the advent of television. There is more at stake than a shiny new toy.

The thing at stake is a new industry.



REAMER KELLER

Men Can't Cook

Continued from page 17

science, and a pretty exact one at that. A woman is not superior to following a recipe any more than your chemist is above using twice the same formula that produces results. There is no misplaced pride involved when your woman cook decides the time has come to wrangle a mess of victuals.

On the other hand the typical man is out to set a record every time and apparently he works on the assumption that the more ignorant he is of what he's doing the less he's responsible for the ultimate result. Confronted by an assortment of comestibles, he has about as much composure as a mountaineer beholding his first train. He just gets on and rides, and if the dang thing throws him he can always walk home. If the soufflé is reminiscent of a blowout patch he can always laugh it off—it was only a gag anyway. But did you ever hear of a woman laughing off a piece of cookery that went for a loss? Scarcely! Cooking is an important job to the average woman. She's a professional. Leave the failures to the playboys.

The male amateur never fails to get in a few licks about the old-fashioned way of doing things. To hear him tell it, a great savor went out of food when gas and electricity supplanted the hand-fired cookstove. This, of course, is arrant nonsense. It would be just as sensible to argue that a 1902 Brush automobile was a superior job to one of the streamlined cars of today.

The greatest virtues a cooking stove can have are heat control and insulation. The old-fashioned stove had neither. It was a hungry, uncertain, temperamental devil. The finest instrument man has yet devised for cooking his food is the modern gas or electric stove. The heat can be regulated to a degree; it is kept in the oven, where it is useful. There are devices that automatically keep an oven at a fixed temperature by cutting the fuel off and on as it is needed. In the good old days, when the span of woman's life was considerably shorter than it is now, she was in there fighting her fire constantly. The best of them used to congratulate themselves on a successful piece of baking; nowadays they take it as a matter of course.

The Bean-Hole Lament

Your man, however, sneers at the modern kitchen. He weeps in an agony of nostalgia at mention of a pot crane, and drop a Dutch oven into the conversation and you've got a first-class case of self-pity on your hands.

Of course, he never had occasion to use either a pot crane or a Dutch oven; and I've often suspected that his distrust of the modern kitchen, which to anyone not superior to following instructions makes failure practically impossible, stems from his fear of making himself ridiculous *despite* science's assistance. It's awfully easy to talk about the beans they used to make in the old bean hole. Going into the kitchen and reproducing them is another matter. Your male cook will lament the passing of the bean hole; a woman will set the heat-control dial at the proper temperature on her stove, turn on the switch, and some hours later she will give you the beans they would have baked in the old bean hole if it hadn't been a makeshift device at best.

There are, naturally, a great number of men around the country who can cook. Some of them have learned to prepare food by dint of hard work and study; others have been born with that rare aptitude for cooking to which prac-

tically the whole sex has laid claim.

By and large, however, the man who has built up a reputation as a cook can do you one or two dishes well, and that is all. He can barbecue meat perhaps, or toss miracles in the form of a Brunswick or an Irish stew—his talents usually run to the more virile concoctions—foods that by their very nature smack of the out-of-doors when the eater is ravenous from air and exercise. Half-raw potatoes, charred bacon and canned peaches have been known to build a reputation as a master chef for men I've known who have had the audacity to take over the commissary department at the end of a hard trail. The amazing thing about these otherwise responsible citizens is their smug acknowledgment of the accolade.

Razzle-Dazzle Cookery

Practically all the good things in cooking have been claimed by men. The crimes have been all committed by women—the so-called salad built of bananas and mortised with peanut butter, or worse; the rococo number that calls for stockings on the lamb chops and beets carved like roses.

But they are wrong; the prettifying you find in cookery didn't come from woman's influence; it is the man cook who perpetrated the first elaborate razzle-dazzle of the mousse that looks like a fish and the fish that resembles a mousse. Men cooks—the professionals—have been doing just that for a good many years now; it's one way of holding your job and building up a reputation for being very hot stuff indeed. Witness the *pêche Melba* created with all the wild-hair mumbo jumbo of a second-rate magician in honor of the singer's visit to a Paris restaurant around the turn of the century. A fresh peach filled with ice cream! As ordinary and unimaginative as that, yet on it a man's reputation was made safe for posterity. Of such is built the myth of man's superiority in the kitchen.

The very fact that a man goes into the kitchen to amuse himself is going to produce something startling—and maybe quite admirable, too—from time to time. He's relaxed and his mind is receptive to odds and ends of ideas that may or may not collaborate in a dramatic conclusion. But if he had to go in there day after day, with an exacting and highly critical audience, he wouldn't be so keen for dramatic conclusions. He'd use the cookbook more and thank God for that modern stove. He might, in time, learn enough to use baking powder intelligently.

Despite the current fashion to belittle women as cooks and lovers of good food, they will go on producing and eating same with the distinction that has marked their efforts along these lines for centuries. It was a woman, the sister of Brillat-Savarin, who contributed the most heroic single gesture known to eating history when she cried out to the cook to rush the dessert when a fatal stroke caught up with her midway through a magnificent meal.

It was another woman, Catherine de Medici, who is credited by scholars with having revived the art of cookery in France.

But it remained for a man to pay the woman cook her greatest tribute. It was Louis XV who said soberly over a dish of onion soup prepared for him by his favorite (female) cook: "Woman—without her great gifts to our tables we would still be little better than melancholy savages. . . ."



Some people call Mr. Throckle a "Stuffed Shirt"

I try to like everybody. But I'll hafta admit Mr. Throckle was kinda stand-offish, at first. He'd just sit back there in the back seat and look sad and important.

I'd talk to the driver, Crimmins. Crimmins wasn't much interested either. One day I've just put eighteen gallons in Mr. Throckle's old gas-eater and overdone myself on the windshield, headlights and so forth.

"Did I ever tell you about our Golden Shell Oil?" I opens up to Mr. Throckle, off-handed.

No answer.

"Well, for stop-an'-go drivin', like everybody does today, it takes a mighty fine oil. Has to be *fast-flowin'* to get circulatin' the second you step on the starter."

Nothing happens. So I go on.

"But, for the beatin' you give an oil in hard drivin', it's got to be *tough*, see, Mr. Throckle?" If Mr. Throckle sees, he don't show it.

"Now Shell spent a lot of money makin' this oil. But the price is only 25¢ a quart."

Mr. Throckle's eyelids kinda fluttered.

"Crimmins," he says, "we'll use Golden Shell."

"Right, sir," Crimmins says to the windshield.

Then Mr. Throckle gives me a real grin. "Young man, I'll have to take your word on the *oil*, but I know *men* and you're doin' all right."

So, quick as a flash I comes back: "Well, I *do* know *oil*, Mr. Throckle, and *you're* doin' all right, too. And thank you, sir."

Sincerely,

Your Shell Dealer

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director

Readers' Choice

MESSRS. H. L. Ickes and Thurman Arnold have lately revived the old American sport of heckling the newspapers. Mr. Ickes peddles the familiar line of goods about how the papers are slaves to their advertisers, distort or suppress news, and so on. Mr. Arnold has a new one, to our best knowledge. He has been pouting prettily because advertising exists and newspapers and magazines publish it—though he hasn't offered, at the time of going to press, a substitute means of passing around word as to what goods are to be had where.

Just for the record, we'll stick our 5 cents' worth into this seemingly endless debate about the merits and demerits of the press in the United States.

It is true that successful American newspapers don't habitually insult their advertisers.

No more do Messrs. Ickes and Arnold habitually insult President Roosevelt, by whose good pleasure they draw their not ungenerous salaries, which all of us help to pay. Nor do any of the rest of us who go on eating regularly make it a rule to be mean to our friends and overly kind to our enemies.

But it is also true that newspapers that shamelessly toady to advertisers quickly win the contempt of advertisers who have any brains—just as the rest of us come to despise clumsy flatterers. And it is also true that there have been frequent cases of newspapers tossing out advertisers who tried to control their editorial policies.

What the papers all really truckle to is their assorted reading public's assorted prejudices and foibles. Like other businesses, the papers have to please their customers to sell their product. Yet we've never known a newspaper heckler to ask the public to change its nature as a means of getting better newspapers in this country.

It is true that many a paper's owner or editor has some pet abomination that can't get a fair break in the sheet's columns. The Kansas City Star, for example, will not mention or picture snakes—surely a refusal of freedom of the press to the humble, hardworking, underprivileged snakes in and around Kansas City. Other papers variously dislike and discriminate against John L. Lewis, Mr. Ickes, Mr. Arnold, Earl Browder, Congressman Dies, President Roosevelt, Bruce Barton and many other public figures.

But so do 99% of us normally duck down side streets or into convenient doorways to dodge persons who give us a pain in the neck. And there are coming to be more and more papers that lean over backward to be fair to people or trends they hate, even as Americans in general are becoming more and more fair-minded.

Indeed, American press services and newspapers in general purvey a kind of reporting that we believe to be unique in the world of today. We mean objective, factual, straight news reporting, with the reporter's prejudices and boss' politics ruled out so far as is humanly possible. The New York Times began this reform some forty years ago and it is an American press habit today.

The point of this whole discussion is that American newspapers are an integral part of American life. They reflect its rotten spots, but they also reflect its sublimities, and all phases in between. Left unfettered save for the present adequate civil and criminal libel laws, American newspapers will change as American life changes.

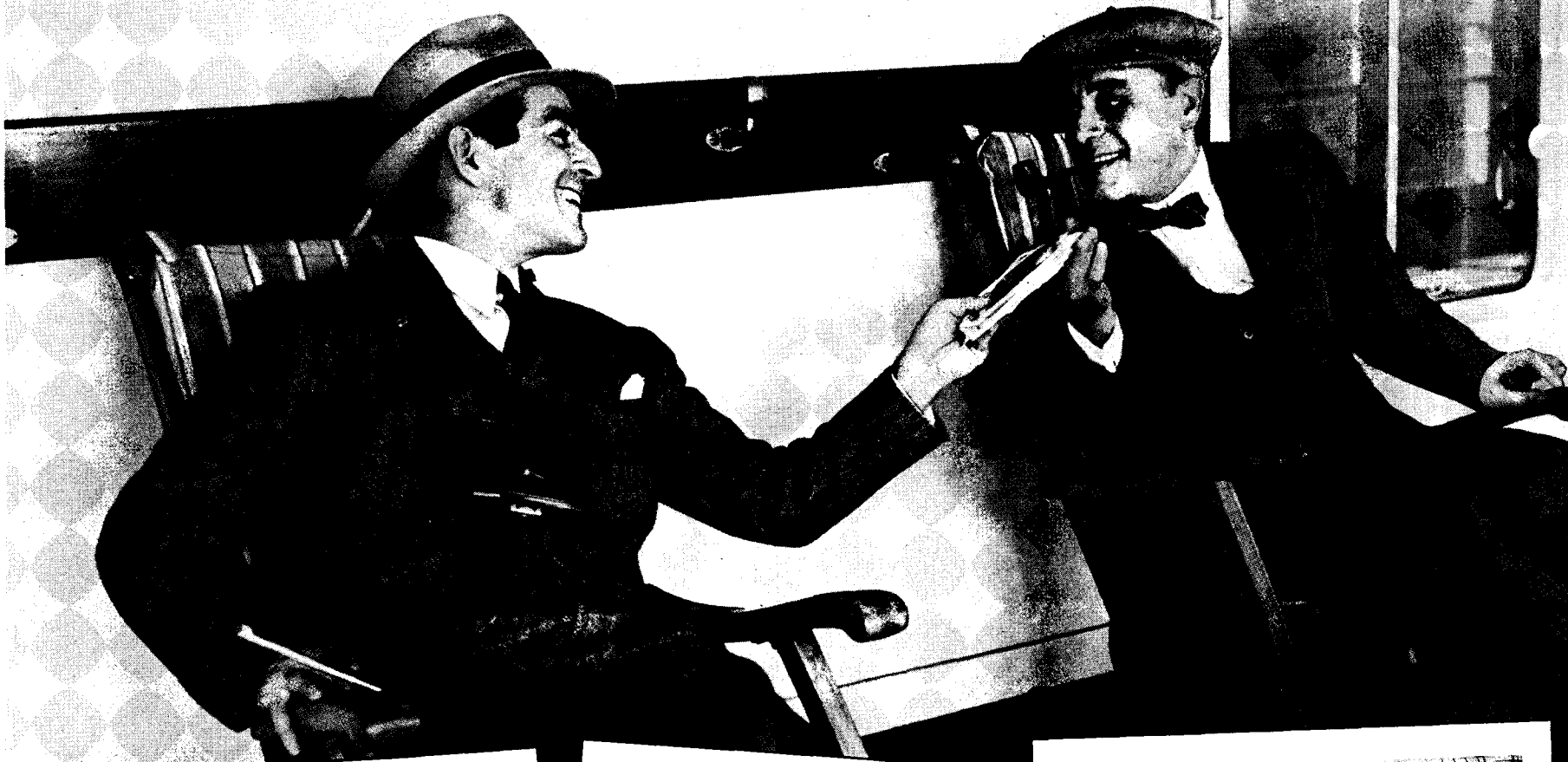
We have plenty of complaints of our own against the papers. The proofreading on most of them seems pretty terrible to us, and a lot of them are drab and colorless.

But what really matters, we believe, is that American newspapers are the most nearly free papers in the world. The alternative is a newspaper press run by the government, and hence deadly dull and loaded with lies, as in Germany, Italy and Russia.

We think the thing for Americans to do about their newspapers is to let the hecklers spiel on (it makes them feel better, and it may help a little to keep the papers on their toes), but not to take the hecklers seriously until and unless they propose something more informative and more interesting than the 100%-human hodgepodge that comprises the present United States press.



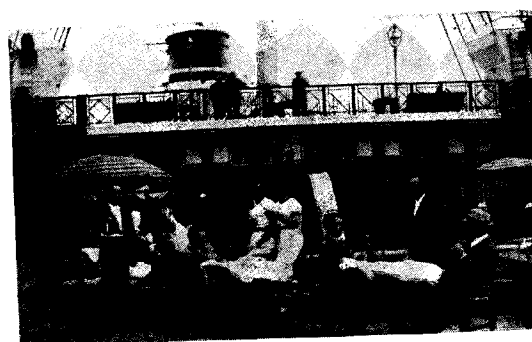
"Look what my trip abroad taught me about American whiskey!"



1. "Here's the Candid Camera Shot I took of the wine steward we had on the way over. The first night out I said to him, 'Pierre, we put ourselves completely under your guidance. You tell us what are the best things to drink.'



2. "This is the Last We Saw of a perfectly glorious bottle of champagne. Pierre recommended it, he explained, because for one thing it was so DRY—that is, so lacking in sweetness. Already I was becoming a connoisseur!



3. "This is the After-Deck Cocktail Lounge—where we learned to apply that principle of DRYNESS to whiskey. We discovered that when you've come to appreciate the DRYNESS of champagnes and sheries, you also come to prefer a whiskey that's DRY—in other words, Paul Jones.



4. "Joe's Cocktail Was More Zestful, my highball more tangy, we found, when made with dry Paul Jones Whiskey. And, best of all, that distinctive DRYNESS turned out to be only one of many fine qualities that make Paul Jones a superb liquor!



5. "And Here's My English Host—warming up to some Paul Jones I presented to him. The delightful DRYNESS of that whiskey made an immediate hit with him! And say: I'll bet it would with you, too—may I prove it in the main bar, right now?"

Paul Jones
IT'S DRY

DRY means not sweet

Every drop is STRAIGHT WHISKEY! A blend of straight whiskies—100% straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville and Baltimore.





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The first taste of an ice-cold Coca-Cola is always a pleasant surprise. And so is the next ...and the next. Full of life and sparkle, it's a satisfying taste... "delicious and refreshing."

ICE-COLD REFRESHMENT...
AROUND THE CORNER FROM ANYWHERE